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MARGARET TAKES TO A WIG—page 10

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OUR COVER

● Princess Margaret, with her husband, Lord Snowdon, at her first engagement in London on return from holiday in the Bahamas. The Princess wore a hairpiece — a long fall twisted round her head and flowing down the back. Story and pictures, page 10.

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The "BATTLE of the



OIL SLICK stains the sea at Porthleven, Cornwall, but men using nets covered with canvas managed to keep a large floating mass of sludge from invading the little harbor.

From KERRY McGLYNN, in London

● The Battle of the Beaches has been won in Cornwall, but the scars remain.

They will linger for years, a reminder of the grotesque insult hurled at nature by the super-tanker Torrey Canyon when it ran aground on Seven Stones Reef and spilled out its oily insides.

The scars are there for all to see, especially the holidaymakers and tourists who will flock to the craggy coastline of King Arthur's Cornwall this summer to bask in the beauty of the prettiest scenery in the British Isles.

For, despite the massive clean-up campaign, the Cornish coast still bears the evidence of the tanker disaster which almost ruined the south-west coast of England.

THREATENED by thousands of gallons of crude oil seeping like poison from the stricken tanker, the people of Cornwall, aided by a Government campaign that reached military proportions, have staved off catastrophe.

But some of the tar-like oil has managed to stick.

It has stuck on the cliffs and the rocks, in the ocean and in the rivers, and, worse, it has stuck to thousands of the seabirds which are as important to the charm of Cornwall as Camelot's river.

And after all the bombs and explosive hurled at the Torrey Canyon by the RAF, the defiant hulk still squats, broken and brooding, like a tombstone on the rocky reef off the Scilly Isles.

The fighting planes threw everything they had at the giant tanker and its stinking cargo, even napalm, that grisly weapon of the Vietnam war.

Sadly, the Torrey Canyon is a ship, without shame, a ship that refuses to die. And now governments and international lawyers are wrangling over the cost of the disaster.

In Cornwall, which took the brunt of the crude oil from the wrecked ship, the thousands of people who depend on the tourist trade for their living are faced with a bad year.

They expect that many tourists will be driven away — often quite needlessly — by the prospect of polluted beaches.

Hundreds of bookings have been cancelled in towns along the Cornish coast, which last year had a tourist trade turnover of nearly £40 million sterling (\$100 million).

Tourism in Cornwall has been growing as an industry since the war. It should soon outstrip agriculture as the county's biggest money-earner.

And the attraction to tourists is simple as far as Cornwall is concerned: natural beauty.

An official of the British Travel Association summed up this attraction when he said: "The British have always liked going to the

seaside. They are much less concerned about going into the sea."

That is why the oil disaster touched the whole nation. Why London newspapers carried the story of the Battle of the Beaches on their front pages for two weeks on end, why a big row broke out between the Government and the Tory opposition about the handling of the disaster.

Some Australians were caught up in the oil drama and had their reasons for trying to beat the menace.

Mick Jackman, 26, of Harbord, Sydney, has been a "local" at Newquay for more than three years. He has worked there as a lifesaver, a laborer, and a musician.

He has just opened a surfing shop in the heart of this popular Cornish resort, so his future depends on the tourist trade.

Jackman told me, "We managed to keep the beaches around the area pretty clear, but many people have been frightened off."

"I believe there have been hundreds of people cancelling their holiday bookings."

"It's a real tragedy. I think

the people will gradually realise that we have pretty well beaten the oil and come back to us."

"But I suppose there are some who will lose money this year."

Another Australian at Newquay is Peter Russell, a 20-year-old also from Sydney. He has wintered in the town to be ready for the surfing season.

Cornwall, among other things, boasts the best surfing beaches in Europe.

Russell joined other local volunteers to spray the beaches surrounding Newquay with Government-bought detergent.

The detergent, which has become a familiar sight in Cornwall, was used to break up the oil patches and send it out to sea.

Unfortunately, it also contaminated the water and will mean death for large numbers of fish.

But the real martyrs of the Torrey Canyon have been the seabirds who abound on the Cornish coast.

The RSPCA estimate they have saved about 5000 birds from the oil. They shudder when you ask how many they failed to save.

Ever since the wreck, they have

been picking up hundreds of oil-soaked birds every day off the beaches.

These birds are the luckier ones — they have managed to reach shore.

The RSPCA called in their own workers from all over Britain to assist local volunteers to rescue and clean birds.

They set up emergency treatment centres all over Cornwall.

It was at one of these centres that I met Mike Chester, an RSPCA inspector who had driven down from London.

"We reckon that some species of birds will become extinct in Cornwall because of this tragedy," he said.

"We are doing everything we can, but in some cases it is a pretty impossible task."

"What happens to the birds is that they dive into the water for their food and find themselves covered in oil."

"The stuff just clogs up their feathers and they can't fly. Birds are very delicate creatures and once something like this happens they pretty well chuck it in."

"They try to make for shore, but many of them are simply weighed down by the oil, and sink."

"The ones that do get ashore are in a deplorable condition and it is quite a job to save them."

The disaster is worse because it happened in the birds' breeding season and much of the marine life they feed on disappeared beneath the black tide along the shores.

Local fishermen and boat-owners have helped to save many birds, but, as Mrs. Olga Johansson, who runs a bird sanctuary in Mousehole, reported, "Boatmen tell us of thousands of birds on the sea just dying helplessly."

The fishing industry in Cornwall also faces a year of crisis because of the number of fish lost or contaminated by the detergent used to clear the oil.

Oyster farmers working the rivers avoided disaster only by moving many of their beds and building elaborate and costly booms to protect their crops.

It is all part of the price Cornwall must pay for the Torrey Canyon.



SEABIRDS died by the thousand, although a rescue campaign was carried out along the Cornish coast, with volunteers from all over England. This bird is much too heavily covered with oil to survive treatment.

BEACHES"

England saved her
south coast from
the oil invasion,
but businesses and
birds both suffered



SHIP THAT WOULD NOT
DIE. The Torrey Canyon,
lying broken on a reef,
was bombed for three days
and its oil was set alight
with napalm. But the fire
went out, and (below)
this was the aftermath.



ABOVE: The oil menace meant hours of voluntary
work for firemen from as far away as London. An
additional hazard they faced was the stinging acid
in the detergent used to wash away the oil. Like
these firemen hosing away the black crude oil from
the rocks at Fistril Beach, they were issued with
protective glasses. BELOW: The dark patches around
the derelict boat are not dirt but oil patches.



ABOVE: Newquay, one
of the "front-line" re-
sorts in the Battle of the
Beaches, was well saved.
This picture was taken
after the worst dangers
had passed. All along the
coast were dumps of
empty detergent drums.

LEFT: Victory party in a
Cornish pub. Australian
lifesavers Mick Jackman
(at piano) and Peter
Russell, both of Sydney,
had joined other residents
from their adopted town
of Newquay to help fight
the oil sludge menace.

NEXT WEEK

DISORDERS OF THE SKIN

...and how they are treated

16-page
lift-out
booklet

● This booklet on SKIN DISORDERS was prepared by the president and representative foundation members of the newly formed Australasian College of Dermatologists. It deals with . . .

- THE SKIN IN ADULT LIFE
- SKIN HAZARDS IN CHILDREN
- "HOUSEWIVES' DERMATITIS"
- THE SKIN IN ADOLESCENCE
- THE SKIN IN PREGNANCY
- SUNLIGHT AND THE SKIN



● A "great retrospective exhibition" of the works of Australian painter John Peter Russell — a contemporary and friend of Van Gogh, Rodin, and Gauguin — will be held here in 1968: in color, you'll see some of the paintings . . . including scenes of Australia.



● It calls for a celebration, your

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

— and our cookery experts suggest wonderful food for the occasion, whether it's a dinner for two, or a party.



● Famous Irish author MARY LAVIN writes of a broken love affair in . . . "ONE SUMMER"



"Not alimony, but severance pay," says CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
● Mrs. Luce discusses the status of wives — and suggests a change in the present attitude to "home duties."



● This mansion is a DREAM HOUSE IN MINIATURE — see it in color, and meet the builder.



From the shops:

● Where to buy them, plus the prices, of gay new fashions for SKI-TIME — and AFTER.



YES, there are very few women in jail . . . BUT is that because the average woman has fewer opportunities for crime than the man? . . . OR could it be that fewer crimes by women are discovered . . . AND, of those discovered, fewer offenders are taken to court?

ARE WOMEN REALLY THE

● "If men were like women we could virtually close up our jails." This startling statement stopped me in my tracks. It came from the Comptroller of Prisons for N.S.W., Mr. J. Morony. I'd gone to see him on another matter, which instantly went out of my head.

"At the moment," he said, "there are 40 men in N.S.W. prisons to every woman."

An enormous disparity — surely it must mean something.

"Do you think it means that women are morally superior to men?" I asked.

"Either that," said Mr. Morony, grinning, "or they've got men to do their dirty work for them."

I decided to pursue the subject, following where it led.

ON February 6, I discovered there were 2200 male prisoners in Melbourne prisons, and 60 women. The daily average for Queensland prisons was 1100 men and 25 women. In South Australia the ratio over 1966 was 864 men to 30 women. In Perth it was about 940 men to every 50 women.

Here are a couple of samples of the latest figures released by the N.S.W. Police Department:

In 1964, 52 men stood trial for murder, and eight women.

In the same year 13,850 men were arrested for larceny, and only 2054 women.

Then there were the serious driving offences: For inflicting bodily harm by wanton or furious driving, 21 men and no women. For inflicting bodily harm by negligent act or omission, 172 men and four women.

I checked with the Child Welfare Department of N.S.W. to see if the pattern held with juvenile, so-called teenage, crime. The figures relate to boys and girls aged eight to 18.

"In 1955-56," a spokesman told me, "there were 5905 court appearances by boys charged under the Crimes Act. There were 364 by girls."

"We need about five times the accommodation

for boys on parole than we need for girls.

"Other Australian States show a very similar ratio, so does New Zealand."

I talked to Mr. Gordon Hawkins, senior lecturer at the Institute of Criminology at the Sydney University Law School, a former prison governor.

"The disparity exists," he told me, "all over the world. It varies from country to country, ranging from five to 25 percent."

"The latest American figures, compiled by the FBI, show eight male arrests to every female, rising to 40 to one in certain specific crimes, such as burglary."

"Interestingly, there is more female crime in countries where women have more freedom."

"For example, it's 2744

post-war as things get back to normal."

This disparity between male and female crime has, it seems, been noted for centuries.

Many criminologists have simply accepted the figures at face value, concluded that women are by nature less criminal, and looked around for explanations.

Some found the answer in biological differences. By nature, they said, women are more submissive and conformist than men.

Others found an answer in society, in the different roles played by men and women, the one in the great world, the other in the home, removed from temptation and opportunity.

And if the cause is social, they added, the situation will change as women's role in society expands.

Still others combined the

unexpected conclusion: The figures themselves are misleading.

They give an inaccurate picture because female crime tends to be "masked" — often undetected, unreported, unpunished.

The crimes women commit are grossly underreported, insisted Dr. Pollak; for example, shoplifting, murders by poison, thefts by prostitutes, prostitution itself, thefts by domestic servants, perjury, false accusations, infanticide, and abortion.

"Also the lack of social opportunity," he writes, "forces women in many cases to be the instigator rather than the performer of the overt act."

(In Mr. Morony's more graphic phrase, "Women have men to do their dirty work for them.")

And accomplices and instigators frequently escape detection or, if detected, often escape punishment.

A woman's male victim is less likely to prefer charges against her than if she were a man.

Policemen are more reluctant to arrest her. Juries are more likely to let her off.

Woman, the traditional shopper, is harder to detect at shoplifting than a man, especially in these days of self-service merchandising.

Though crimes by women against property rise dramatically during war-

Where women are freer, their crime rate rises



to one in Algeria and Tunis, but 342 to one in Belgium.

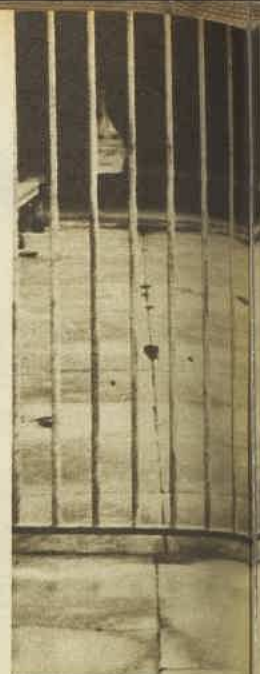
"Here's another interesting point, culled from world-wide criminal statistics: the rate of female crime rises dramatically in wartime, when women are doing jobs and taking responsibility normally reserved for men."

"It gradually declines

two causes, biological and social.

Few quarrelled with the figures themselves. The statistics were there, plain as daylight, and figures couldn't lie.

In "The Criminality of Women" (published by Barnes and Co., New York, in 1950), the American criminologist Dr. Otto Pollak came up with an





● A warder in the women's section at Sydney's Long Bay Jail watches prisoners in the exercise yard. It's hardly crowded.

LAW-ABIDING SEX?

time, presumably as opportunities widen, women are most often charged with crimes "against the person." And, alas, most often against their nearest and dearest and most accessible, the family or the neighbor.

Assault, for instance, is generally against a husband, lover, rival, or neighbor.

And woman's traditional roles — as home-maker, child-rearer, food-preparer, and nurse of the sick — give her certain gruesome opportunities which are not available to men.

Of all murderers by poison, most are women. The most marked characteristic of female crime, the experts agree, is not violence but deceit.

And women criminals

from earliest times. She can watch her mother in this role. But in our urban society this isn't so for fathers and sons.

"Many fathers' jobs are pretty abstract and intangible, something of a mystery to the boy. The boy has no concrete example in which to be initiated.

"Girls in their play tend to prepare for the mother role. Boys play at being space pilots, something heroic and unrealistic, something that isn't going to come true. Hence they're bound to suffer from frustrations.

"Girls are constantly conditioned to be 'feminine,' boys to be 'strong,' that is, tough, aggressive,

By KAY KEAVNEY

pared to put up a fight if detected. A woman can't.

"She hasn't the technical knowledge for crimes like car-stealing. A man or a boy can just manipulate the starter with a wire in ways few girls can.

"Women seldom commit crimes in packs as men do. They don't generally attend mob places like bars, where dirty work is often hatched.

"And women have a greater fear of consequences than men. For one thing, many haven't got the money to pay fines. And they're more conformist. They worry about the family and neighbors finding out."

I turned to asking questions about the kind of women who actually are convicted of crimes.

The policewoman said, "I'd say two-thirds of them are poorly educated and of low intelligence, though you'll strike some of high intelligence among the perpetrators of more serious crimes, like murder and false pretence of all kinds."

Said Prisons Comptroller Morony: "Most of the

emotionally deprived. The boys seem more driven by a spirit of adventure.

"The boys' offences are generally against property, such as car-stealing; the girls' against the person. Very few are charged with stealing. Many appear before the courts actually as victims of offences under the Child Welfare Act.

"The boys seem to get worse per age-group. There are more and worse delinquencies among 17-year-olds, for instance, than 15-year-olds.

"Girls seem to hit a peak at about 15, then there's a decline."

A relatively greater proportion of women than men, however, all over the world begin to commit crimes at a mature age, 35 and older.

Dr. Pollak explains this in two ways, one biological, the other social.

"Women," he writes, "in the years of maturity undergo a number of psychological crises which do not occur in the maturation process of men.

"And because of the

Marriage, it seems, is likely to stir women up but settle the men down.

There is a very clear connection between crime and the "biological crises" of women and girls.

In France, that nation of realists, it is an acceptable plea that a woman committed a crime, even murder, in the menstrual or pre-menstrual week.

Dr. K. Dalton, in her book "The Pre-Menstrual Syndrome" (1964), traced



That female chemistry creates extra tensions

this disturbance right back to early schooldays. In one English boarding-school, she found that of all offences against school discipline committed in a given month, 29 percent took place during the four days of menstruation.

In a women's jail she found that 49 percent of the crimes were committed during the menstrual or pre-menstrual period.

Fifty-six percent of women thieves were arrested at this time, and 54 percent of women alcoholics.

Dr. Dalton writes, "The hormonal changes associated with menstruation render the individual less amenable to discipline, more tense, and less alert, so that she is more likely to be detected in her misdoings."

She concludes, "A highly significant relationship exists between menstruation and crime... It could mean that the hormonal changes cause women to commit crime during the menstrual and pre-menstrual periods, and/or that women are more liable to be detected then."

Some women prisoners, she reports, request permission to be locked in their cells during this time, to avoid committing an offence against discipline.

And disorderly conduct in prison is closely related to this time.

Of juvenile offenders, Dr. Pollak writes, "Physiological over-development seems to play an important role among the causes underlying delinquency in girls. Seventy-three percent

of the mentally normal girls (studied) were reported as overweight for their age." Some women turn to crime, such as shoplifting, during pregnancy.

And experts certainly see a link between the menopause and the relatively high rate of women of mature age who begin committing crimes.

Offences such as insults, perjury, and breach of the peace rise to a peak between 40 and 50 years of age.

So does the difference in crime rates between single women and married.

Writes Dr. Pollak: "At this age, the difference is most favorable to single women. This seems to corroborate the opinion that actual or merely imagined loss of her sexual attractions means more of a crisis for married women than for single."

Female chemistry, it seems, inhibits women from crime on the one hand and pushes them into it on the other.

And it is an interesting by-product of female emancipation that, as horizons widen, more women can look forward to winding up in jail.

Inside the home, certain gruesome opportunities

tend to use their sex in a variety of ways, especially as decoys when working with a male accomplice.

Dr. Pollak blames both female biology and society for this deceitfulness.

One way and another, and all in all, he probably proves his theory that a greater proportion of female crimes go undetected, unreported, uncharged, or unpunished.

But, in Mr. Hawkins' opinion, even allowing for all the factors Dr. Pollak brings forward, you still get a wide disparity between male and female rates of crime.

"All sorts of reasons can be advanced in explanation," Mr. Hawkins said.

"The American sociologist Talcott Parsons puts a lot of stress on the different upbringings of boys and girls.

"You initiate a girl into the homemaker-mother role

competitive, with an insistence on self-help, self-defence.

"But no one wants aggression in a factory or office. The boy, frustrated, turns to dreams and fantasies which he's all too likely to put into action.

"Girls deviate from the permissible form in a different way from boys. Mostly they want to 'jump the gun' — to play their conventional roles but at a premature age.

"When a boy deviates, it's more drastic. The things he tries to do are bad in themselves."

A prominent policewoman dealing constantly with women criminals and juveniles told me:

"A woman just isn't equipped for the more violent types of crime. Breaking and entering, for instance. A man can climb better, run faster. He's pre-



Marriage "stirs women up but settles men down"

women in jail are inadequate, maladjusted people, the kind who go to the wall — people who can't stand the stress of living with others in the modern setting. Most of their crimes are petty, seldom violent.

"You find some highly intelligent men in the men's prisons, but this is rather rare among the women."

The Child Welfare Department spokesman: "Most of the girls are dull and

greater protection of girls in our culture, maturity brings to women a more spectacular broadening of their life sphere and a correspondingly greater increase in criminal opportunities and temptations than it brings to men."

I was intrigued to learn that married women of mature age are more likely to turn to crime than single women. For men it's the reverse.

BERLEI SHAPE TAMERS

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The shape of fashion in '67 is smooth, figure skimming rather than fitted—flattering for the more mature figure as in this fashion by Gobin Creations.

A Berlei SHAPETAMER shapes you for the fashions of now with a gentle but firm approach. Contouring. Controlling. The panelled front and back, waist-hugging styling is calculated to smooth and trim with the utmost comfort and freedom. In hi-waist or waistband styles. In cool no-rubber Lycra with easy to slip on and off side zip. (Illustrated: style 173), \$16.00. Gothic Bra style 990, \$4.50.

Man from Territory won warm welcome in Britain's TV world

● Television is a pretty crazy world and London is not exactly a cosy city — but Aboriginal David Bulanatji took them both in his stride for his appearance in the "Rolf Harris Show."

DAVID admitted London seemed a very long way from the settlement of Bamyili, in the Northern Territory, where he works as assistant cook in the communal kitchen.

It was a long way in time — as well as space. David is thought to be the first full-blooded Aboriginal from the Northern Territory to come to England this century — and they weren't exactly crowding over before.

The first to come to England were Bennelong and Yemmerrawannie, who were brought over in 1792 by Governor Phillip. But it was hardly the best of beginnings, as Yemmerrawannie took one look at the English climate, caught pneumonia, and died in London.

In 1868, an Aboriginal cricket team came over, but though they put up a tremendous battle on the pitch, they tended to feel pretty terrible in between.

David was in much better form. London, he admitted, was "cold — too cold," but he kept on his overcoat or wind-cheater most of the time and greeted the treacherous English spring with a wide, disarming grin.

At London Airport, armed with three spears and a didgeridoo, he got the VIP treatment and stood up like a veteran star to a battery of Press cameras, before being whisked off to stay with Rolf Harris and his Welsh sculptress wife, Alwen, in their flat in Sydenham.

Young friend

"Nice camp, this," he said approvingly, and instantly made friends with the Harris' three-year-old daughter.

There were naturally a few language hold-ups, because though David speaks seven Aboriginal dialects, he is more than a little shy in English.

But with the young Miss Harris he had something of a start. Partly because he has four children of his own at Bamyili, aged from one to four — Stephen, Princess, Johnny, and Marcus.

But where the small Bulanatjis all have English first names, the small Miss Harris has an Aboriginal



● David, smiling widely, as he rehearsed on his music sticks, watched by Rolf and girls in the show.

one, Bindi — and her new Aboriginal friend opened the friendship by bringing her a present of a miniature didgeridoo carved by his son Stephen.

From the comparative sanity of the Harris home, David was then launched into the TV madhouse. He was carried off to a municipal ballroom in Putney, where the show was being rehearsed.

Here he found himself in the middle of a crowd of keen and capering teenagers who make up the background of Rolf's show. They were dressed in about every variation of current teenage working clothes, which David surveyed blandly without as much as a raised eyebrow.

They took instantly to him, too, and spontaneous applause broke out every time he finished a demonstration of his music sticks and didgeridoo.

They scattered respectfully into corners when the spears came out — and then learnt not to take that gentle smile too much for granted. From David's woomera sling, the spear flew a good 30ft., straight into the throat of the portrait target — a sketch of Rolf by Rolf.

When it came to the show itself, mostly done live, David confessed to being nervous, but no one would have known it except him.

It was hard to believe, after all this, that David had ever had any doubts about the trip, but apparently it hadn't looked quite so easy to him back home.

When Rolf first had the idea of an Aboriginal on the program, the Administration for Aboriginal Affairs had

approached the Aboriginal Theatre to find a suitable candidate.

After various auditions and interviews, David was picked because he was not only a good didgeridoo player (though not necessarily the best), but also because of his poise and personality and understanding of English.

At first David was not all that easily convinced, and

just back from a tour of the United States, Canada, and Alaska, studying Indian and Eskimo education.

So, with two familiar faces in the offing, David was persuaded to take the plunge — and never looked back.

"Perhaps," he admitted rashly, "perhaps I like come next year with my brother Johnny — he sing while I play."

Meanwhile, there was some shopping to be done when the show was over and a little free time came up. Rolf and Alwen thought David should have a look at the swinging world of Carnaby Street, now filled with tourists and cameras.

It wasn't the kinky boots and the fur coats they thought would appeal, but some of the new vivid colors near that handsome dark face.

But it was the pale colors David picked — shirts in English pastels and a white

● David Bulanatji and Rolf Harris. The portrait of Rolf by Rolf was a convenient rehearsal target for David's woomera sling and spear — in its throat.

suit and one with a double-breasted jacket from Lord John, the suaveest name in Carnaby Street.

Rolf and Alwen found time to give a hand in all this — though Rolf could be called up to his ears in work these days.

This year he has reached the top rung of BBC variety. After the success of his late afternoon children's show, "Hey Presto — It's Rolf," which has been bought for Australian showing — he was given the peak Saturday viewing time of 8 p.m. for his own show with guest stars.

And last month the BBC estimated that the show averaged 14 million viewers a performance — the second highest number for the month.

David Bulanatji's program was the last of this series, but another series already has been booked for next January.

Cabaret tour

Meanwhile, Rolf has been to Vienna, commentating on the Eurovision song contest. After that he is to tour his old cabaret spots in Bermuda and Vancouver, before starring in the Australian pavilion at the Expo 67 in Montreal.

After summer shows back in Britain at the big northern resort of Yarmouth, there is a possibility of some filming in Australia before the next BBC show.

Into this international perspective David fitted in, however fleetingly, like an old friend.

Rolf felt no need to apologise too much for London, as David knew Sydney and Perth, but he felt — as well he might — that the traffic problems took some explaining.

"Too many cars," he said, waving wryly at the shambles of Regent Street.

David got the message in one single look.

"Too much humbug," he said sympathetically — and the two trotted off to see what London had to offer as loot for the small Bulanatjis.

By CELIA HENDERSON,
of our London staff

His and Her fashions to be seen



● Hardy Amies' interpretation (left) of the English approach to formal race fashions. Sleeveless dress and matching 7-8th-length coat in pink wool worn with navy shoes and matching hat. Man's outfit consists of a cut-away jacket in black, weskit and topser in cocoa, trousers in taupe.



● Weighing-in (right) is Australian Chris Jacovides' wool twill coat-dress in pillar-box red. Red hat, shoes, and stockings give the new total look. The girl's escort wears a tattersalls check suit tailored by Anthony Squires.



● Pierre Cardin's handsome masculine look is portrayed in a fine-wool hopsack suit. The suit has slightly wider lapels, trousers, and tie. It is pictured with Jean Desses' mini-length dress-and-coat ensemble. The ensemble is made in king-sized houndstooth check in chocolate-brown and white. The round pudding-basin hat is in a subtle shade of taupe.



● New York racetrack fashions — sleeveless dress and matching coat in navy and white double-face checkerboard wool. Design by Donald Brooks. Hat, gloves, and stockings in oyster-white. Man's suit by Hart was selected by the Fashion Director of "Esquire" magazine. The suit is in dark wool plaid. Burgundy handkerchief adds a dash of color.

at Anzac Day race meeting



THESE fashions, by Paris, London, American, and Australian designers, will be paraded at a racing carnival at Randwick on Anzac Day, April 25. The meeting is to raise funds for amenities for Australian Forces in Vietnam.

The clothes by overseas designers were chosen by Miss Nan Sanders, Director of Market Development for the Australian Wool Board, during a recent trip. They are typical race-going fashions currently seen on overseas tracks.

Of the race-going scene, Miss Sanders said:

"On my way through America I was struck by the almost uniform smartness of navy and white for race meetings. Women were looking very chic in this spring classic, the navy and white co-ordinated in dresses, suits, and coats.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 26, 1967

● Pierre Cardin's "his" and "hers" made in white wool gabardine. The dress has a slim bodice and a skirt flaring into a stiff A-line. Pseudo flap pockets are on the hipline. The saucer hat is a Cardin signature. The man's suit has a long jacket slightly flaring on the hips, a zip front, and three zipped pockets.

"American men were dressed much more sportily. They wore tweeds or casual-looking clothes.

"This breezy way of dressing, typically American, looked smart on their courses.

"In London, Hardy Amies told me he was sick and tired of grey waistcoats and the formal topper for Ascot. He has adapted a Cossack morning suit in cocoa, taupe, and black, with a cocoa topper.

"He likes women looking feminine on the racecourse. So for Ascot he designed a pink sleeveless dress with a pink coat.

"Cardin doesn't conform to tradition for young race-

goers. Both 'his' and 'hers' are in cream gabardine in a new, almost satin-finish cloth that is dazzling.

"For a more conventional look Cardin designed a wool hopsack suit with wider lapels, trousers, and tie."

In addition to the parade of international fashions at the Randwick meeting, there will be a contest for the woman most elegantly dressed in wool. The committee of judges will be led by the Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Mrs. John Armstrong.

The winner's prize will be a two-week holiday for two at the Chevron Hotel, Surfers Paradise, with plane tickets by Ansett-ANA.



● Long-haired Princess Margaret dancing with Lord Snowdon (also with hair longer than the conventional men's cut). Not since the surprise of her wedding-day style — a hairpiece piled high in a tiara — had she changed her hair so radically.

PRINCESS MARGARET WEARS A WIG

● The long hairpiece Princess Margaret wore to present the Carl-Alan Awards for dancing at London's Empire Ballroom attracted all eyes. Only the day before, the Princess and Lord Snowdon returned from the 10-day "second-honeymoon" holiday at exclusive Lyford Cay, in the Bahamas, that refuted rumors of their marriage break-up.



● Little more than a week before, above, the short-haired Princess in the Bahamas. Right, British disc jockey Jimmy Saville receives the Carl-Alan Award for Nancy Sinatra, who won it for her record "Boots."



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Rodney O'Neil on the steps of St. Therese's Church, Dover Heights, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Judith McCloskey, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. McCloskey, of Dover Heights. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. O'Neil, who live at Vaucluse. The newlyweds will honeymoon overseas for three months.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Richmond at the reception at Pymble Golf Club following their marriage at Barker College Chapel. The bride was Miss Gillian Blackburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Blackburn, of Roseville Chase. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Richmond, of St. Ives. The newlyweds will spend nine months in Canada before going to South America. After holidaying overseas, they plan to make their home in Sydney.



RECENT arrival in Sydney is Derryn Hinch, who flew from New York for his marriage to Lana Wells on April 20, at St. Luke's Church, Mosman. They plan to spend a few days in Sydney after the wedding before leaving on a honeymoon tour of New Zealand (where they will visit Derryn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hinch), Tahiti, and Mexico. They will later make their home in New York.

HOW exotic sounds the caftan which Mrs. John Excell plans to wear at the black-tie dinner party she and her husband are having on April 22 at their Rose Bay home. In dark green silk, the caftan is trimmed with a gold-and-black braid round the neck and three-quarter-length sleeves. Among the twenty guests at the party will be the Ignacy Listwans, John Laszlos, Armand Georges, and Frank McCall Powers.

WHAT a delightful idea Mrs. Robert Creighton has thought of to greet guests at the reception following the marriage of her daughter Jane and Phillip Ashton on May 4. She plans to cover a large bell-shaped frame with masses of white flowers and hang it on the terrace of Mr. and Mrs. George Courtney-Smith's home at St. Ives, where the reception will be held. The ceremony will be at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble. Jane's attendants will be Mrs. Trevor Spry, of Toorak, Melbourne, Mrs. Stephen Rountree, of Lindfield, Jane's younger sister, Prue, and Judy Lane, of Kirribilli.

HOLIDAYING in Sydney from New Zealand is Patricia Wesley-James, who, with her husband, Colin, has been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marc Kilby, at their Rose Bay home. Patricia and Colin live in Christchurch and brought news of Patricia's sister Sandra and her husband, New Zealander Bruce Seaton, who also live in Christchurch.

SYDNEY girl Gaye Hughes certainly has a high spirit of adventure. In a letter postmarked Bagdad, Iraq, she tells of her very interesting job there as a food rationer for tourists on overland expeditions. Driving a land-rover, these expeditions take her through Tehran, in Iran, to Kabul, in Afghanistan, and then to Delhi, in India.

MRS. O. T. CORDELL rang with the latest news from her son Oliver and his wife, Roslind, in Rawalpindi, West Pakistan, where Oliver is the Second Secretary at the Australian High Commission. Oliver and Roslind recently took their five-month-old bouncing son (also called Oliver) on a holiday with them to the snow country in Kabul, Afghanistan. On their way back to Rawalpindi, they called in at Lahore to spend a few days visiting and riding in the horse show there.

JOHN O'TOOLE always gives such novel parties and his next one promises to be as interesting as ever. He is holding it at the Koroit Hotel, at Warrnambool, in Victoria, on May 5, following the final day of the picnic races there and it will be a Black and Purple Black Velvet evening with a seafood smorgasbord. The tables will be decorated with fresh grapes sent from Adelaide. John and Robert Auld will leave Sydney for Warrnambool on April 21 and on the way they will call in at Melbourne. On the return trip they plan to stay with friends in Canberra—Mr. and Mrs. Florrie O'Riordan (he is the First Secretary of the Irish Embassy) and the Brian Gallens.

DATE for your diary . . . the Pied Piper dinner dance to be held at Chevron on June 16. Although the decor is still at the planning stage, it will be rather unusual and will include golden urns massed with colored paper flowers.

AND another one is the "Arba Krize" on April 22 arranged by the Spastic Centre Younger Set. The one hundred and fifty guests will dance to taped music while cruising round Sydney Harbor.

MR. and MRS. ANGELO GOOMA'S four-month holiday abroad will be spent almost exclusively in Greece, where they will spend three months touring the country and visiting the many music and art festivals which begin in June. Mr. Gooma, who is president of the Greek-Australian Chamber of Commerce and honorary Cultural Attaché for the Greek Embassy, and Mrs. Gooma plan to visit Vienna before flying home.



AT LEFT: Among the many young people at the ball which followed the Tamworth Picnic Race Club meeting were attractive Miss Wendy Brennan (second from left) and her sister Elizabeth, of "Moonaree," Mullaley, with Mr. Denis Forrest (left), of "Trevallyn," Barraba, and Mr. Peter Wauch, of "Mirrabooka," Walcha. The ball, held at the Tamworth Town Hall, was preceded by a dinner and cocktail party.

AT RIGHT: The president of the Tamworth Picnic Race Club, Mr. Ian McLaurin, and Mrs. McLaurin (left), of "Mornington," Tamworth, admiring the Club Cup with Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, of "Granland Park," Tamworth, after the prizegiving at the ball. Mrs. E. M. Mills, of "Kevic," Duri, was presented with the Cup, won in the main race by her horse Syllabus.



PICNIC RACES AT TAMWORTH

Warm summery weather matched the gay mood of racegoers when the Tamworth Picnic Race Club held their annual picnic races at the Tamworth Racecourse.

BELOW: Hosts at one of the picnic luncheons were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Marshall (right), of "Eden Vale," Tamworth, with two of their guests, Mr. John Scholes, of Glen Innes, and Mrs. Clive Osborne, of Sydney. Mr. Scholes rode Question Time for Mr. Marshall, who is a committee member of the club.



ABOVE: Congratulatory pat for Beau Prefect by half-owner Mrs. Edward Sly (centre), of "Thornhill," Gunnedah, with her daughter Vicki and rider Mr. Bruce Miller, of "Canning Downs South," Warwick, Queensland. Mr. Miller came third on Beau Prefect in the Keelendi Progressive Handicap race event.



STUDYING form between races were, AT LEFT, Mr. Nick Newman, of "Aytonlea," Tamworth, Miss Marcia Lovell (centre), of Tamworth, and Mrs. Colin Graham, of Tamworth, and, AT RIGHT, Miss Sonia Walker, of Tamworth, and Mr. Peter Rice, of "Plumthorpe," Barraba.



● Belgian-born geologist Louis Brouckxou built up three individual collections of rare and beautiful West African artifacts during the 20 years he lived and worked there. Two of the collections were destroyed in World War II. The third lay for many years in

the Cameroons until he was given permission to bring it to Australia. This collection — more than 100 pieces, some of them centuries old — will be on show at Sydney's Blaxland Galleries this month, the first comprehensive collection of African art seen in Australia.

ART COLLECTOR WAS GUEST OF PYGMIES

By GLORIA NEWTON

LOUIS BROUCKXOU, whose rapid French-accented voice skims excitedly over his life in Africa, said he was always intensely interested in the people and enjoyed living in tribal villages.

He spoke nostalgically of his early years in the Belgian Congo and conjured up the fascination of such places as the Ivory Coast and Gold Coast, where colonialism reigned and the white man was supreme.

"Today, with independence, all that has gone. Although I love Africa with all my heart, I can no longer live there. For the young who knew no other rule, for the natives themselves, yes, it is good, but for an oldtimer such as me it is finished."

Born in Brussels, Mr. Brouckxou, who fairly vibrates with energy, obtained a diploma as an electrician "to please my father," then went to the university to get his geologist's degree "to please myself."

"Always I had wanted to see faraway places—something I must say I have been doing all my life—so in 1931 off I went to Angola, on the west coast of Africa."

"For a young man then it was adventure. Straight away I was sent out into unexplored regions and found myself living with tribes that never had seen a white man. And it was from that time that my interest was aroused by the art heritage of the age-old continent."

"Death masks beautifully executed in ceramic, masks of the secret societies, totems, musical instruments, the little gods that stand before the huts to ward off evil spirits, the little dolls carried by pregnant women to bring them luck and the child they want."

"The curved scimitars the Cameroon warriors carried, curved specially at the

point to extract the victim's jaw-bone — a prized possession! The strange and beautiful sculptures of the Cameroons, with designs based on the country's invasion by Ethiopians in the 10th century."

"I saw in these all the wonderful history of the people, their struggles, their victories, their history engraved in metal, wood, and stone and expressed in their dances, their music, and their proverbs."

"So many beautiful things. I grew to love them all and the people who created them."

"Believe me, it is not easy to collect their art treasures. Some are sold because the possessors need the money, but often the purchase was done secretly by night to hide the transactions from the village. And while money sufficed for some, for others it was a matter of barter."

Salt, mirrors as money

"The exchange? In those early days it was salt, a commodity they craved and one that was scarce. Or at times it was mirrors—they were fascinated to see their reflection."

"So when I returned to Brussels in 1934, I had my first magnificent collection, which I stored in my parents' home."

"I went back to Africa and spent several years in Ruandi-Urundi among those wonderful African aristocrats, the Watussis, and then for six months I lived with a pygmy tribe, as one of them, in the oriental province of the Congo."

"They were brave and fearless — tiny, ugly people who then kept themselves away from the Europeans to live as they had for centuries."

"I was the first white man they had ever encountered."

"To become a man a young pygmy had to kill an animal by himself. In-



MARIE DE TELIGA, director of the Blaxland Galleries, Sydney, with some of Mr. Louis Brouckxou's African art collection. She is holding a Bamum metal pipe fashioned from an old, lost technique by Cameroon natives. It was carved in wax, which was covered with clay and then melted out, and brass or bronze was poured into the mould.

trigued to see how such a thing could happen, I asked if I could accompany one on his expedition."

"The elders deliberated for a long time and then said, 'Yes, but you must carry no arms.' Well, I had to accept (white man's prestige, you know), so off I went."

"When we sighted an elephant the boy waved me to stay hidden behind a tree while he covered himself with elephant dung to disguise his scent and crept up behind the huge beast."

"Suddenly he leapt on to a hind leg and cut the tendon at the back of the heel. Of course, while he was doing this the elephant kept turning round and round trying to get at him, and in doing this it kept coming nearer and nearer to the tree behind which I waited, shaking with fright."

"Fear? Madame, it was the most terrible fear I have had in my whole life. But the boy jabbed the elephant's stomach with his poison-tipped arrow, still clinging to the elephant like a limpet, and then, after about 20 minutes, the great animal slowly toppled over and died."

"Immediately this happened the boy clapped his hands jubilantly, and suddenly there were his whole tribe. They rushed to the elephant and, slitting open the stomach, started there and then eating the insides with great joy."

"Pardon, Madame? Non. I have eaten many strange things in my life. Monkeys, snakes, ants—but even though I could see the pygmies found their meal delicious I could not touch it."

It was this pygmy tribe that showed the young geologist an okapi grazing in its natural state, a sight which until then had been glimpsed by perhaps two other Europeans.

In 1938 Mr. Brouckxou took to Brussels the second collection of art he had amassed.

He was back in the Congo when World War II broke out, and he stayed there for its duration. Afterward he returned home to find that both collections had been destroyed.

"I was disconsolate," he said. "To me

they represented so many, many years in Africa — all wasted. But, finally, of course, I accepted their loss as one must do, and back again I went to Africa, this time to the Cameroons."

"It was there I met my first wife—she was French, and together we bought some land and started a coffee plantation."

"It takes a long time to develop to the point where you harvest the beans, so to keep going I worked as a geologist, which took me far and wide and, always, I kept my eyes open for my third (and I hoped, final) collection of African art."

"Alas, when the plantation was ready to be harvested the wind of independence was already through the land and the natives were apathetic—they would not work."

"So we took off for a world trip and came back to stay in Cape Town. We visited the plantation from there several times, hoping we could make it successful, but it was too late—it was finished."

Married an Australian

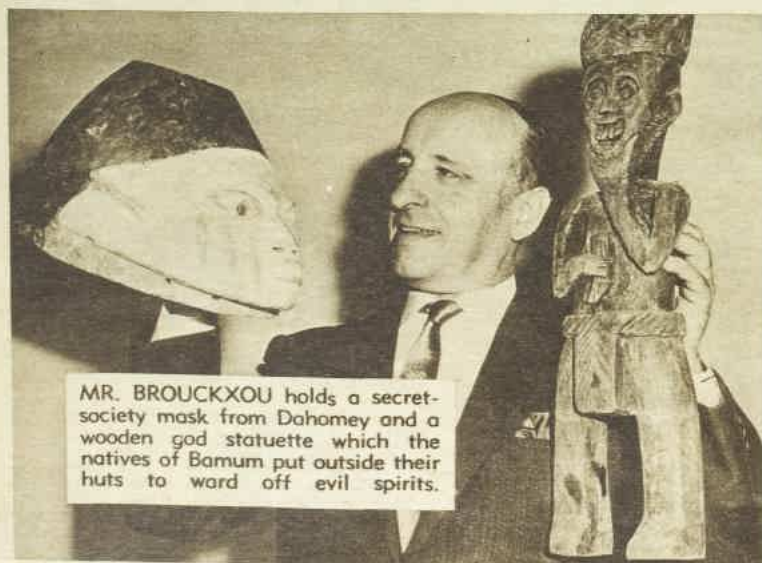
"Then we met an Australian who told me about his country, so we came here for a six months' visit and stayed a year. But my wife died in 1956. Later I married an Australian girl, so Sydney, you see, is now my home."

When, in 1957, Mr. Brouckxou returned to the Cameroons to recover his art collection, which he had left with friends, he found the country had started its bid for independence and it was impossible to take out a single piece.

"But ten years later, five years after independence was granted to them, I again went back and this time permission was given to me to ship the collection to Australia," he said.

"So now this exhibition. The collection will be put up for sale. Why? It will be hard, for each piece has a special memory for me."

"But you see I travel all the time now—business interests in the Cameroons and in Hong Kong — so why should such beautiful examples of art be allowed to moulder away in packing cases?"



MR. BROUCKXOU holds a secret-society mask from Dahomey and a wooden god statuette which the natives of Bamum put outside their huts to ward off evil spirits.

● Sister Maria Riccarda expertly manages the television camera, and Sister Mary Emmanuel the cine camera, while Sister Mary Amelia (left) and Mother Maria Rosario prepare to take part in a religion instruction film. TV films are being produced by the sisters in a new studio built in the grounds of the convent of the Daughters of St. Paul, at Homebush, N.S.W.



Nuns are not camera-shy

● The camera moves in for a close-up, the studio staff is quiet, watching. Behind the glass panel of the control room the director gives last-minute instructions.

YES, an everyday scene in a television studio, but the operators and one of the women in front of the camera are nuns, and the building, officially opened last month, is in the grounds of the convent of the Daughters of St. Paul, at Homebush, N.S.W.

It may seem an unusual and uncluttered metier for a religious order, but in the words of Mr. John Dwyer, Director of the National Catholic Radio and Television Centre, "Communication is their business."

Or in the words of the order's founder, the Very Rev. James Alberione, now 83, "Zealous propagation of the gospel is the sign of the truly apostolic spirit. It is the guarantee of copious fruit."

In the small but carefully planned building, in which perhaps the only unprofessional touch is a kitchen that doubles as a dark room, the nuns will make and distribute films for 38 television stations throughout Australia required by law to give one percent of their viewing time to religious subjects.

Not all the films needed by Australian television will be made at Homebush — many will come from overseas, often made by Pauline sisters in other parts of the world — but the sight of nuns making films (often on con-

troversial subjects and from scripts they have prepared) will no longer be unusual.

In charge is Sister Mary Emmanuel, who spent many years in Italy making television films.

She learned her trade there, but now she, together with ten other nuns, 12 priests, and four Roman Catholic laymen, is attending an 18-month course in television techniques at the North Sydney Technical College.

For Sister Mary Emmanuel it is a refresher course and the opportunity to learn aspects which apply to Australian television.

Also attending classes is the Mother Superior, Mother Maria Rosario, who spent eight years making films at the order's Rome studios. She, however, does not sit for examinations — she does not have the time to study. She attends so she will have the necessary knowledge to help run the TV annex.

Although the order has been established in Australia for 12 years, the possibility of making films did not arise until three years ago, when Mother Maria Rosario asked Mr. Dwyer to organise the showing of a film on the work of the Daughters of St. Paul.

One of the most interested viewers was Mr. Dwyer. Seeing the wide scope of the nuns' work, the germ of an idea was sown: "Could the

nuns at Homebush do something similar?"

The Mother Superior's answer was "Yes." And so the slow process of planning, organising, and getting the necessary permission got under way. Building started last October.

"Wherever we go, we like to help the Church spread the message of religion," Mother Maria Rosario said.

The Daughters of St. Paul are established in Italy, France, Spain, America, the Philippines, and Australia (Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide). They run libraries,

By LOIS WALLIS

ies, print books and pamphlets, work in television, radio, and film studios.

One group operates a radio station in South America; some nuns work for a Japanese television network.

"I don't want you to think this is a big operation," said Mr. Dwyer. "It is just a small studio, 30ft. wide by 50ft. long, but big enough for our needs."

"Some people thought we were building a complete station and I have had men ringing me up offering to build the tower, provide the transmitter, and so on."

"However, we want to be

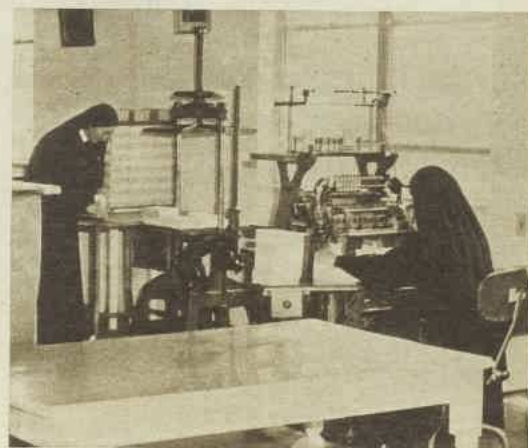
poised to take advantage of whatever opportunities there are to show films on Australian television networks, particularly films with a local flavor."

Mr. Dwyer has organised the making of local films in the past, using professional producers and writers. Although the nuns will write their own scripts, produce films, and act when necessary, the National Centre still plans to use professional talent, especially for outside filming.

At the moment, the nuns are doing a lot of film, radio, and TV distribution work, but until the modern building, with its special sound-proof studio and administrative offices, was completed the two nuns in charge of this section, Sister Mary Emmanuel and Sister Maria Riccarda, worked in an old garage behind the convent.

Despite their television work, and with four of the 15 nuns at the convent attending the television course, attention has not moved from the longer-established aspect of their work — printing, binding, and selling books at their own libraries and to the public, knocking on doors and going into shops and schools with religious and educational publications.

The nuns have no formal training for their publishing work; they just learn as they go — from senior sisters.



● Nun at work at a stitching machine in the printery at the convent at Homebush.

At Homebush there is a linotype machine, a printing press, stitcher, and guillotine, so everything can be done on the premises.

"We could produce a newspaper here if we wanted to," said Mother Maria Rosario, smiling at a nun with fingers as inkstained as any compositor's as she bent over a galley of type.

The nuns have produced three books themselves. They also bind — by hand — stitched, uncut books from Pauline convents all over the world.

Every edition is at least 5000 copies. In the past five years, they have sold (which means binding by hand) 20,000 copies of a children's book sent in the rough from Edinburgh.

"This is something that could be done by machine,

of course, but we are just starting, so we have to make the best use of what we have," said Mother Maria Rosario as she walked across the scrupulously clean and tidy printing building, where black-clad nuns, their habits protected by print cotton aprons and sleeve-guards, worked deftly binding an English translation of "Hope to the World," and a book by the order's founder.

Book distribution will continue along with television production.

"We regard the providing of religious and educational books for children as our principal aim," said Mother Maria Rosario.

"It is not just a way of earning money — we could do anything for this — but the reason we were founded: to spread the gospel."



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Special looks at mini-skirts



MINI-SKIRTED trio in London, above, and model girl Twiggy, right, at the London airport before flying to New York wearing an orange velvet mini-trouser suit.



• "The Mini-Skirt Rebellion," a 30-minute special on TCN9 on April 24, at 7 p.m., illustrates that current and overworked fashion phrase "swinging London." And, brother, does it swing!

THE program is a non-stop onslaught on eyes and ears. I found it interesting, laughable, and left the preview wondering did I have the knees for mini-skirts?

That is as it may be, for I haven't the right age. A woman over 25 when she said: "I wish I was sweet 16 again, instead of 62, and could wear those dresses."

If you live outside the city and haven't seen the mini-skirt on living, breathing girls from 16 to 20, you will probably be horrified and shocked when you see "The Mini-Skirt Rebellion."

If you have been exposed to it, and got your fashion-eye in, you will be intrigued at its history, the way it is sold in what are known as "bazaars," or "beavers," and the way it is designed.

Made in London and America, the program gives London top billing and the starring role.

Chelsea and Carnaby Street are featured inside and outside the gear shops. So are the Grenadier Guards,

By
NAN MUSGROVE

Twiggy, actress Jill St. John, Queen Victoria, designer Mary Quant, and a wonderful song (sung by a group called the Gates of Eden) that could easily make the hit parade.

The mini-skirt dresses, worn five to seven inches above the knee, come in all guises; straight and skimpy like a medieval page's tabard, flaring for go-go dancing, or knitted in dish-cloth string, in lacy knits.

The lacy knits, like others made of wide open curtain net, are completely see-through. If you are wondering about the underclothes to wear with them, don't.

Their designer says they must be worn over a flesh-colored body stocking (like a one-piece bathing costume made in stocking nylon) — nothing else.

Twiggy, at present the most publicised model in the world, is in the program, and is as way out as the special skirt.

Twiggy's vital statistics,

31-22-31, put her in a model class on her own, her long "praying mantis" legs in another.

She looks like a waxy doll with hair that you can wash. I think if you picked her up her legs and arms would swing aimlessly as if they were filled with sawdust.

It's worth looking at "The Mini-Skirt Rebellion" to see the electric dress, designed, according to the commentary, "by the Thomas Edison of clothes designers."

According to fancy, it can be lit up in different patterns, and what is more, the lights can be adjusted to flash on and off to the rhythm of the music you are frugging to in your favorite discotheque.

High priestess of the mini-skirt, designer Mary Quant, peers out through an encroaching fringed hairdo and says her mini-skirts are a rebellion from the pompous, stuffy formality of English clothes.

"But I never believed that people would come from all over London to buy it, and then from America, and it would spread all over the world. It was a shock."

I think the mini-skirt has been a shock to everyone.

Whether you approve of the fashion or not, whether you are 16 or 76, you should watch "The Mini-Skirt Rebellion." It is an excellent slice of topical reporting about a fashion phenomenon.

TDT begins to settle down

THIRD time proves it was true with "This Day Tonight," ABC-TV's new mammoth news show.

After its deplorable and

Television

nervous opening, when it followed rare breakdowns in "Newsreel," it improved the second night, and proved on its third show that eventually it could become as much part of the ABC's programs as its evening news.

TDT has been described as a reflection of Australian life and society, but it really is nothing more than a daily, more parochial edition of "Four Corners."

The first edition was full of jokes and labored humor — only the camera starred with some excellent photography. Even slow-speaking, earnest Bill Peach had to be laboriously funny. He introduced items with kindergarten actions and wore funny headgear.

It was a mistake, evidently recognised as such, for ever since Peach's presentation has been straight, much better.

I think TDT will settle down into good TV. I don't think it will be watched by many people until the ABC takes the plunge and alters the timing of its whole news shebang.

After all, 6.30 p.m. news is very popular, even 6.45 p.m. news would be, especially if it was a brisk 15 minutes without "Newsreel," so often the dull repository for overseas film cuts.

Viewers, even those dedicated to news and current affairs, aren't going to forgo indefinitely the line-up of commercial fun programs that begin at 7.30 p.m. It's not human.

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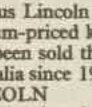
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TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "I'm getting a little tired of these scientists constantly bragging about how they've done so much to improve society and prolong our lives. Oh, I know they have increased our estimated life span by about 25 years, that they have found cures for a lot of diseases that previously took the lives of thousands, and that they have invented countless labor-saving devices. But they also discovered the atom bomb, the guided missile, and the hydrogen bomb that can kill millions of people with just one single blast."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Mankind owes a great deal to science. If it wasn't for science man would be a primitive animal sitting in a cave instead of being a highly educated animal sitting in a fall-out shelter.

FUN OR DRAMA IN TWO SHOWS

● "Letter Charades" and "Divorce Court" are two daytime TV treats that are going from strength to strength in popularity.

"LETTER CHARADES" is strictly an entertaining game, but "Divorce Court," while primarily entertainment, is also believed to help couples whose marriages are not working as well as they could be.

Such claims always seem a little far-flown to me, but "Divorce Court" recently received the seal of approval from the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia.

Two segments of "Divorce Court" were shown at a Canberra conference, and representatives of State Marriage Guidance Councils approved by the Attorney General's Department, church organisations, and members of the Attorney General's Department

agreed that the show was performing a useful service.

Rev. L. G. Phillips, a spokesman for the National Marriage Guidance Council, said that the Council had never before come out in support of a television program.

"However," he said, "we believe that 'Divorce Court' is the type of series that can remind people of the need to consult an approved marriage guidance organisation at the time resentment comes into married life."

"Divorce Court" is a dramatisation of a divorce action in an Australian court. Many of the stories are based on actual cases.

"Letter Charades" balances "Divorce Court's" reality with a relaxing fun show in which members of the audience take part.

— NAN MUSGROVE

AT LEFT: Regulars on "Letter Charades" are, left to right, Frank Wilson, Joe Martin, Jan Rennison, and Sean Kramer, who are joined by four members of the studio audience for the fun.



LEFT: "Divorce Court" sits with its permanent Judge, Nigel Lovell, presiding. The seated witness is Laurier Lange, the solicitor cross-examining is Richard May. ABOVE: Ron Haddrick, as the court reporter and narrator of "Divorce Court."

● "LETTER CHARADES" may be seen Mondays to Fridays: Perth, TVW7, 1 p.m.; Sydney, TCN9, Melbourne, GTV9, 2.30 p.m.; Adelaide, NWS9, 3 p.m.; Brisbane, QTQ9, 3.30 p.m.
● "DIVORCE COURT," Mon. to Fri., Sydney, TCN9, 1.30 p.m.; Melbourne, GTV3, Adelaide, NWS9, Brisbane, QTQ9, 3 p.m.

Television



● "The Tommy Hanlon Show" is unique in that the versatile compere, above, does not appear on stage — he roves among the audience. At right: Lucky Mrs. Nora Miller, of Brunswick, Victoria, seen here with Tommy after he announced that she had won a car on his show.

Fast-talking, wise-cracking TOMMY HANLON

THE TOMMY HANLON SHOW, the American compere's new afternoon program, changes his image from a sentimentalist to a fast-talking, wise-cracking comedian.

Tommy is delighted with the show. "It is exciting and it brings me in closer contact with people, and this I like," he says.

Tommy admits he is a little sorry to see the end of "It Could Be You."

"After all, that show involved six years of my life and I'm sentimental about it. But I'm the type who has to

keep doing something different, and I'd rather finish 'ICBY' while it was on top. I couldn't bear to keep on indefinitely, and see my child going downhill," he said.

"The Tommy Hanlon Show" gives the compere ample scope for "something different." The script is completely ad lib, which means no two shows are alike and, as Tommy says, "without a set pattern the audience can't anticipate."

● "The Tommy Hanlon Show" may be seen daily Monday to Friday, Sydney, TCN9; Melbourne, GTV9; Hobart, TVT9, all at 2 p.m.; Perth, TVW7, 2.30 p.m.; Brisbane, QTQ9, 3 p.m.; Adelaide, NWS9, 3.30 p.m.



8 P.M.
GETTING COLD...
TIME I
HEATED UP



11 P.M.
STILL GETTING
COLDER...
I'LL TURN UP
THE HEAT

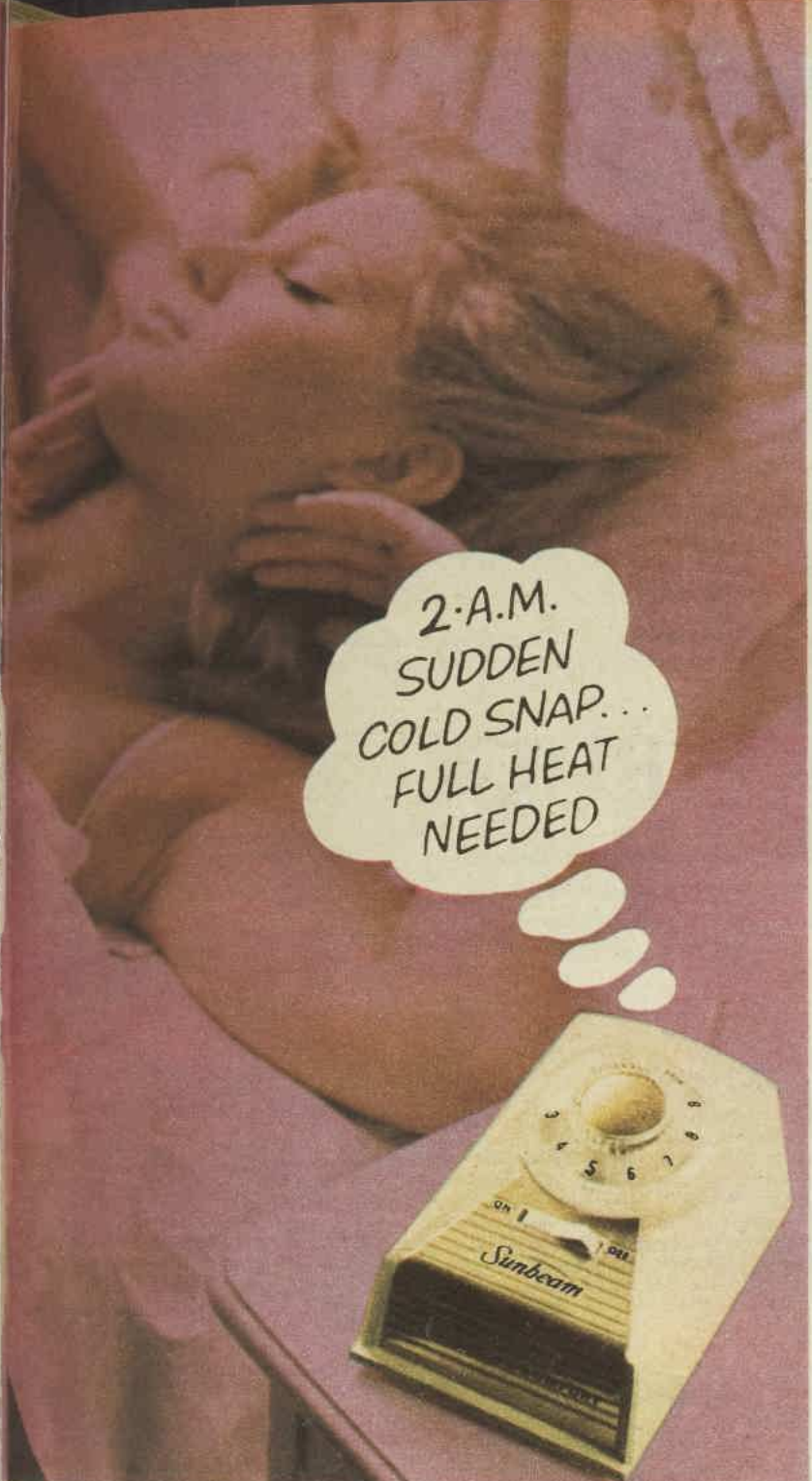


It thinks for you...

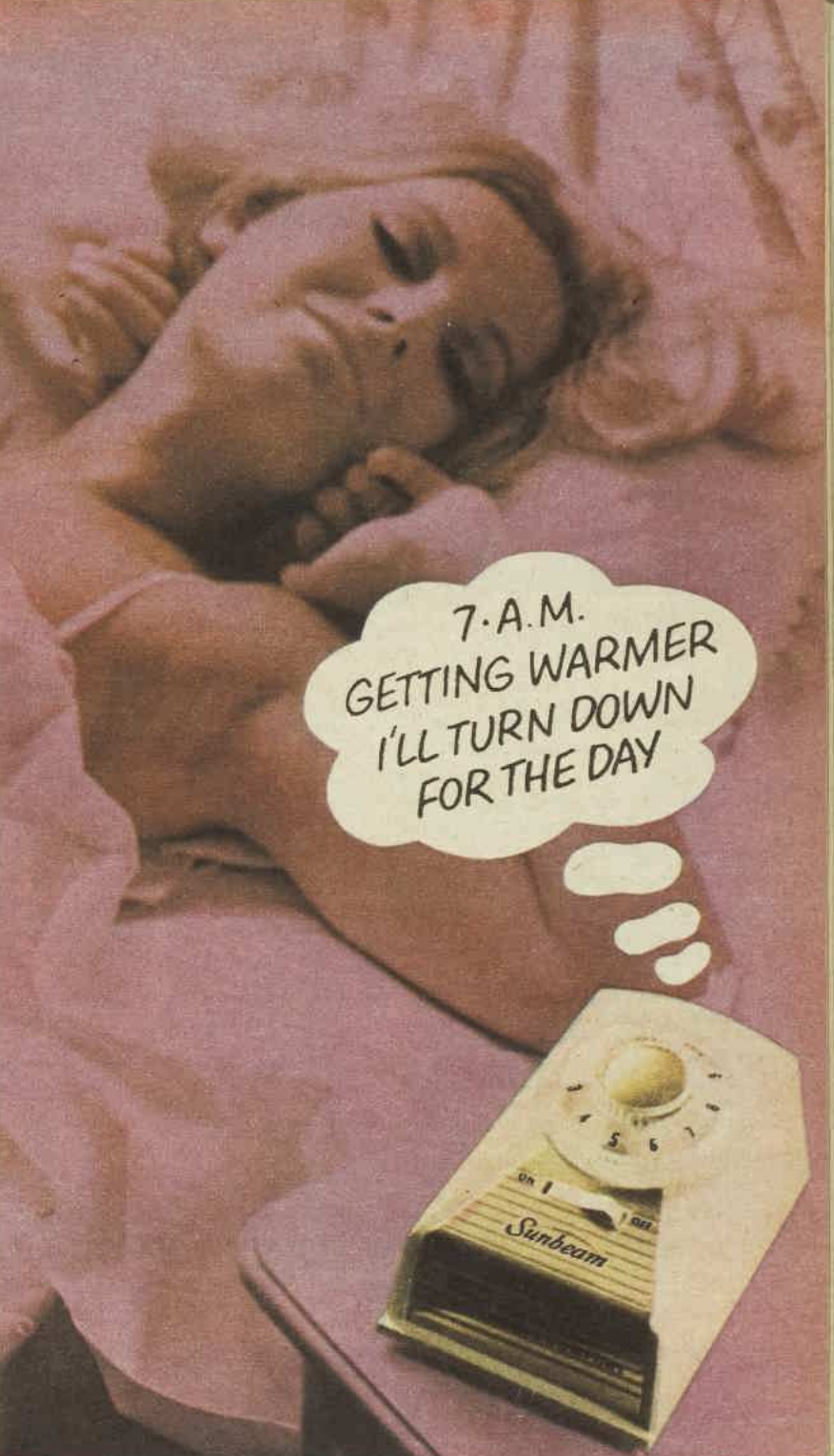
Sunbeam's new Blanket is quite different from ordinary blankets. Its special control automatically turns on and off to allow for any temperature changes during the night.

If there's a cold snap, you get more heat. If it warms up again, Sunbeam turns off. Compare this with ordinary blankets, you could either freeze or fry with them. But not with Sunbeam.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 26, 1967



2.A.M.
SUDDEN
COLD SNAP...
FULL HEAT
NEEDED



7.A.M.
GETTING WARMER
I'LL TURN DOWN
FOR THE DAY

the new Sunbeam blanket

So, if you're thinking blankets, think Sunbeam; the one that thinks. Sunbeam is also the one that's built to last. For instance, the pure wool has a specially deep nap to resist piling and it's both moth-proof and shrink-resistant, too. Sunbeam's heating element also gets special treatment; it's carefully sheathed in strong but pliable PVC, then completely enclosed in separate tunnels of wool.

Even Sunbeam's Automatic Control has to operate 8 hours in carefully regulated conditions before it's up to standard. So, if you're thinking blankets, think Sunbeam; you can trust the quality and you can trust it to go on thinking for you while you sleep.

(Available in 3 sizes with choice of colour.)





UNOFFICIAL scooter park in Sydney is on the corner of Bridge and Phillip Streets and starts to fill from 7 a.m. Lawyers, stockbrokers, secretaries, and businessmen are among the bike and scooter owners who use the area. Many would like to see scooters encouraged and special parking areas made available.

"HOW else would I get to board meetings on time?" said Harry M. Miller, Sydney entrepreneur and businessman, who drives a Jaguar to his office and then uses his scooter for business appointments.

In the past five years, Mr. Miller has become quite a familiar figure as he zooms down Castlereagh Street, often with a business associate or television personality, like Graham Kerr or Will Rushton, on the back of his scooter.

"When I think of the time I've wasted searching for parking space with my car—" he said. "Now, with the scooter, it's no problem."

While scooters and small bikes have been popular in European cities for many years, the trend has spread comparatively slowly to Australia.

"In the past five years there has been a gradual but constant increase in the sale of scooters and lightweight bikes," said the sales manager of a Japanese firm which dominates motor-cycle sales in Australia. "But in the past 12 months the increase has zoomed."

THE "BIKE BUG"

● Hundreds of Sydney workers have found an answer to parking problems. Lightweight scooters and bikes have become increasingly popular and two-wheel transport is a big new happening on the city scene.

The company's sales last December rose almost 75 percent. There are now almost 30,000 cycles registered in Australia.

Manufacturers believe the increase in sales is due to several factors, including the increase in cost and tightening up of registration of old cars. The low initial cost of scooters and bikes (from \$153 for the mini-scooter to \$350 for a 90c.c. bike), increasing city parking problems, and the new image of bike riders in Australia has also helped to make them popular.

Both are economical to run—a scooter does 150 to 200 mpg, a bike almost the same. The main difference is the body

design. The rider steps through a scooter and travels with his feet on a small platform, while he straddles a bike.

Both, according to experts, are as easy to ride as a pushbike.

While the milk-bar cowboys ("bodgies" and "widgies") of the '50s almost killed the bike industry in Australia with their wild reputation, a new type of customer has emerged.

Students, nurses, office workers, housewives, and professional men—all sorts of people have caught the "bike bug."

"It's the only fresh air I get," said Mr. Stefan Haag, executive director of the

Elizabethan Theatre Trust, who has been riding a scooter to work for ten years. "Everyone has a bike in Europe. I can't understand why it hasn't been more popular here."

"Scooters are ideal for girls, especially nurses," said Margaret MacDonald, 21, a nurse at the Royal South Sydney Hospital.

"They're light and easy to handle and we can go for a swim between shifts—something we could never do before."

Margaret is one of a half-dozen nurses at South Sydney Hospital who have scooters. The matron has set aside a special bike rank in the grounds for them.

"We have a great time, and they're so cheap to run," said another nurse, Dot Russell, 21. "I go about four miles for one cent."

Many Sydney riders would like to see revised parking laws for scooters and small bikes. "Apart from special bike ranks at Sydney University and a couple of other places, I don't know of any allowances made for parking bikes officially in the city," said Dr. Raymond Preston-Shaw, a Sydney medical and electronics scientist, who has been riding bikes around Sydney for many years.

"There are a couple of popular but unofficial bike ranks, like the one on the corner of Phillip and Bridge Streets."

Although she is not concerned with city traffic problems, Mrs. Bernie Darling, of Epping, believes she could never get through her day without her scooter.

"No 'kindie' mother should be without one," said Mrs. Darling, an attractive mother of four children—Brett, 7, Mandy, 5, Megan, 3, and Rebecca, 9 months.

"I start by running my three oldest children to school, one after the other, then come home to do the shopping at the local supermarket. Then I use the scooter for my part-time job as a travelling cosmetics saleswoman and, at 3 p.m., pick the children up from school."

"After school, I might run Megan to ballet, Brett to football—all short nuisance runs that would take so long by public transport."

With the step-through scooter, Mrs. Darling finds she can wear dresses and high heels, and does this most of the time.

Although you can wear ordinary clothes, even mini-skirts (with stocking tights), some girls have made special outfits for riding their scooters and bikes.

One Sydney comptometer-secretary, Lyn Riley, 19, of Granville, has designed and made several special outfits.

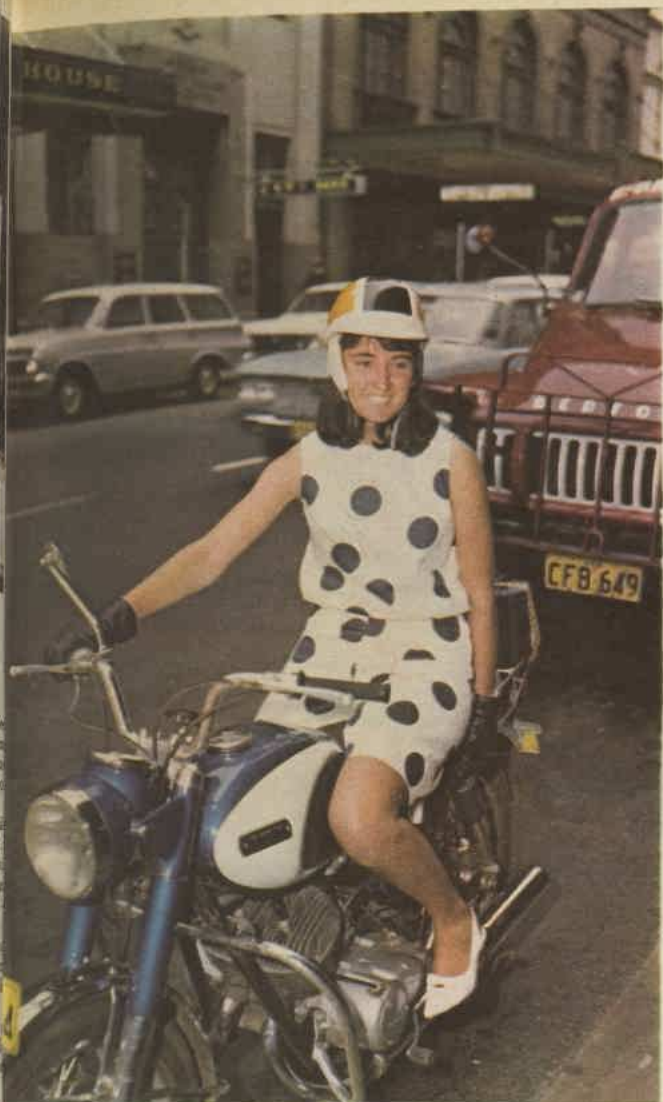
"I used to make a type of lap-lap skirt for my scooter," said Lyn, "but now I have a bike I wear loose, short culottes."

Lyn, who admits to receiving quite a lot of whistles on her 250c.c. lightweight bike, prefers dresses to jeans.

—KERRY YATES

NURSES Margaret MacDonald (far left) and Dot Russell are two of several at Royal South Sydney Hospital who have scooters for easy transport.

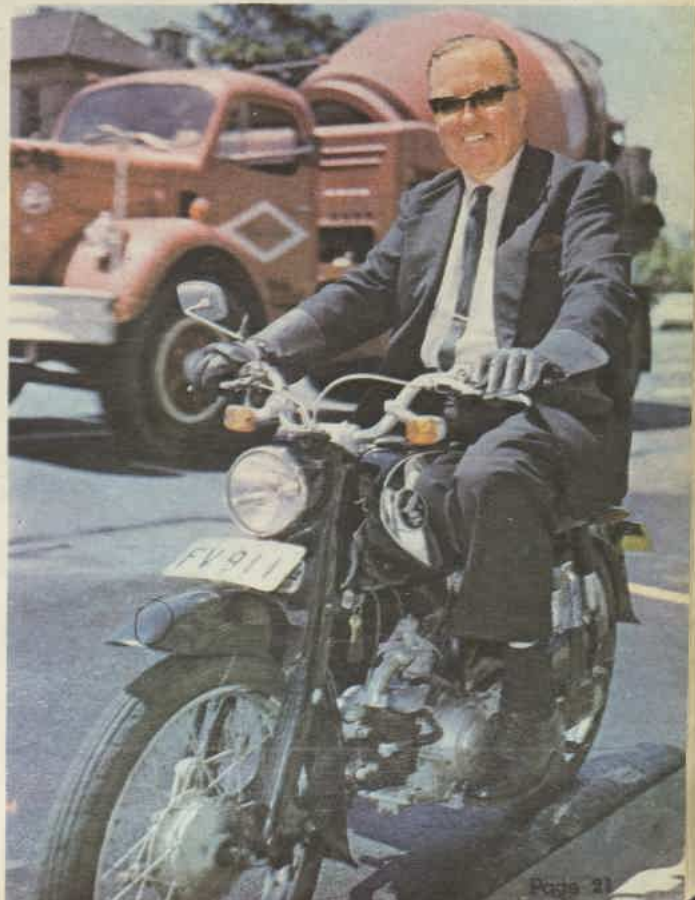




DESIGNING and making special bike outfits is a hobby for Sydney secretary Lyn Riley, 19, of Granville (above). She has about half a dozen culotte dresses which are ideal for her 250c.c. lightweight bike. HOUSEWIFE and mother of four young children, Mrs. Bernie Darling (right) says she couldn't get through her daily chores without her scooter.



BIKES of "all makes and sizes" have been Dr. Raymond Preston-Shaw's means of transport (right) round Sydney for years. "I can't understand why it's not encouraged," he said. "It would help solve traffic problems."



OFF to a board meeting (at left) are Mr. Stefan Haag (right), executive director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, and entrepreneur Mr. Harry M. Miller, who is commercial and promotional consultant to the Trust's Opera Company.



Berlei Fancy Free streamlining—for the woman who wears the pants!

Women haven't changed. Fashions have. Fashion puts you in pants. So, one-upping the sleekest pants story, Berlei puts you in Fancy Free. A smooth sculpture of weightless Lycra cunningly seamed and panelled to shape and flatter you under your pants suit. Fancy Free flattens your tummy. The contoured

back is designed with intrigue to lift and shape you—naturally. Panels of power over hips and thighs etch out one long, smooth line. FANCY FREE runs the gamut of leg lengths with detachable, non-bulk concealed suspenders. Available also as a girdle in waistline or hi-waist styling for smooth shaping under your skirt suits.

Try on a FANCY FREE pantie girdle today and look devastating in your new pants suit. 586 Berlei FANCY FREE pantie girdle with 6" leg, shown here in skintone, also available in white, black. \$12.50. Lilac wool twill pants suit with ruffled blouse by Norma Tullo.

ELEGANT AUTUMN-WINTER SEWING

● The haute couture fashions here and overleaf show some of the newest trends, silhouettes, and colors for the autumn-winter season. A quick look at the designs shows a belted and unbelted line; there are no frills or fuss.

The fashions are available in pattern form. They are designed by Yves St. Laurent, Lanvin, Patou, Forquet of Italy, and Mattli of London. Panel below tells how to order.

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. They are also obtainable in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. When ordering, please state pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



1635.—Dress and coat ensemble. Sleeveless straight shift (above) is gathered on to a square yoke, back and front. Full coat (right) has same yoke detail as dress and wide kimono sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 1635 Vogue Paris original by Patou. Price \$1.80 includes postage.



1693. — Sleeveless A-line dress (right) in evening or street length. Dress has oval neckline with gathered front. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1693 Vogue couturier design by Forquet of Italy. Price \$1.40 includes postage.



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MF207

Continuing

ELEGANT AUTUMN-WINTER SEWING

1690.—Belted high-waisted dress (right), in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. 1690 Vogue Paris original by Yves St. Laurent. Price \$1.60 includes postage.



1672. — Two-piece suit (left) has self-material tie-belt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1672 Vogue couturier design by Jo Mattli of London. Price \$1.40 includes postage.



1647. — Dress and jacket ensemble (right). Sleeveless dress has standing collar. Semi-fit jacket has zipper back closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1647 Vogue Paris original by Laroche. Price \$1.60 includes postage.



1686. — Graceful two-piece evening dress has a slim skirt and overblouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. 1686 Vogue Paris original by Lanvin. Price \$1.80 includes postage.

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soluble pain reliever,
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SMOOTH AND HAS A PLEASANT, NEUTRAL FLAVOUR.

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which means that 'ASPRO' works $2\frac{1}{4}$ times faster than before to relieve headache
and pain.

stop headache and pain

'ASPRO'

MICROFINED

REG. TRADE-MARK

NOW WORKS $2\frac{1}{4}$ TIMES FASTER

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This belted coat-dress with a concealed button closing is my design choice for a reader. The design can be made from $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds. of 36in. corduroy. The reader's query and my reply are published below.

"Do you think ribbed velveteen would be suitable for a tailored dress? I don't want a shift — I prefer a belted style. I take a size 12."

Corduroy would be excellent for a coat-dress, illustrated at right. The dress is self-belted, has a fly front closing, notched collar, and long sleeves. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.

"Would it be correct to wear black to a formal evening wedding? The dress is made in crepe."

In my opinion, black is not suitable to wear to a wedding.

"Have you a pattern for an A-line maternity dress with a bias-cut, turn-over collar? If you have, I would like to know the price and if the pattern is available in 38in. bust."

Our pattern department can supply a maternity dress similar to the one you describe. The pattern is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 3111. Price 60c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"My last season's coat in wine-red wool does nothing for me. It has a heavy collar and wide belt. Do you think it could be restyled to suit me, or will I sell it to a friend?"

Sell it. A restyled, remade coat very seldom turns out to be a success.

"I have made a long skirt in red wool for winter. The skirt is for at-home wear and I would like a suggestion for a rather casual sort of top."

My choice would be a classic long-sleeved shirt in white satin.

"I am making a bright emerald-green winter coat and need some advice. What colored buttons will I finish the garment with? I would also like to know about the color for shoes, gloves, and bag."

Gold buttons on the coat, and shoes, bag, and gloves in black kid.

"I have a brown corduroy skirt in a mini-length and black square-toed shoes. Could I wear black-textured stockings with the skirt?"

I would prefer brown textured stockings in the same color as the skirt and the shoes in the same brown.



4204.—Coat-dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4204. Price 80c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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neat new spaghetti
you can eat
with a spoon!



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**—circles of spaghetti even
the small fry can handle!**

Kia-ora SpaghettiOs are so easy to spoon up! Small circles of firm spaghetti, in their own scrumptious tomato and cheese sauce. And now new SpaghettiOs with Sliced Franks — deliciously different. They're still easy eating for even the littlest kids. So treat them soon to SpaghettiOs. With or without sliced franks. Either way, the kids love 'em!

Y150

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AND NOW!
SpaghettiOs
with tender
little slices
of all meat
franks!





● Valerie Heighes Taylor, above, retained the Australian women's spearfishing title at interstate championships held in December by the Underwater Spearfishing Association of N.S.W., but prefers photographing. Below: With a newly caught crayfish.

SOME OF HER BEST FRIENDS HAVE BEEN CRAYFISH

By Valerie Heighes Taylor



I HAVE always been a collector of pets. This in itself is not unusual. Some people even have their own private zoo, with lions in pits and monkeys in cages. However, caged creatures peering sadly from their steel prisons did not appeal to me. My pets always came by accident, and as much as possible I avoided confining them to any small area.

True, Sam spent most of his long life locked in the woodshed sleeping on a bench, but this was for his own good. No 8ft. diamond snake, no matter how sweet-natured, is safe roaming around the dwelling places of humans.

I would give him only a few hours' freedom in case some daring person (in self-defence, of course) should hack him in half with a spade or blast him into hamburger with a shotgun. Anyhow, I think Sam was really fond of the woodshed. Although I often let him out for a wriggle he would always, after a few hours, return to his bench.

Of course, during these runs someone was always on hand to see that Sam didn't eat the cat, rabbit, possum, or kangaroo.

My parents took all this in fairly good part until Ocky, Crabby, and Joe joined the family, and things were never quite the same again.

I am a skindiver by profession. Having grown up on a waterfront, this occupation did not seem odd to me, nor did it seem odd that marine creatures should join my menagerie.

Ocky was the first true marine creature to capture first my attention, then my heart. He was chasing crabs when we met.

I was lying on the wharf trying to catch fish for Ginnie my cat when I noticed a whole colony of crabs scuttle from the water and up an oyster pile. They were pursued by a slender brown arm. I was fascinated. The arm gracefully stretched up after the crabs, who promptly climbed even higher. Then, to my amazement, the owner of this slender arm with the little apricot suction cups in the place of fingers turned his round, intelligent eyes in my direction.

It was clearly an appeal for help. Forgetting Ginnie's dinner, I plucked a crab from the pile and held it nearer the water. The octopus accepted my offering without hesitation. After taking three crabs he disappeared beneath the wharf.

A week or so later I was again on the wharf fishing when crabs scurrying up a pile attracted my attention. This time the little octopus just looked at me with his large eyes. Knowing what was expected, I handed him several crabs.

After that I visited the wharf regularly. The vibration from my movements would immediately bring the octopus crawling up the rocks. Sometimes I would walk along the water's edge looking for bigger, fatter crabs. Ocky always followed. If I stopped, he would expectantly raise an arm.

Sometimes he would twine a tentacle around my finger, allowing me to lift him clear of the water. There is no doubt in my mind he considered me a friend. My parents considered him a hazard, but you can't send an octopus to the RSPCA.



This went on for several months, then one afternoon when I wandered down to see Ocky my footsteps on the wharf failed to bring him scuttling forth. I rifled the water, but nothing happened. I threw in several crabs, still nothing. The little octopus was gone.

I like to think he was called away by a pretty lady octopus, but my young brother, Bill, with no regard for my feelings, claims a fisherman probably hooked Ocky for bait.

About a fortnight after the disappearance of Ocky I returned from a diving trip with two giant green crayfish. Actually, the crays had been meant for the table, but their docile and friendly nature proved irresistible and there was nothing I could do but take them back alive.

I carried them in sugar-sacks stuffed with seaweed during a 200-mile trip, and they took the journey calmly. My poor mother was rather dismayed, but I just put the crays into our pump-up swimming pool and that was that.

Crayfish, of course, live in caves, so out of apple-boxes and bricks I built a duplex cave up the deep end. My new pets, whom I named Crabby and Joe, moved in without any fuss.

After a few days they were eating from my fingers and my parents were once again swimming in the pool. It all worked rather well. During the day, when the pool was in use, Crabby and Joe quietly moved backward and forward along the bottom, bothering no one. It was during the night that they came to life, feeding, swimming nearer the surface, and fighting.

They had one battle that lasted for days.

It was my fault, really. In constructing the caves I had used one apple-box slightly larger than the other. Of course, they both wanted the bigger box, and until I worked out what the trouble was and remedied it they clawed and bit in the most alarming fashion.

Once a week we had a bath day. After seven days in the pool my pets were walking around in beautiful green algae fur coats. As it is not natural for crayfish to wear green algae fur coats, I had to give them a weekly all-over scrub. With the aid of one scrubbing brush, one oil brush, and the hose, I did a pretty good job.

First I would scrub the large areas, then with the oil brush gently clean their joints. A final back-polish with steelwool, and two cleaner-looking crays would be hard to imagine.

This weekly toilet was usually followed by a walk in the bay. Walking crayfish is not all that different from walking a dog, the main difference being that the collar fits around the cray's tummy instead of its neck, and crayfish, of course, walk backwards as well as forward.

The reason for these walks had mainly to do with diet. I fed my pets all manner of tasty meats and fish, but no greens. Now, I don't know whether they needed greens or not, but, just in case, once a week I gave them the opportunity of eating as much as they liked. I would float along on the surface while Crabby and Joe, securely held by their leads, ambled peacefully along the bottom.

Often during these rambles we would visit an old stuffed lounge-suite sitting shapeless with growth in about ten feet of

water. It seemed an ideal place for my pets to graze. My liking for this particular spot almost caused me to lose Joe.

One day the pair were wandering happily among the discarded furniture when Joe disappeared. Dismayed, I traced his lead to a hole in the lounge. Peering in, I could see my wayward pet there among the springs and woodwork. Obviously he intended staying. To force him out would endanger his fragile legs.

I tied his lead to the lounge, took Crabby back to the pool, and returned with a long piece of string. One end of this I fastened to Joe's lead and the other to a tree on the bank. All I had to do was wait until naughty Joe came out for his nightly ramble. It was well after dark when finally I felt a movement on the lead and retrieved my pet.

By now the crays were sharing the pool with a large number of other marine creatures. To keep them company my brother captured one cod, three leather-jackets, seven bream, five blackfish, three old wives, and a small school of tailor. People came from far and near just to admire the inhabitants of the swimming-pool. The cod and leatherjackets shared my crays' boxes without mishap.

Next, Crabby and Joe became film stars. My fiancé, one of the world's foremost underwater cameramen, Ron Taylor, decided to use them in a short movie, which later proved very successful.

My father was rather a problem. Provided they are freshly cooked, he simply loves crayfish. Only his fear of my anger had for so long saved my pets from a hot swim in the copper.

Then one day he got his chance. I mar-

● Crabby and Joe getting their weekly wash-and-brush-and-polish.

ried Ron, and that, of course, meant a honeymoon. My youngest brother was left in charge, but I should have known better. My crayfish were doomed. No sooner had Ron and I departed than Dad was stoking up a good fire under the copper. He had been waiting a long time to get me out of the way. When I returned two weeks later Dad told me this story:

It seemed that shortly after Ron and I departed Joe's shell mysteriously cracked. My soft-hearted father could not stand seeing him in such pain. Fortunately he was boiling some water in the copper, so Joe was quickly put out of his misery.

Crabby, so the story went, then became crazed with grief and loneliness, so dear old Dad ended his troubles the same way.

Once the good deed was done my father, always an economical fellow, could not bear to waste them, and on my return the family and neighbors told me how delicious they were.

As most people visualise crayfish only in a mornay or salad, I could not really blame my father. He was no different from anyone else — I was the one who was being different and I could not help feeling sad.

Odd though it may sound, I was fond of my two leggy crustaceans. Each had his own definite personality. Perhaps all crayfish differ, I don't know. What I do know is that no one would believe my little story if it wasn't for Ron's film, which stars two of the sweetest crayfish I have ever met.

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Australian Almanac

• A weekly series by Bill Beatty.

APRIL 23

1788 Discovery of Parramatta, the second oldest settlement in Australia. Governor Phillip discovered the site during an exploratory journey west of Sydney Cove. Had he seen the area earlier, he would probably have made it the site of the principal settlement, for it was apparent that the Sydney settlement could not become self-sufficient in food supplies.

Phillip named the new settlement Rose Hill, after the then Secretary of the British Treasury. The name was changed to Parramatta three years later. An Aboriginal word, it is said that Parramatta is equivalent to "eels lie down." Rich in historical romance, Parramatta saw the first wheat and the first grapes grown in Australia. At that time Sydney was little more than a depot for stores, and Parramatta was all but the capital.

1828 The Australian Racing and Jockey Club formed. Its meetings were held at Parramatta.

1906 Death of Edward Dumaesq, Tasmanian Surveyor-General. Edward Dumaesq broke all world records when he drew a retiring allowance and then lived for another 85 years. He was a brother of Lady Darling, wife of Governor Darling. As a youth he entered the services of the East India Company, but his health broke down and he was granted a very generous pension as the doctors gave him only 12 months to live. Young Dumaesq came to Sydney and stayed with his sister at Government House.

The climate evidently suited him, for he grew strong enough to be appointed Surveyor-General in Tasmania. There, with his salary and Indian pension, he grew stronger and more prosperous and lived for another 85 years, drawing the pension until he died at the age of 104.

APRIL 24

1623 The first known tree in Australia to have a white man's memorial placed upon it. Jan Carstenz, of the ships *Pera* and *Arnhem*, recorded on a tree near the base of the Gulf of Carpentaria that on this day his two ships had visited the spot on behalf of Batavia's "High and Mighty Lords States General." The tablet and tree have long since vanished.

1851 Death of William Miles, Commissioner of Police in N.S.W., who claimed royal blood. His headstone in the Camperdown cemetery bears this inscription: "Here lies the remains of William Augustus Miles, Police Magistrate and late Commissioner of Police, whose parentage was derived from royalty. He was born in Hampshire, England, and died April 24, 1851, in the 53rd year of his life, neglected and in poverty."

APRIL 25

1809 General Order issued by Lieutenant-Governor William Paterson appointing Isaac Nichols as Australia's first postmaster. He or his nominee was to board incoming ships and collect all letters and parcels addressed to the colony. A list of the mail so received was to be published in the "Sydney Gazette" and addressees were to take delivery themselves.

As payment for his services, Nichols received 1/- per letter, 2/6 for a parcel up to 20lb. in weight, and 5/- for any parcel over that weight.

1815 Lieutenant-Governor Davey of Tasmania issued a proclamation of martial law throughout the island to check bushranging gangs. Every isolated house was barricaded at night, and behind muskets, the muzzles of which glittered from small portholes, stood one or two of the inmates detailed to watch over the safety of the sleeping household. At length it became a question of whether law or lawlessness should triumph. In 1825, as many as 100 armed escaped convicts had re-established a reign of terror in country districts. Governor Arthur placed himself at the head of a strong body of soldiers and civilians and eventually rounded up the outlaws. In 1825 and 1826, 103 bushrangers went to the scaffold.

1915 Landing of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. A few days afterwards, the name Anzac (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) was given to a cove where the landing took place and it has been used ever since.

APRIL 26

1867 Newspaper advertisement for kanaka labor. Henry Lewin, one of many blackbirders who scoured the islands for cheap labor and made a fortune out of the infamous business, advertised in a Brisbane newspaper that he would "be happy to receive orders for the importation of South Sea natives . . . Terms £7 each."

Lewin's claimed knowledge of the natives was not sufficient to avoid retribution at their hands; he was subsequently put to death by islanders in the New Hebrides. The blackbirders raided villages, captured the islanders at sea in their canoes, or enticed them aboard luggers with tobacco and trinkets. They would be battered down in the

hold to be sorted out, the old and the very young natives sometimes thrown overboard on the way to the Australian mainland.

1890 "The Man from Snowy River" ballad first published in the Sydney "Bulletin." A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson's verse-story became the most popular ever produced by an Australian and its central character has become a legendary figure. Five years after its first appearance, the ballad was included in a collection of Paterson's verses and within a year had sold 10,000 copies, an achievement described in London as being "without parallel in colonial literary annals."

APRIL 27

1896 Death of Sir Henry Parkes. English-born Henry Parkes began working at eight, being subsequently apprenticed to the ivory-turning trade in Birmingham. He came to Australia in his twenties with his wife and children and worked for a brief period as a farm laborer and Customs clerk before following his trade. His strong political opinions soon brought him into public notice, and he was prominent in anti-transportation activities. In 1850, he established the "Empire" newspaper, which he conducted for eight years. The financial failure of the "Empire" caused him to resign his seat in the Legislative Council, to which he had been elected. Parkes was a poor manager of his own affairs. His life was one long struggle against poverty.

In 1861, he was sent to England as an emigration commissioner, and on his return three years later he was elected to the Legislative Assembly. In the Martin Ministry, he became Colonial Secretary. Always in financial difficulties, he was obliged to again resign his seat, but in 1872 he was back in the political saddle and formed his first ministry. One of his Bills which provoked widespread opposition was the abolition of State assistance to denominational schools.

About this time, both as Premier and Leader of the Opposition, he began his campaign for Federation, and he devoted the remainder of his life to the cause. "One people—one destiny" was his war-cry, and he is known as "the father of Federation." Parkes was married three times and had 17 children. He was the author of several published prose works and six volumes of verse, but his poetic efforts were poor. He died in poverty at Faulcon-

PATTERSON'S CURSE, growing thickly on a property outside Bathurst, N.S.W., one of the early goldmining areas. Despite its beauty, Patterson's Curse is a declared noxious weed in many parts of Australia. Picture by Ron Berg.

bridge (named in honor of his mother's surname), in the Blue Mountains, aged 81.

APRIL 28

1789 Mutiny of the *Bounty*, which has little claim to association with Australian history, except that Captain Bligh of HMS *Bounty* became Governor of N.S.W., and that Norfolk Island, now Commonwealth Territory, is peopled by descendants of the mutineers who settled on Pitcairn Island. The *Bounty* left Tahiti on April 4, 1789. At daybreak on April 28, Captain Bligh was awakened by Fletcher Christian (who led the mutiny) and was set adrift in a small open boat with 18 others. Reaching Tofoa, Bligh and his men were attacked by the natives and one sailor was killed.

Forced again to sea, the party voyaged for 41 more days, covering 3600 miles in a boat only 23ft. long. Several died before they reached Timor. Bligh and the survivors returned to England the next year, and a vessel was sent to arrest the mutineers. Only those who remained at Tahiti were caught; those escaping to Pitcairn Island were undiscovered for many years.

APRIL 29

1770 Captain Cook landed in Botany Bay, at Kurnell.

1885 Death of Bernard Otto Holtermann, goldminer and pioneer sponsor of photography. The German migrant was the discoverer, with his partner, Louis Beyers, of the largest specimen of reef gold ever known in the world. Found at Hill End, N.S.W., it was 4ft. 9in. high and 2ft. 2in. wide.

Holtermann embarked on the production of a large number of wet-plate photographs of the principal towns of New South Wales and Victoria, together with the goldfields, to be used at international exhibitions overseas and to attract migrants. Numbering about 3000, they are today of immense historic value.

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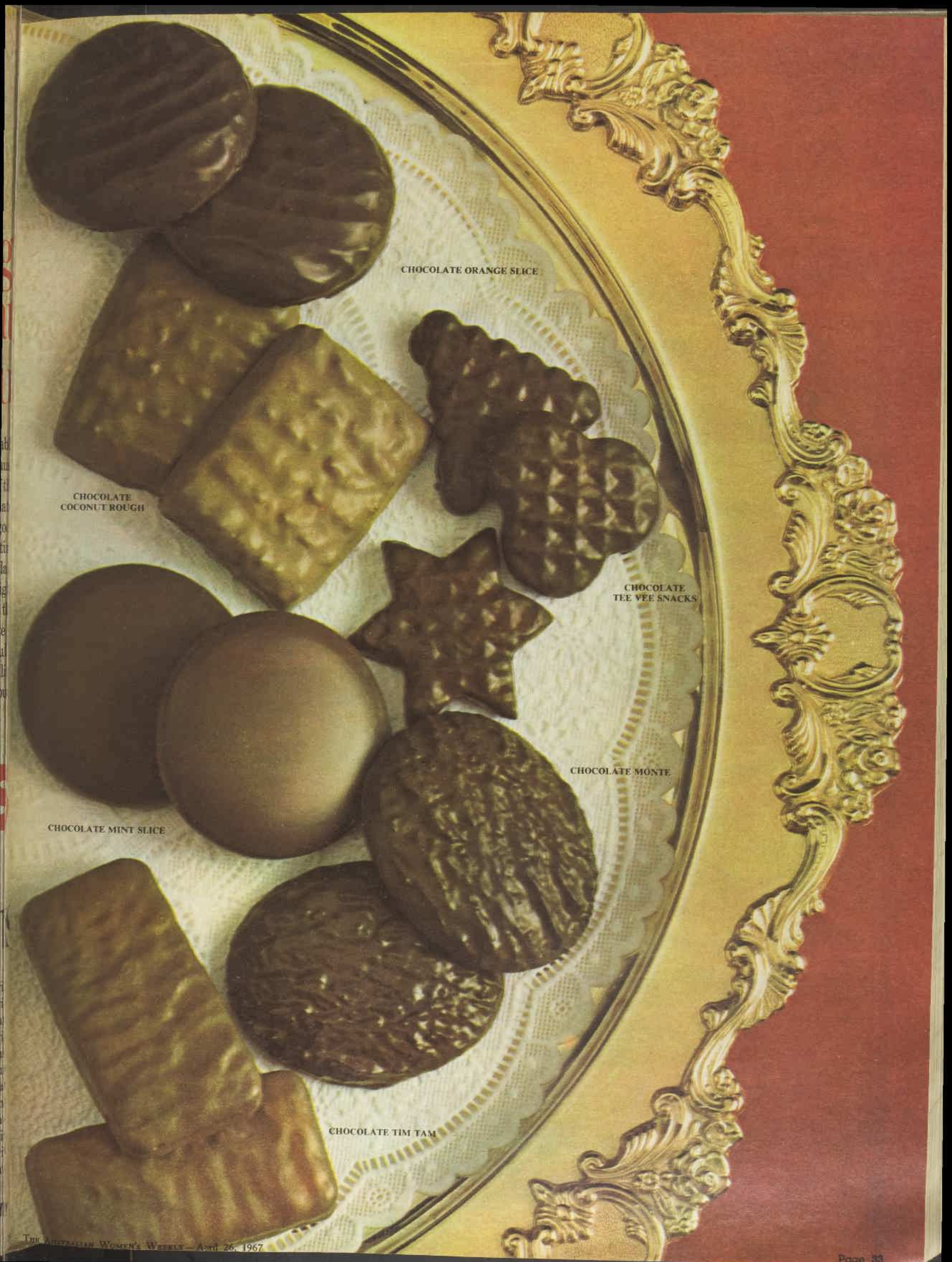
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 26, 1967

JOKE ON A NICE OLD LADY

BY HENRY SLESAR

It was merely a game to
the child and she entered
joyfully into the fun



ILLUSTRATED BY STAPLETON

THERE was a letter in Flame Castle's mailbox; the engraved script on the back flap was the address of Mrs. Diane Wetherby Castle of East 64th Street. Flame chewed off the last remnants of her Shocking Pink lipstick as she trudged wearily up the three flights to her apartment. Before putting the key in the lock, she tore the letter open. It bore no salutation. The old lady couldn't bring herself to address Flame as "Mrs. Castle."

Would you kindly visit my home this evening at 6 p.m.? Please bring Alice. Yours, (Mrs.) Diane W. Castle.

Flame grunted. Why did the old dame want to see her? Then she remembered that her lawyer had promised to send Leonard's mother a series of threatening letters, in the hope she could be frightened into some kind of allowance for her son's widow. That must be it, of course. The old lady was sore. She wanted a fight. Well, Flame was ready for her.

She turned the key in the lock, and swung open the door.

Alice was asleep on the sofa. The child looked like an abandoned cloth doll, with her dirty blonde hair and tiny features.

She was breathing through her mouth again; because she was, Flame shook her angrily.

"Alice! Wake up, for pete's sake!"

The child woke and started to cry. Flame was in no mood to comfort her.

"If you shut up, I've got a surprise for you," she said. "We're going someplace tonight, someplace special."

"Where?" Alice sobbed.

"We're going to visit somebody, a rich lady near Park Avenue. You know what Park Avenue is?"

To page 38

Good things come double,
like double-layer
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NOW AVAILABLE IN TWIN PACKS

Music was one cure for snores

TAKE hope, "Snorer's Wife." I, too, was nightly deafened by the ear-splitting snores of my spouse. One night, to drown the cacophonous sounds of my beloved's nocturnal symphony, in sheer desperation I resorted to song myself. Lo and behold, the music did the trick! Now I've only to whistle a few bars of Brahms' "Lullaby" in his ear and the hideous noise ceases.

\$2 to "Melody d'Amour" (name supplied), Clayfield, Qld.

YOU should persuade your husband to have a medical check to make sure he hasn't got sinus or some other nasal trouble. If this isn't the case, try giving him a sharp kick, then quickly feign sleep so that he won't know what woke him.

\$2 to "Tried It" (name supplied), Edithvale, Vic.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,

Snore, and you sleep alone!

\$2 to Mrs. S. Hingston, Nambour, Qld.

I RECOMMEND squeezing your husband's nose. I have found this most effective with my husband, who grunts, rolls over, and sleeps without a snore all night.

\$2 to Mrs. G. Pagler, Gudgeva, Vic.

ANTI-SNORE devices I had tried included a cotton-reel attached to the back of the pyjamas, drawer-slamming, and hypnotic suggestion. Now a widow, I would give anything to hear those whistles, snores, grunts, and groans. The nightly silence is far more conducive to insomnia than the loudest, most insistent snores.

\$2 to "Ex-Snorer's Wife," Watson's Bay, N.S.W.

SNORING is incurable. I have tried every known remedy without success. My snorer's ribs have been jabbed, poked, and booted. The fabled cure of holding a piece of ice on his left foot caused the noise to sound like a blizzard. The hot potato dropped into the gaping mouth produced such a powerful row that people thought an earthquake had occurred (some thought it was a battle). I tried sleeping in another room, but the dividing walls shook and trembled in their anguish.

\$2 to "Silent Night" (name supplied), Floreat Park, W.A.

SOMEONE told my husband, a persistent snorer, not to eat or drink anything for two hours before going to bed. That cured him, thank goodness.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Nutt, North Bendigo, Vic.

MY mother cured my father's incessant snoring by splashing iced water on his face every time he dared to utter a "gr-f-f-ph." Failing this, try the old adage of "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," and cultivate an even louder snore than your husband's.

\$2 to Miss A. McKinnon, St. Kilda, Vic.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original. Not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Break from monotony

CONTEMPLATING 1966 in retrospect, of the many activities in which I took part, the one from which I derived the most pleasure was an Adult Education "Writer's Kit" supplied by the University of Sydney. Our group averaged ten members, and our fortnightly meetings provided mental exercise, laughter, friendship, and a break from monotony and worry. The course also gave us a heightened appreciation of Australia's modern authors and poets.

\$2 to Miss Dawn Weber, Walgett, N.S.W.

Timeless motto

IN my childhood, when it was considered quite the thing to have a text or motto hanging on the wall, we had one which read: "The Beauty of the house is Order, The Blessing of the house is Contentment, The Glory of the house is Hospitality, The Crown of the house is Goodwill." Those words could well hang in the living-rooms of all young husbands and wives.

\$2 to Mrs. Audrey Greenhalgh, Cottesloe, W.A.

Suitable baby gift

MANY people wonder what would be a suitable gift for a new baby. May I suggest that an ideal one would be a set of name-tags. The machine-sewn variety can be ordered through the haberdashery departments of large stores. I received 27 pairs of booties for my babe, but nothing useful like name-tags. Now that he has started kindergarten I have had to buy some.

\$2 to Mrs. Margaret Barton, Medindie, S.A.

In other lands they say...

HERE are a few sayings I have collected in my travels and readings. From Norway: If a man lived long enough among wolves, he would eventually howl like one. From England: Happiness is like a perfume, you cannot pour it on others without spilling a few drops on yourself. From China: Do not grumble about the darkness, light a candle. From Japan: In the hum of the market there is money, but under the cherry tree there is rest.

\$2 to "Thinker" (name supplied), West Cessnock, N.S.W.

"Instant grab"

AS a frazzled mother of three young boys, I am pretty well immune to their habits of climbing, jumping, falling from (or getting caught in or below) various objects. But when I found my 18-month-old daredevil had climbed into the wash troughs, opened the louver above them, and was using the glass blades as a step-ladder I really shook at the knees. My reaction was "instant grab," but I have since wondered what a child psychologist would have done.

\$2 to "Carole" (name supplied), Esperance, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

SETTLING IN

"WILL you have some carrots, Bronwen?"

My wife was speaking to our interstate visitor. Bronwen, aged 11, was staying with us for a fortnight.

"Yes, please," she replied.

"It's wonderful to find somebody who likes carrots," my wife said.

She is a carrot addict. It is a great sorrow to her that nobody else in the family likes carrots. She makes touching efforts to foist them on guests.

Bronwen, however, ate her carrots rather slowly. She left one on her plate.

My wife said sadly afterwards: "I

think perhaps she only had carrots out of politeness."

House guests usually do that for the first day or two.

Bronwen had arrived the day before, on Sunday.

Her table manners could not be faulted. She ate everything she was offered — even beans.

She was a model of virtue in other ways, too.

When Baby Pip wanted a game of Snap, it was Bronwen who volunteered. She put her cards down slowly so that Pip could say "Snap!" first.

At night when the girls were told to stop talking in bed, Bronwen was first to obey.

And in the morning she had her hair brushed before breakfast.

By Wednesday, though, the strain of being on her best behaviour was beginning to tell.

At breakfast Bronwen was less well-groomed.

The turning point came at lunch-time with the spinach.

When she was asked: "Will you have some spinach?" she replied, "No, thank you."

"It's very nice spinach," her

hostess pleaded. But Bronwen stood firm.

"I don't really like spinach," she said.

She was reading a book called "Annabel, Show Jumper" when Pip suggested a game of Strip Jack Naked.

"Not just now, I'm busy," said Bronwen.

By Friday she was behaving just like a member of the family.

She would not eat carrots at all. She got into arguments. When someone accused her of losing their ball-point, she replied: "I did not! You lost it yourself, you pill!"

After lights out, no one talked longer than Bronwen. She had stories about the April Fool joke they played on her teacher, etc.

That is how it usually goes when people live in the same house. They can't keep on being saintly.

I have known the behaviour of married couples to change in much the same way as Bronwen's.

In the early stages it is: "You have the bathroom first, dear."

But later on it is: "How much longer are you going to be in that bathroom?"



REVERIE ON A HIGHWAY

Three-Mile Creek and Six-Mile Creek,
One-Mile, Two-Mile, Four,
Swampy Creek and Stony Creek,
Sandy Creeks galore.

(Once they bounded little worlds—
Still do, roundabout,
Running bankers when it rains,
Dusty dry in drought.)

Dead Man's Creek—it makes a change,
Not that it's unique,
Seldom far does fancy range
In christening a creek.

— Dorothy Drain

In his own words

WHEN first married, my Dutch husband's command of English was imperfect, and his vocabulary included picturesque terms of his own invention. These included "whipple" for the wagging of a dog's tail, "skrunk" for shrunk, and "snork" for snore. His English has now improved (due to his marriage to me, I suppose), and we don't hear these words any more. But he still says "dingers" for any word he can't remember.

\$2 to Mrs. B. E. Reiboer, Launceston, Tas.

Ingenious teenager

HOW about this for teenage ingenuity? The other day I found my 15-year-old son busily polishing his school shoes with my electric floor-polisher!

\$2 to Mrs. A. Lester, Unley Park, S.A.

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"No," the child replied. "It's where the rich people live. Maybe you'll get something nice to eat. So go get washed, and put on your good dress. And you can take that nice blue handbag. All right, make it real snappy, now!"

"All right," Alice said. In the bedroom, Flame thought about the letter and the old woman, and almost ripped the dress she was pulling over her head. The old so-and-so! From the moment Leonard had brought Flame home for inspection, his mother had hated her. She hadn't believed that his mother would really disinherit him for marrying a showgirl, but that's what she had done, completely, irreconcilably.

Not even the birth of Alice had melted her resolve; the old dame was tough. Flame admired the toughness, but hated her nevertheless. The woman was stubborn, smug, bejewelled. Why couldn't she have been in that train wreck, instead of Leonard?

It was when Flame was putting on her jewellery that she got the idea. The jewellery was junk, not like Mrs. Castle's. Not like the antique brooches and thick, knobby rings and gem-encrusted bracelets. One piece of her mother-in-law's jewellery would feed and house both Alice and her for a year...

She thought of the apartment off Park Avenue. She shut her eyes, and could visualise the old lady's dressing-room down the hall from the parlor; she could see the table with its carved jewellery box, stray pieces of jewellery lying carelessly about...

One piece, Flame thought. Just one piece of that stuff. "Alice!" she called. "Alice, come in a minute!"

The child entered shyly, her thumb in her mouth. Flame slapped the thumb away, but when the small face crinkled, she laughed. "It's only about a game, honey. I want to tell you about a game we're gonna play."

"What game?" "You know what we're gonna do, Alice? We're going to play a funny joke on the nice old lady. Would you like to do that?"

Alice seemed uncertain, and Flame drew her close and whispered: "It'll be fun. Real fun. When we get to the old lady's house, her and me will talk, see? I know how bored you get, listening to grownups. So you take a little walk, see? You take a little walk down the hall, understand?"

The little girl nodded. "When you come to the end of the hall, you'll see a little room. It has a big table with a mirror, just like Mummy's, with a lot of nice, pretty things on top. And you know what you do?" She chuckled. "I'll tell you what. You pick up one, something nice and pretty, something real shiny. I mean, it could be a bracelet, or a ring, or earrings, anything that looks pretty. Understand?"

Alice gave a small, pleased laugh.

"That's the idea, honey," Flame said, hugging her. "You just put that pretty

JOKE ON A NICE OLD LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

thing in your nice blue purse, and you come back to where Mummy and the old lady are, see? Only whatever you do, don't say a word. That's the important part, Alice. Do you understand Mummy? You don't say a word!"

"Uh-huh," Alice said. "Oh, my girl is a big girl," Flame crooned into her ear. "My girl is a big smart girl..."

Overwhelmed with love, Alice hugged her mother.

When Flame entered the apartment on 64th Street, she saw that nothing had changed since her last visit, not an item. But when Mrs. Castle entered, sweeping in with long trailing skirts, she saw an unfamiliar tremble in the old woman's hands, and her movements were uncertain as she took a seat on the sofa.

"Please sit down," the old lady said. "I've been receiving letters from your attorney. They're pointless, so you can stop them. My lawyers inform me that you have no legal claim of any sort."

"Now look," Flame said, "if you think that—"

"Please. That's not what I asked you here to discuss." She looked toward the child cowering against Flame's shoulder. "So this is Alice. Is she always so timid?"

"Can she walk around a little?" Flame asked. "She's kinda jumpy, and this isn't the kind of talk for her ears, anyway."

The old woman frowned, and then nodded. "Do as you please, Alice. There's nothing you can break in this house, anyway, nothing that matters to me anymore. Go ahead, child."

Alice looked once at her mother, and then went to the hall doorway, clutching her blue handbag. When they were alone, Mrs. Castle said: "The child is very like Leonard."

"What did you expect?" The old woman sighed. "I had hoped we could talk calmly. I didn't ask you here to revive old arguments. All that's past and dead. Everything's changed now."

"What do you mean?" "I've had a change of heart, if you want to know." She smiled thinly. "That's rather funny, considering. Shortly after Leonard's death, I had a heart attack. A mild one, they called it." She snorted. "I know better."

"I'm sorry," Flame said. "Are you? Well, no difference. At any rate, the attack gave me time to think. I could do no more for Leonard now, except possibly forgive him, but that was done long ago. The only thing left was to do something for his wife and child."

"I don't understand." "Surely you know about my will? Before you came into Leonard's life, he was my sole heir. After, he was cut off without a dollar. However, I don't wish to leave bitterness behind me, and I want Leonard's child to be taken care of. For this reason, I'm calling my lawyer later this evening and dictating a change in my will."

Flame's fingers closed on the arms of the chair. The old woman saw the knuckles whiten and smiled mysteriously.

"The bulk of my estate will go to you and Alice. You will be a rich woman when I die. And some day, perhaps, you will face an interesting problem. A man may come into Alice's life, a flashy, good-for-nothing, handsome man, an obvious fortune-hunter whom you will loathe and despise, but he'll marry your daughter nevertheless. Remember me then, won't you?"

She got to her feet. "Now I must rest. Please call your daughter..."

"Alice! Alice!" Flame called, going to the hall.

The child appeared, her eyes vaguely frightened, clutching the handbag to her thin chest.

"Come on, dear, it's time for us to go. Say goodnight to Mrs. Castle," her mother said.

Alice murmured at the old woman, who merely nodded. Then her mother took her hand and led her to the door.

They took a taxi back to the apartment house. Flame hugged her child, and Alice, stunned and bewildered by the sudden display of affection, was crowing and giggling with a happiness she didn't quite understand.

In the apartment, Flame turned on the radio and did a mock striptease for the benefit of her daughter, who laughed at her gay, transformed mother.

Half an hour later the telephone rang.

"Is this Mrs. Leonard Castle?"

"Yes. Who's this?" "My name is Dr. Pierce, Mrs. Castle. You don't know me, but I've been treating your mother-in-law. I knew you were her only living relative, so I thought I should call you."

"Is anything wrong?" "I'm afraid so. I was called here by her maid shortly after your visit. Seems you weren't gone two minutes when Mrs. Castle had a seizure; by the time I got here, it was too late."

"You mean—she's dead?" "I left her heart pills for her, but she didn't use them. I really don't know why; perhaps it happened too suddenly. I'm very sorry, Mrs. Castle."

Flame slammed the receiver down. "Alice!" she screamed. "Alice!"

The child's face lost all of its new-found radiance as she heard her mother's cry.

"The handbag!" Flame shrieked. "Where is it?" Then she saw the bright-colored blue bag on the sofa. She picked it up, tearing wildly at the small lock. She turned the purse upside down and a bright glistening object dropped on to a cushion.

There was a large, bright red jewel set into the lid; it was obviously a very expensive pill box.

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Only 35 cents (3/6).

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



COMPACT

WHO SAID THAT THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR WOMEN?

MORE by good management than good luck — that was the win 18-year-old Kirsty Miller had in a predominantly male field.

Kirsty, of Footscray, Vic., is the first girl to win one of the Melbourne Stock Exchange's eight annual \$80 awards to Technical College students who have topped their first-year course in the Diploma of Commerce.

The awards were begun in 1963.

The Stock Exchange makes them to foster an awareness of the securities industry among students, and award winners are taken on a special tour of the Exchange to watch trading.

Kirsty had already made her investment, however, before this tour.

She said: "After hearing about how money in the bank depreciates, I was convinced — I got what I've always wanted, a Persian rug, which cost me \$380, saved for years, I just love it. I like anything to do with furnishing."

IN A HURRY

Kirsty's mother is a Scot, also with red hair. Seven years ago she took her daughter home for a trip and Kirsty said: "I think this had a lot to do with my decision to do this course — yes, you could say I'm in a bit of a hurry. I saw lots of places I'd like to revisit and lots of things I'd like to have."

"I was doing a maths-science matric. I got my Leaving Certificate, and then I thought that the time spent qualifying as a teacher or going to university was too long for the money I'd be paid."

"An accountant is likely to start on about \$54 a week (\$64 for boys) with this Diploma we're doing, which will make us members of the Accountants Society of Australia."

"I'll be 20 when I'm through, if I go straight



■ Not many little boys of seven have an entire city police force at their beck and call.

But Mahomad Jamil bin Abdul Jalil (Jamil to his friends), from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, can make this boast.

Uniformed policemen, revolvers on hips, are among Jamil's regular visitors at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, where he recently underwent heart surgery.

"His father is a sergeant in the Royal Malaysian Police Force," said Constable Patrick Medway, one of the young patient's uniformed visitors. "They made a collection to finance his trip and sent us a report, asking us to look after his comforts."

Since his arrival in February, Sydney police have taken the little boy with the

big name under their wings, visiting him almost daily with gifts of picture-books and toys.

He was even presented with an impressive police badge. "But he was more interested in the book on Australian animals that we'd given him," Constable Medway said.

Special diet

"Men in blue" aren't Jamil's only visitors. It isn't unusual to see a Malaysian student, sometimes in the colorful dress of his country, giving the little boy a bowl of rice, or curry, or spiced meat at lunchtime.

(Because he is a Moslem, Jamil isn't allowed to eat pork, bacon, ham, or sausages, and the hospital gave him special permission to eat the foods he is used to.)

Whether young Jamil wants to follow in his police-sergeant father's footsteps no one knows, because he has only a few words of English.

"He would never be tall enough for an Australian force," Constable Medway said. "A policeman has to be at least 5ft. 9in. here, while in Malaysia the minimum height is 5ft. 2in."

Before his operation, however, Jamil showed that he was a good shot with a gun. In his red dressing-gown he would chase the nurses and sisters up and down the corridors spraying them with his water-pistol.



This intriguing sign was on a two-piece swimsuit counter: "Half off."

● Jamil and his police badge

NO ROYCE, BUT IT ROLLS!



★ A pony in his tank . . . An ingenious German farmer converted a car from 30 to one horsepower.

Sick boy stole policemen's hearts

HAPPY DAY RECALLED DARK ONES

● As Mrs. Nelson Walshe, of Greenmount, W.A., lovingly decorated her daughter Rosalind's wedding dress with thousands of pearls and tiny crystal beads, she recalled the dark days of the Depression in the early 'thirties.

For, in the winter of 1930, when thousands were out of work, Mrs. Walshe — then a frail 15-year-old who had been making clothes for her family since she was 12 — proudly brought home her first week's pay of 12/6 as a dressmaker's apprentice.

"In those days an apprentice served five years," she said, "and spent one year just hand-sewing."

Since her marriage, however, Mrs. Walshe has stitched fine seams only for her family and friends. "Rosalind always had two big wardrobes full of

clothes in the latest fashions," she said.

For obvious reasons the bridal gown for her daughter's Easter wedding — a dream of crystal crepe and rose-patterned lace — gave her the greatest pleasure as a dressmaker.

It took her about two months to sew on the pearls and crystal beads, she said, but she won't put a value on her workmanship or the time involved.

"It was a labor of love. I wouldn't do it for anyone else!"

Mrs. Nelson Walshe (left) with her son-in-law, Ernest Avery, and her daughter Rosalind wearing the wedding dress her mother made. Versatile Mrs. Walshe even iced the tiered wedding cake.



● Kirsty Miller



DIET YOUR WAY OUT OF

● On this plan, says an American researcher, you'll avoid the emotional and physical dangers of sugar and starch deprivation.

SINCE I am a scientist working on problems concerning the relationships between body chemistry and mental and emotional health, I was puzzled when Dr. Ian McVay, a professor of classics, telephoned.

It turned out he wanted advice about his wife's depressed state and he told me:

"Isabelle and I were watching television when, without a word, she got up and walked out the front door and down the street. I ran after her, calling.

"She didn't seem to hear. I caught up as she was about to step in front of a car. I grabbed her.

"Tears were streaming down her face. She wasn't able to say anything. She appeared to be gasping for air.

"I led her back into the house. I was frantic. But there was nothing I could think of that might have upset her.

"Since I couldn't get any response from her, I thought some brandy might calm her down. So I poured a good amount into a glass and mixed it with sugar and water. I pushed the glass into her hand and she began to sip it.

"Well, believe it or not, within half an hour she appeared to be all right.

"Then she told me that at times during the past two weeks she had been overcome with a sense of 'impending doom,' a conviction that something terrible was going to happen. Yet at other times she was convinced these fears were silly."

I insisted that Mrs. McVay see a doctor. He found her in excellent health, but her blood sugar tended to be low. Which didn't surprise me.

To me, her rapid recovery after the brandy had one meaning. Alcohol is quickly absorbed from the stomach and raises the blood sugar by acting on the liver to release glucose.

Glucose is one of many kinds of sugar, but it is the principal fuel of the body. The brain and nervous system are almost totally dependent upon its availability for normal functioning.

Among the first things that happen if sufficient glucose is not available to the brain is loss of normal emotional control. This can take many forms, from simple irritability, unexplained weeping and depression to manic tendencies such as the impetuous urge to smash something, anything!

Not only was Mrs. McVay's blood sugar barely at the minimum level necessary for health, but in addition her oxidation rate—the index for the speed with which her tissues were breaking down food to create energy—was far below normal.

Although there are many possible causes for findings of this kind, in this case it was Mrs. McVay's food intake.

Low blood sugar and a slow rate of energy production can easily result from an unbalanced diet, one that is too low in carbohydrates such as puddings, fruit, bread, and potatoes.

When I mentioned "low blood sugar," Mrs. McVay was quickly on the defensive. "But, doctor, I've always been very careful about my diet. I get plenty of meat and salads, and I rarely eat anything sweet or starchy."

Questioning revealed that about two weeks before she had wandered out into the night she had started on a new diet all her friends were talking about, the so-called "low carbohydrate diet."

And when I asked her to try to recall when the feelings of impending doom started, she was more than a little amazed to discover that it was soon after she started on the diet.

This was very old stuff to me. Her case was not nearly so uncommon as you might think.

During the past decade or so a group of well-meaning but sorely ignorant people have just about turned "sugar" and "starch" into dirty words. The gospel they preach is abstinence—total abstinence. To them abstaining from sugar is to approach virtue, avoiding both sugar and starch is indeed to attain virtue!

Yet severe restriction of sugar and starch in the diet is one of the most serious and dangerous types of interference that can be imposed upon the human system.

All food carbohydrates, whether from potatoes, sugar, or whatever, are converted in the body into a single basic sugar called glucose.

When a scientist or physician mentions sugar or blood sugar he is referring to the basic glucose the body makes from carbohydrates.

Now not only is sugar the principal fuel of the body

(protein builds and restores tissue but is not used as fuel unless first converted to sugar), but the brain and nervous system use it—sugar—exclusively.

If the supply of sugar in the blood drops below the amount needed to maintain normal mental functioning, the brain simply has to give up—and you lose consciousness.

The only way consciousness can be restored to a person who has fainted due to low blood sugar is to administer sugar. Not protein, not fat, not alcohol, not vitamins or minerals—nothing will accomplish the restoration of consciousness except sugar.

The body has surprisingly little capacity for storing this vital substance. The principal storage site is the liver, where it is stored in the form of liver sugar—or glycogen.

A person weighing 8st. 3lb. stores only enough sugar (in the form of glycogen) to last about four hours. Normally, on an adequate diet, new supplies are continually arriving to replace those used.

One vital source for the replenishment of liver sugar is something which itself is neither a starch nor a sugar, but a kind of protein. Up to about half of the meat and other protein foods that one eats may be converted into the storable form of sugar by the liver.

This process creates a kind of reserve fuel supply and helps maintain the blood sugar.

Right now you may be wondering, "Why all the fuss about starch and sugar in the diet if the body can make blood sugar indirectly from the protein one eats?"

The answer is that the ability of the body to convert protein to sugar efficiently depends on the presence of a good surplus of starch and sugar in the diet, over and above that amount which can be supplied from the protein itself.

For example, when you are on a low-carbohydrate diet the body has to use its own fat and protein for energy. When this happens you cannot maintain blood sugar at a level that even approaches the lower limit of the normal range. It is technically starvation.

Even semi-starvation (of this kind) causes abnormal personality changes, ranging from mild neurosis to severe psychotic episodes.

Starch also plays a vital role in your health in a way you might not expect. The bacterial population of the large intestine synthesises several of the important vitamins the body requires to help transform food into energy.

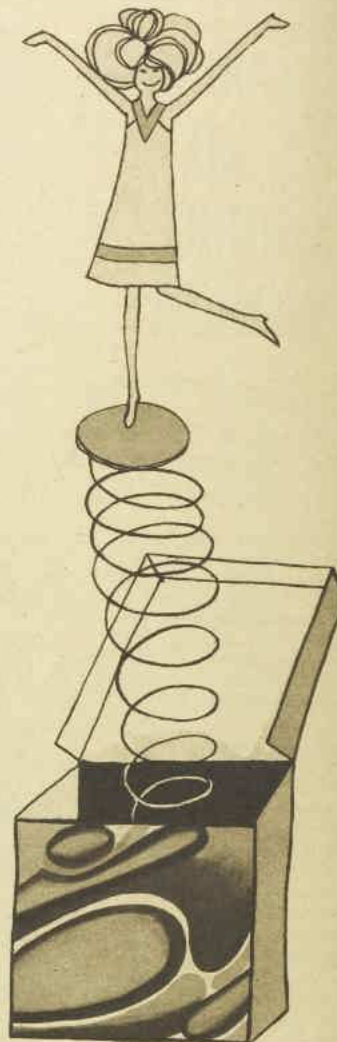
But these living bacteria would die without their own proper food, and tests show that their work of making vitamins is best done if starch is in the person's diet.

Some studies with animals show the production of vitamins stops completely without starch.

Let us now take a closer look at the low-carbohydrate diet (which most popular reducing diets are, whether they bear this title or not).

The low-starch, low-sugar "rules" allow dieters all the calories they like from protein, fat, or alcohol, but the upper daily limit from puddings, bread, potatoes, etc., is about 246 calories.

Suppose you are a 30-year-old woman weighing 9st. 2lb.



You would normally require 2300 calories a day, of which your brain alone will need 500 calories of sugar!

As the diet would allow only one half of what the brain alone requires, it ought to be easy for you to see that this means trouble. For besides the brain, other vital organs such as the heart and the liver can be damaged unless they are able to maintain adequate amounts of stored sugar.

You may be wondering whether or not fat, or perhaps alcohol, can be used by the body to make sugar. Well, not only can neither of these substances be converted to glucose, the body's fuel, but also neither of them can even be used in the body for other functions, such as energy, unless adequate amounts of sugar are broken down.

To return to Mrs. McVay: I asked her to increase her starch and sugar intake to account for at least one half of whatever amount of food she was eating, while the other half was to be protein and fat, and in no event should her intake be less than 1600 calories (since this would constitute a reducing diet for her).

Average healthy weights

Below are average normal weights for women over 25, graded according to body frame. These charts allow about 4lb. for women's clothing. To arrive at the normal weight of girls of 18 to 25, subtract 1lb. for each year under 25.

HEIGHT (with shoes on; 2-inch heels)	WEIGHT, as ordinarily dressed					
	Small frame		Medium frame		Large frame	
Ft. in.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.
4 11	7 6	7 13	7 12	8 6	8 5	9 1
5 0	7 7	8 1	8 0	8 8	8 7	9 3
5 1	7 9	8 3	8 2	8 10	8 9	9 5
5 2	7 12	8 6	8 5	8 13	8 12	9 9
5 3	8 1	8 9	8 8	9 2	9 1	9 12
5 4	8 4	8 13	8 12	9 6	9 5	10 2
5 5	8 7	9 2	9 1	9 9	9 7	10 5
5 6	8 11	9 6	9 4	10 0	9 12	10 10
5 7	9 0	9 10	9 8	10 4	10 2	11 0
5 8	9 3	9 13	9 11	10 7	10 5	11 4
5 9	9 7	10 3	10 1	11 0	10 9	11 8
5 10	9 10	10 7	10 5	11 4	10 12	11 12
5 11	9 13	10 10	10 8	11 7	11 1	12 1

NORMAL CALORIE ALLOWANCE

The following figures are from the Food and Nutrition Board of the U.S. National Research Council:

Weight	25 years
6st. 4lb.	1,750
7st. 1lb.	1,900
7st. 12lb.	2,050
8st. 9lb.	2,200
9st. 2lb.	2,300
9st. 6lb.	2,350
10st. 3lb.	2,500
11st. 0lb.	2,600
11st. 11lb.	2,750

DEPRESSION—and lose weight too

By **GEORGE WATSON**—formerly Professor of Logic and Behavioural Science at the University of Southern California, and now director of the Lancaster Foundation for Scientific Research, a non-profit American foundation engaged in basic research in biochemistry.

She agreed to do this, although I must say she was sceptical that any good would come of it.

About two weeks later her husband assured me that she had changed her diet as I had suggested. He said also the attacks of anxiety appeared to have stopped.

Later, however, after she had ceased to have feelings of doom and depression, she began to disregard my advice, decided to "lose a few pounds" and go on the low-carbohydrate diet again.

Result: the professor came home one evening to find her in tears again.

A lawyer recently consulted me, saying (among other things): "As long as I can recall I have been on the serious, sober side of life."

Tests showed that his rate of energy production was below optimum, while a review of his food intake revealed that he had been the victim of the "dirty-sugar-dirty-starch" campaign. He never ate potatoes. He never ate desserts.

I suggested eating an adequate amount of carbohydrate daily so that he could begin to see the sunny side of life.

The last time I saw him his actual words were: "I'm feeling pretty perky these days. If I felt much better I wouldn't want to go to the office."

One of the subtler and really ominous types of psychological reaction when sugar and starch are restricted in the diet is an alienation from others, a suspicion and distrust of even those you might have professed to cherish the most. This has been noted in studies of the consequences of both famine and partial food deprivation.

Here are some psychological danger signals to watch for when dieting:

(1) Are people—even friends—beginning to get on your nerves? Watch for irritability, lack of sympathy, and particularly for feelings of suspicion and distrust.

(2) Do you find yourself on the verge of tears more and more frequently, and "for no reason at all"?

(3) Are you becoming more and more aware of being afraid of what might happen to you, but you don't know why?

(4) Is your confidence in yourself wavering?

Remember, anything and everything seems impossible when your brain and nervous system are deprived of adequate sugar to create mental and emotional strength.

Your goal in dieting should be to burn up the body stores of fat, not the body stores of sugar. For since sugar must constantly be transformed into energy in order for fat to be converted into energy, if the blood sugar is not maintained at a normal high level, very little fat, either that in the diet or that stored as excess weight, can be efficiently utilised as fuel.

However, when the blood sugar level is kept high, while at the same time fewer calories are being consumed than are needed to meet one's daily energy requirements, then the body mobilises stored tissue fat to meet its needs for energy.

And since the level of sugar in the blood is kept high, the brain and nervous system are adequately supplied with glucose. Consequently, the psychological discomfort that generally accompanies attempts to lose weight does not develop.

Perhaps most importantly, this approach to dieting lets you forget about food. Remember, no one eats when the mind says "You're full"; and it only says this when the blood sugar is up.

Then how can you maintain normally high blood sugar and at the same time consume less fuel than you need for energy and so lose excess weight? Here's the answer:

Blood sugar is principally kept up by the continuous conversion of protein to stored sugar in the liver, from which it is released as needed, so your daily protein intake must be optimum for any given ideal weight.

In addition, sufficient starch and sugar must be included in the diet to provide the energy to (a) utilise the protein, and (b) enable the body to burn its own excess fat.

Let us consider an actual case:

A 25-year-old woman, diagnosed as a neurotic "compulsive eater" and sent along to me, was of small build, 5ft. 4in. tall, and weighed 11st. 11lb.

She said she was 35lb. overweight and seemed to be getting heavier all the time, even though she "dieted constantly."

She would lose 6lb. through "sheer misery," being hungry, irritable, and weepy most of the time. Then she would plunge into a compulsive eating binge, putting it all, and more, back on.

This girl was emotionally distraught over her weight problem.

The first step was to devise a diet that would let her forget about food—then she wouldn't feel hungry and miserable as people are when the sugar level in the blood falls too low. The diet for her was to provide the optimum amount of protein, plus sufficient amounts of sugar and starch to provide the energy to utilise the protein and help burn up some of her excess weight.

Each pound of stored fat represents 3500 calories, and if her 35lb. overweight was all fat, then she was carrying 112,500 calories of potential energy—enough fuel for about 50 days without eating!

By current medical standards, her ideal weight was about 8st. 9lb. So her daily protein requirement for optimum health at her correct weight was about 8oz. of lean meat (or the equivalent).

Her normal calorie allowance to maintain her ideal weight was 2260 calories. But this allowance would not bring down her weight, so this part of her food had to be reduced.

Since each pound of stored body fat represents 3500 calories, if one wishes to lose one pound a week the calorie intake must be reduced 500 a day (seven days times 500 equals 3500 calories). At this rate of weight loss her diet should provide 1700 calories daily.

Her eight ounces of lean meat per day (or equivalent) would provide about 640 calories out of the 1700, leaving her a little over 1000 calories from fruit, vegetables, and bread, desserts, and so on.

Because of the difficulty in devising a reducing diet that will provide optimum amounts of vitamins and minerals (such as calcium), she was to supplement her diet with a standard multi-vitamin and mineral formula each day.

To make the diet practical and easy to follow, we suggested that each meal provide 500 calories, 250 to be protein (about three ounces of lean meat, cooked weight), the other 250 to be vegetables, fruit, bread, or sweets. In addition, she was to have a mid-morning and mid-afternoon biscuit.

Here was a typical 500-calorie meal (breakfast): Four ounces orange juice (45 calories), three ounces lean meat (250), one slice wheat bread with butter (100), one teaspoon of jam (50), coffee or tea — if sweetened (50). Other meals followed the same basic pattern, substituting vegetables, such as a baked potato at dinner, for example, for the caloric value of the breakfast orange juice and jam.

When we outlined the diet plan to this patient she decided to try it, and she lost 5lb. the first month. She also reported that her so-called compulsion to eat seemed to have subsided.

The case of this young woman illustrates two basic things you must know about the way your body turns food into energy if you want to lose weight safely and successfully.

First, it takes energy derived from the breakdown of sugar in the tissues in order to burn excess fat, and this sugar must be derived from carbohydrates and protein in the diet. Second, the blood sugar can be maintained at a normally high level, even though the calorie intake is reduced. And when the blood sugar level is high, the psychological hazards of dieting are greatly minimised, since the nervous system will have access to its large requirement for sugar.

Note also that sugar and starch cannot be substituted for protein, for protein supplies a continuous supply of fuel to keep the blood sugar high.

Neither can protein be substituted for sugar, for without sugar being burned the protein cannot be converted to stored sugar in the liver. (And your body needs stored supplies of sugar to use as fuel, as we have pointed out.)

Finally, both fat and alcohol must be considered liabilities when considering the carbohydrate needs of the body. Neither can substitute for sugar or for protein, and neither can be turned into energy unless sufficient sugar from dietary carbohydrate and protein is being burned.

WHAT DIET IS RIGHT FOR YOU? The first thing you need to know is your ideal weight. This determines the optimum protein content of your diet, as well as the number of calories. (See chart on opposite page.)

The calculation of the optimum protein allowance in accordance with medically accepted standards is too complicated for most people, but the following rule gives a result that is practically equivalent:

Divide your ideal weight (in pounds) by 1.5. The

result is the number of ounces of lean meat that will supply your protein needs per day. Each ounce supplies about 80 calories. "Lean meat" means beef, lamb, veal, pork, ham, chicken, or fish. One medium-size egg or one cup of non-fat milk may be substituted for one ounce of meat.

To punch home the lesson, apply this protein-rule to the 5ft. 4in. girl whose ideal weight should be 8st. 9lb. You find that her optimum protein intake is just a bit over eight ounces a day (121 divided by 15 is eight plus). Now, since each ounce will contribute 80 calories, eight ounces of lean meat will provide about 640 calories.

These "protein calories" form the core of the diet.

The total number of calories in the diet, however, will be decided by the rate one wishes to lose weight. This is determined by subtracting 500 calories a day from your normal allowance for each pound per week of weight loss.

In the example, a rate of weight loss of one pound per week was suggested, which meant that our girl should have 1700 calories a day. Now since the protein core of her diet would contribute 640 calories of this amount, the remaining 1060 calories should be provided by foods such as vegetables, fruit, cereal products, and desserts as desired.

Ideally these should come from food groups which supply needed vitamins and minerals. But this is generally impractical in a reducing diet, because it requires more thought and effort than most persons are willing to give. So it is wise to supplement a reducing diet daily with a standard multi-vitamin and mineral formula.

HERE'S YOUR TARGET: The following table is based on an application of the above rules to planning a reducing diet (to take off one pound a week) for women of four different heights and body builds:

Height and Build	Ideal Weight	Normal Calories	Reducing Calories	Optimum Daily Protein	Vegetables, Fruit, Bread, Pudding, etc.
5' 2" petite	7st. 12lb.	2,050	1,550	7 1-3rd oz. 585 calories	965 calories
5' 4" medium	8st. 9lb.	2,200	1,700	8oz. 640 calories	1,060 calories
5' 6" medium	9st. 2lb.	2,300	1,800	8½oz. 680 calories	1,120 calories
5' 8" medium	9st. 6lb.	2,350	1,850	8½oz. 700 calories	1,150 calories

It is generally agreed that it is impossible to specify an ideal diet which will apply to everyone. The foregoing suggestions for determining one's optimum protein intake are based upon the average needs of the average person.

When it comes right down to you, whether you belong in this average group can only be determined by your response to the diet. You may need a little more or less protein and a little more or less sugar and starch.

Such personal adjustments can easily be made on the basis of your appetite and the way you feel while dieting. On this diet plan you should not feel as though you are dieting at all. For if your blood sugar level is maintained at an optimum level, which is the goal of the diet, you won't feel hungry until your normal meal-times.

However, if you do feel hungry too often it means that your blood sugar level is not as high as it should be. This may result if the optimum amount of protein that is recommended is really not quite enough for you.

You can easily determine whether this is so by increasing the protein and reducing the caloric value of the other foods in the diet proportionally.

On the other hand, lower than normal blood sugar may also result if the protein intake is not adequately balanced by the sugar and starch, since these are needed to enable protein to be transformed into blood sugar. Again, you can find out if this is so in your case by increasing the amount of sugar and starch while reducing the amount of protein by an equal number of calories.

Once again: Don't make the mistake of unknowingly depriving your system of vital nutritional substances like sugar and starch, protein and fat. Such deprivations can, and do, result in abnormal psychological reactions.

Always remember that your mental and emotional health comes first. After all, a miserable girl in an XSSW or in any other size is simply a miserable girl!

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THEY'RE LOSING THEIR GRIP ON MUM



● Gone for a child is the protection of a flowing skirt.

Written and
illustrated by
LINDSAY REVILL

● A man regrets that today's children are finding it harder and harder to get a handhold on Mum in a world from which skirts are fast disappearing.

I WATCHED a little boy hurrying along to a train, toiling after his mother, who had a baby in one of her arms and a parcel in the other.

The little boy, just keeping pace with all the might of his wobbly little legs, reached up for a handhold on Mum. But there wasn't any. She was in a sweater and slacks.

The tiny cavalcade disappeared into the station throng, the little hand still reaching up and groping in vain.

Nothing much in this, you'd say. It's happening all the time in a busy city. I see it, too, in other places.

The kids of today are finding it harder and harder to get a handhold on Mum in a world from which skirts are fast disappearing.

What skirts are left are tighter and shorter; slacks tighter still. There's no chance for a grip on either.

All this is a good thing for children, you'd say; makes them independent; able to stand on their own feet; goodbye to all that nonsense of being tied to mother's apron strings; clinging to skirts is old-fashioned; time it went out.

I'm not so sure.

That little groping hand haunted me.

Skirts mean more than a handhold to little ones in the bewildering rush and scurry of today's travel by train and bus and plane.

Gone for ever are the protecting, flowing dresses of mother's and of grandma's days. Into these wrappings

little ones snuggled, sheltered, hid in shame, sobbed in grief, and were comforted. They toddled and stumbled into the gay flounces of summer or wrapped themselves cosily in the long, woolly mantles of winter days.

Gone, too, is that old-time comforting institution of "mother's lap," that nest of solaces and confidences.

With the skirts of today there's no lap, only a slidy, slippery expanse of legs in slacks or a tight-fitting, scanty dress on to which kids have to hang precariously like little native bears clinging to their mothers.

A historian of the future might find a clue here to why those generations that grew up amid the reassuring ramparts of mothers' and grandmothers' flowing dresses evolved a world of assured values, while those brought up in the skirtless world of today are less and less sure of anything.

This lack of skirts has had time to affect two or three generations. It all began when the first hobbled hoydens tottered out into a scandalised world with a couple of feet of material tightly stretched around them.

Now the fashion for less and less is coming full cycle. In the "hobble" the skirt disappeared sideways;



● No chance for a grip when a mother wears tight slacks.

● Like a joey from a kangaroo mother's pouch.



her mother's overcoat on a wintry morning and peeped out like a joey from its kangaroo mother's pouch.

Even to be able to lean up against a mother's dress, tight though it might be, gives children, boys and girls, a look of cheerful assurance.

You'll answer all this with the question: What's wrong with mother's hands? Don't most mothers see that they get a solid grip on their offspring, especially when crowds are thickest and moving fastest?

True, they do. But travelling and shopping mothers have their hands full most of the time.

A hand is a help, but it's nothing to the solid, reassuring, satisfying grip on Mum herself.

Fashion experts catering for mothers determined on slacks and tight skirts might consider offering something gay (and feminine) in, say, a sash with tastefully decorated loops on which kids could get a grip.

They might borrow phrases from the cryptic inscriptions on ships' floats: "Guaranteed to keep X children afloat" (rescuing them from little private oceans of despair.)

It could be a small lifeline helping to tie up some certainties in an uncertain world.

in the "mini" it is disappearing upwards.

What makes so vivid for me the picture of the little toddler groping helplessly for contact with Mum is probably some of the most bewildering moments of his young life is the contrast of the happiness and contentment of kids I see who, even in the midst of fashions designed against them, still manage to get a handhold on Mum.

Most sheltered-looking of all was a little lad almost hidden in one of the long flowing skirts you hardly ever see nowadays, worn mostly by newcomers to Australia.

Another I sketched was beaming with delight at being able to reach up and grasp a handful of the slack of the sweater worn by a mother in slacks.

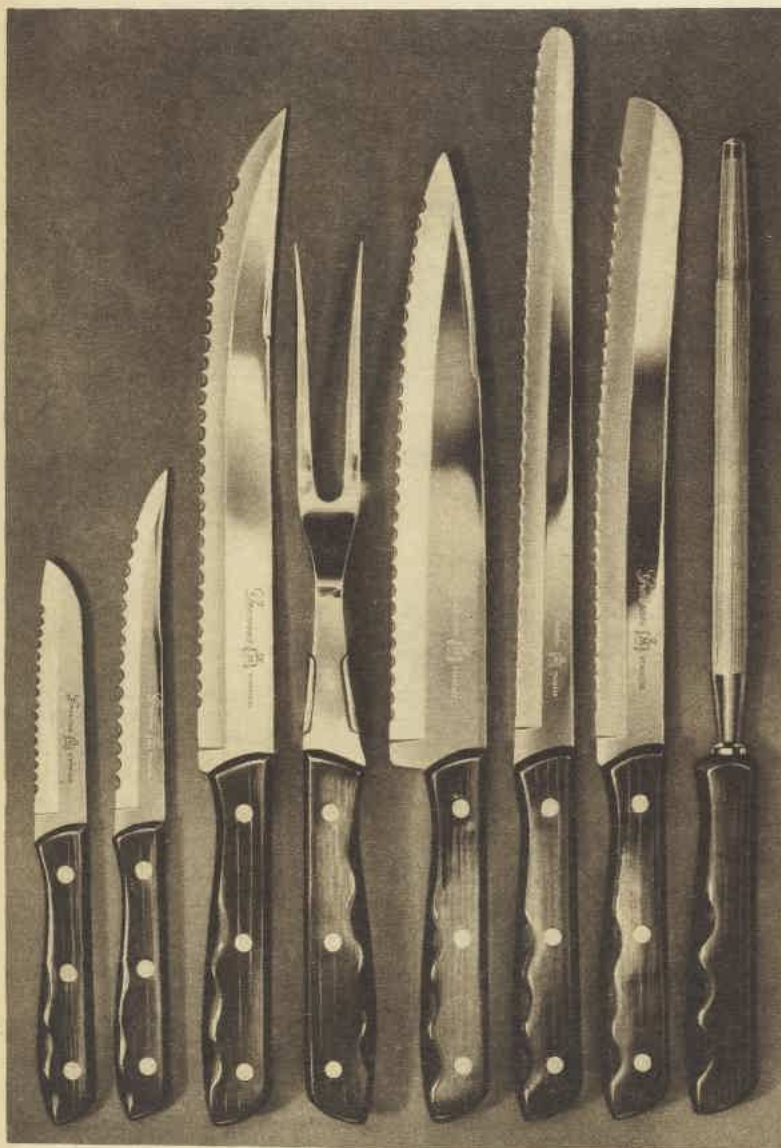
Another very contented little girl got herself inside

● Just a handful of a sweater is sheer delight.



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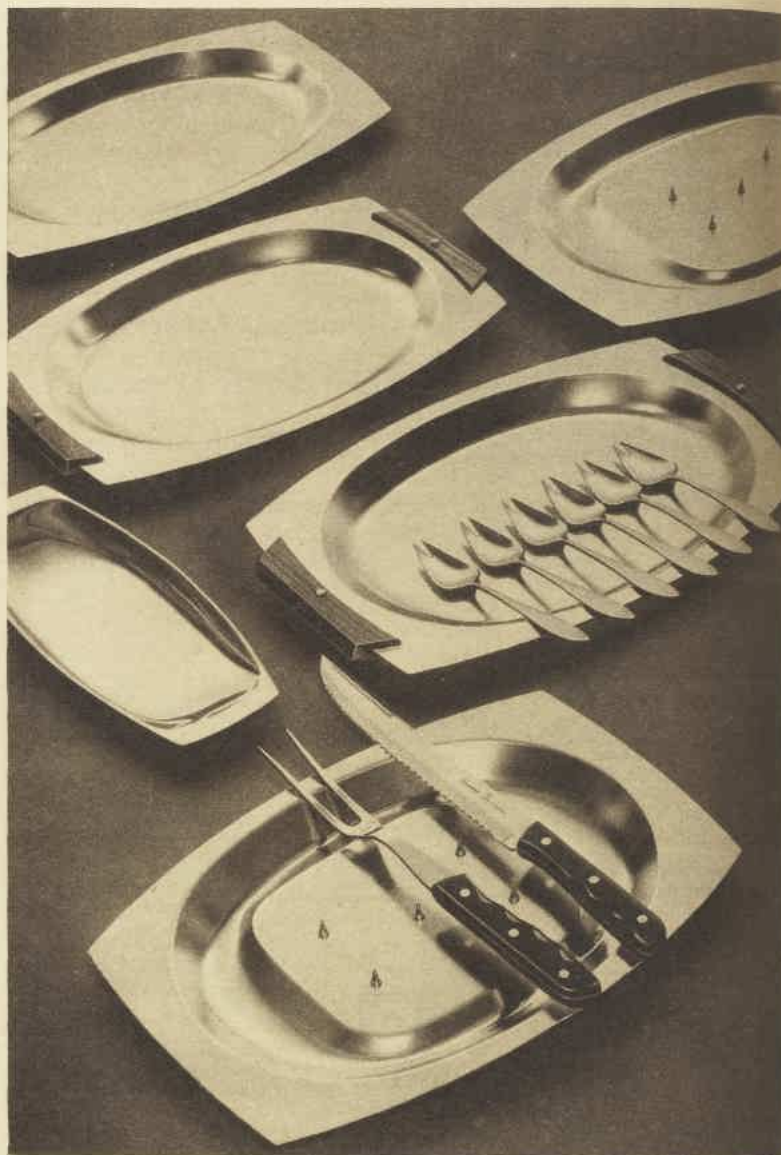
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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

Conclusion of our two-part serial

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON

Demoted from the rank of Acting-Lieutenant to Sergeant, and transferred from the Second Detective Division to duty in the Special Service Squad, FRANK KERRIGAN, of the New York City Police, takes his punishment quietly. It had been an unfair but necessary political move by his superiors, as Kerrigan had arrested a prominent and influential lawyer, ROGER B. CORWIN, for drunken driving.

In the Special Service Squad, Kerrigan is partnered with JANE BOARDMAN, a young policewoman, just graduated from the Police Academy, to work on an unsavory beat round Staten Island. Jane has heard rumors that Kerrigan is a "brutal and mean cop," but comes to respect him and his tireless devotion to duty.

Later they are sent to the First Detective Division as more police are wanted urgently to search for a missing man, DAVID BROWN, who is wanted by the District Attorney's office as a witness in a gangster prosecution case.

Although other police have been there before, Jane and Kerrigan start their search at 24 Mystic Place, an apartment block and the last known address of Brown. They interview the switchboard operator and a new superintendent, then proceed to the managing agents' office and get the address of the superintendent employed at the time of Brown's residence. From him they learn of a new address Brown had given when he moved, but discover it is only a furniture warehouse. Records there show a child's bed was listed.

The local school records show MARY BROWN, of Mystic Place, had been a pupil, so Kerrigan and Jane go back there to see if anyone remembers her. After some fruitless interviews they are excited when one man, JACK DORMAN, says, "Mary Brown and I were ol' friends." NOW READ ON:



Mary turned away from Jane as she caught sight of Kerrigan coming toward them.

KERRIGAN stared at the bloated young face. Dorman drank too much, as the switchboard operator had said. But in those features, blurred as they were, there was a look of shrewdness and deep concentration.

Kerrigan sat down again. "Just tell me all you know," he said. "Everything you know about her. Never mind trying to pick out the important stuff . . . Well, just a short one this time. And please, Mr. Dorman, no more for you until you finish. It's important."

Dorman gave Kerrigan a refill, pointedly passed up his own glass, and settled back in his chair again. He spent two or three minutes in concentrated thought before he began to talk. It took him a long time to say what he had to say, but long before he was finished Kerrigan doubted that a coldly sober man could have been more complete about it or told it better.

Dorman had met Mary Brown one winter's night three or four years ago. "M'wife works, y'see . . . I come home an hour ahead of her."

Mary had been standing in the doorway of 12-D, looking worried. When he gave her the "Hi, neighbor, what's wrong?" routine, she looked more worried and frightened.

Finally, she said she had lost her key to the apartment. She must have been standing there since soon after school was out, not knowing that the superintendent would have let her in with a pass-key. She was planning to stand there and wait until her father came home. Dorman didn't know what time Brown came home; he had never seen him.

He persuaded her to come into his apartment to wait while he telephoned the superintendent to come up and let her in. While waiting for the superintendent she declined an offer of a ginger ale. She was shy; she thawed out only a very little in the five minutes it took old Blochmann to arrive with his pass-key.

But a few days, or maybe a week, later, when he met her again in the hallway, she nodded her head shyly and murmured, "Good evening, sir." Oh, very formal she was. Even in the months that followed, when she began to join him quite often for a few sips of orange juice when he first came home in the afternoon, she always called him "Mister Jack." Very prim and proper.

"But sweet, y'know," the fuzzy voice said. He guessed she was lonely. Quite often she talked about herself. She was eight, she said. She went to P.S. 249. She liked her teacher.

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SEEN ANY GOOD SHOWS LATELY?



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She'd had a cat once — pure snow-white; her name was Snowflake, and she had a red collar and a leather leash so Mary could walk her in Poe Park when the weather was nice and Mama had the time to go with her. That, of course, was when they lived in the Bronx.

Snowflake was in heaven now. So was Mama, who was very happy there. Mama went to heaven with a lot of flowers in a big car. Mr. Rourke drove her there in a big car. Mr. Rourke was a very nice man who told her he was delivering her mother straight to heaven . . .

Mary was subject to colds, and she took pills, blue ones — two right after breakfast and two right after dinner — and these made her strong. Papa was a very important man, an accountant. He worked every day from nine o'clock to five — sometimes a little later, but not often, because he had to be home not later than six o'clock to make dinner. Papa was a very good cook . . .

Mary was going to be an actress when she grew up. Papa said you had to be healthy and strong to be an actress. That's why he wanted her in bed not later than eight-thirty every night, and took her for long walks on Saturdays and Sundays, and wanted her to spend as much time in the sun as she could.

She was, nevertheless, a pale child, Dorman said, and not at all healthy-looking. Not pretty, either. But she did have an unidentifiable something.

"Appeal?" Kerrigan suggested. "Appeal, maybe?"

"Zackly right, Appeal — that she had, all right," Dorman said.

"Did she ever mention any

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

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school besides P.S. 249?" Jane asked.

"No, she never mentioned any other. We didn't talk much about school anyway."

Kerrigan thought of a question. "Did she tell you she was moving—just before she did?"

Dorman shook his head. No, he said, she hadn't. He was surprised when he no longer saw her and she didn't

the rest of the neighbors on this floor?" Kerrigan asked.

"Tonight?" Jane sagged. "We've already been on the job for eleven hours now."

A trace of disappointment flickered across Kerrigan's face. "You go home," he said. "I'll put in a little more time. Might as well get it over with while I'm here."

"No, no!" Jane's head was beginning to ache badly. "I'm

"Things will look better in the morning," Kerrigan assured her.

Jane didn't feel better in the morning. She hadn't slept well, for all her weariness. She breakfasted sleepily. On the subway coming in from Queens she had an idea she was rather proud of. Among Mary's teachers they knew only of Mrs. Sachs. Mary had not attended P.S. 249 the second semester of 1960, although she certainly still lived at 24 Mystic Place. Why not? In the answer to that might well lie the answer.

Jane stared at him. "I didn't know we had any."

"Well, there's Rourke, for one."

"Rourke—oh, I'd forgotten him. I take it, from what Dorman said, he's the undertaker who handled the funeral for Mary's mother."

"I think so," said Kerrigan. "At any rate, I've checked and found that there's a George Rourke and Sons, Undertakers, in the Bronx, and their office is less than a mile from Poe Park. It's likely that they handled the funeral. We can't be sure, but it's a lead."

"But that is going further back into the past," said Jane.

Kerrigan agreed, but he had an idea Rourke could help. Undertakers often knew a lot of things. He would know, for example, where the late Mrs. Brown was buried. If he found the undertaker, he pointed out, he could find the cemetery. And even if Brown didn't visit the grave himself, perhaps he kept in touch with one of the firms who made a business of tending graves.

The undertakers, too, would have the late Mrs. Brown's first name. Through that, and the date of death, they could locate the death certificate, and it would show the name and address of the physician who attended her during her last illness. This might — just might — be the name of the Browns' family doctor.

"Family doctors often know a lot of things. He might even be treating Brown or young Mary and know where they are living now. He might be the answer to the whole problem. On the other hand," he admitted with a shrug, "it may be another dead end. You must expect

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



come to visit in the hour before his wife came home. He asked the superintendent about her, and the superintendent told him the Browns were gone. He was a little hurt that she hadn't said anything to him about moving.

When Kerrigan and Jane were leaving, Dorman asked them to tell Mary, if they ever found her, that Mr. Jack sent his regards. Kerrigan said he'd be glad to.

Mrs. Dorman saw them to the door, and after the door closed he looked at his wrist-watch. It was ten past eight. "It's late—but it's also our chance to find practically everybody home. Shall we try

not at all tired," she lied.

They talked to a dozen more tenants, but not one of them knew Mary Brown by sight or had heard of her by name. It was nearly ten o'clock and the March night had turned bitterly cold when they left Mystic Place. Jane was tired and hungry.

"That was certainly a wasted evening," she said bitterly.

"Well, we have a lot of new leads now," he said. "That's the main thing. So long as we don't run out of leads."

"What leads?" Jane demanded impatiently, and was instantly sorry.

She met Kerrigan, as they had arranged last night, in the office of the Special Service Squad. She told her idea to him immediately.

"Mary certainly went to school. And probably close to Mystic Place. Why don't we check the private and parochial schools in that area? Maybe we can get a line on David Brown that way."

"It would be fine—if we had unlimited time. But we haven't. This is Thursday—the trial starts next Monday. Of course, they may not need Brown for a week or so after that. But I think we ought to follow our concrete leads first."

"But of course I always travel Flotta Lauro—it's much more comfortable!!"



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a lot of those — dead ends, I mean."

"Well, I'm learning," said Jane.

Kerrigan said he was, too. "I wouldn't have thought of those shorthand books of Miss Adams' at Carman-Dean," he said. "You did. And that's what started us off. Without your knowledge of what stenographers do with used-up notebooks, we'd have got nowhere."

Jane started to stay that she wasn't aware that they had got anywhere. But obviously Kerrigan seemed to think they had. Instead, she said, "But you don't think much of my idea of trying the parochial and private schools, do you?" she asked.

"It isn't bad at all — if we had nothing more definite to go on. But suppose you try it. That is, we'll split up. We aren't supposed to, but I don't see any risk in it. You go out to Brooklyn and check on the schools. I'll go up to the Bronx and try the undertaker."

So it was agreed. They would meet back here at four o'clock in the afternoon. Parting outside the station house, Kerrigan said, "Good luck, Jane — and don't worry if it doesn't pan out. We have quite a lot to go on now."

A half-hour later Kerrigan stood before a vaguely ecclesiastical-looking structure with an imitation stone front and stained-glass windows. Inside, it was dim, with the heavy scent of hothouse flowers and a trickle of illumination from heavily shaded lamps. From the dimness a slight young man appeared.

"Yes, sir," he said formally. "Something we can do to help you, sir?"

He changed miraculously into a jovial, breezy young man when Kerrigan explained who he was and what he wanted.

"Glad to know you, Sergeant," he said. "Come along and I'll see what we can do for you. I'm Pete Rourke."

He led the way into a surprisingly cheerful office. It was more like a den than an office, with chintz draperies and bright lighting. He motioned Kerrigan to a big, green leather chair and sat down himself.

"Now, Sergeant, the name of this party you think we took care of — what was it?"

"Brown — Mrs. David Brown."

Pete Rourke grimaced. "We've taken care of a lot of Browns, my brother and I, and my father before us."

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Can't you do a little better? Her first name, for instance?"

"Sorry. I don't know that," Kerrigan said. "It's one of the things we're after. However, this is what we have to go on."

He explained that a little girl named Mary Brown had remembered that Mr. Rourke had arranged the final transportation of her mother. At the time the Browns lived in the Bronx near Poe Park. So it seemed logical that George Rourke and Sons had handled the funeral.

Pete Rourke nodded. "Do you know the dates of death?"

Kerrigan said no. But the Browns had moved to Brooklyn in March, 1959. And figuring the age of the child and the fact that her memory of the event was clear, it seemed logical to assume that the funeral had occurred within a year or two before the move to Brooklyn.

Rourke found a Katherine Brown, but she had been 67 years old. He traced back the record of a Susan Brown, and dropped it when he found out that Susan had been a spinster. The third card he turned up caused him to nod.

"This sounds good," he said. "Mrs. Myra Brown."

He pulled open a drawer packed with folders, rifled through them and finally pulled one out. After opening it, "Ah, yes," he said. "I think we've got it this time, Sergeant. Myra Brown. Twenty-nine, died July 10, 1958. Lived at the Taft Arms. Know it?"

"I know it," said Kerrigan, and shrugged off the first bite of disappointment. The Taft Arms was a vast warren of connected apartment buildings sprawling over a couple of acres and housing at least four or five times as many families as 24 Mystic Place. So much for his hope of a small apartment house where families knew each other.

"Where is she buried?" he asked.

Rourke consulted the folder again. "She isn't," he said. "She was cremated."

"It probably wouldn't have meant anything, anyway," he told Rourke. "At any rate, give me all the information I need to dig the death certificate out of the city records."

"Why knock yourself out running around for it?" Rourke said. "We always keep a photostatic copy."

He turned back to the folder and handed a stiff black-and-white sheet to Kerrigan.

He read it slowly, carefully, taking notes as he went

along. Myra Brown had been born Myra Stein on May 4, 1929, in New York City.

He noted the date carefully because it was a lead. With it, he could locate the birth certificate, which would tell where Myra Stein's parents lived at the time, and the name of the doctor who delivered her.

The house where her parents lived would probably be gone; in its place would be a factory or a housing development. The neighborhood would certainly have changed radically. All the people who had lived there when Myra Stein was born would probably be gone.

The certificate stated that Myra Brown died of angina pectoris at the Meadowvale Hospital. The attending physician was Dr. Saul S. Silberstein, of 92 St. Eden Place, the Bronx. Dr. Silberstein had treated the deceased from March, 1958, to July 10, 1958.

Kerrigan then spoke to Samuel F. Rourke, who was Pete Rourke's older brother. Sam had a vague — but very vague — recollection of the Brown funeral. He thought he remembered a little girl but he couldn't be sure.

"We handle anywhere from ninety to a hundred and fifty funerals a year, Sergeant. Unless something extraordinary happened, I wouldn't remember one in particular," he explained.

"This might refresh your recollection," said Kerrigan. "You told this little girl Mary that you were delivering her mother to heaven. Does that mean anything to you?"

Sam Rourke smiled and shook his head. "I've told that to an awful lot of kids, Sergeant."

It was ten minutes by subway and a five-minute walk to the pleasant apartment house at 92 St. Eden Place. Approaching it, Kerrigan approved thoroughly. It was the sort of place where a family doctor would live for decades with a solid practice among people who didn't change doctors much. He reasoned that this location was not so close to the Taft Arms as to suggest that the Browns had chosen Dr. Saul Silberstein merely because of convenience. There were a hundred doctors within a few blocks of the Taft Arms. No, they must have travelled this far because they knew Dr. Silberstein, which meant

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the doctor knew them, too.

He could see the conventional doctor's sign in a first-floor window. When he was close enough to read it, he frowned. P. F. McCarthy, M.D. He searched the other windows for another doctor's sign, but there was none.

In the vestibule he touched the bell marked "Supt."

With a buzz the inner door released and he walked into the lobby. The superintendent, in overalls and with the stub of a dead cigar in a corner of his mouth, appeared from a doorway in the rear.

"I'm looking for Dr. Silberstein," Kerrigan said.

The superintendent shook his head. "Have to find yourself a new doctor, young fellow. The old doc died over

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

a year ago now. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorrier than you are," said Kerrigan. "I suppose this Dr. McCarthy took over his practice and Dr. Silberstein's old records of his patients?"

The superintendent was positive he hadn't.

"Any idea what happened to them?"

"Maybe Mrs. Silberstein took them with her when she moved out to her son's place in Flushing," he said. "It's possible. Her son's a doctor, too. More likely she burned them. Anyway, it's a cinch McCarthy hasn't got 'em. He

didn't come in until six months later, and the office had been cleaned and painted before he took over."

"Did Dr. Silberstein have a nurse?" Kerrigan asked.

A Miss Webster, the superintendent said. She had been with the doctor for quite a few years. No, he didn't know where she lived. It seemed to him that she had mentioned that she lived in Greenwich Village. He thought her first name was Dora.

It was all the information Kerrigan could get from him.

Outside, he started for the

subway station. The train carried him five stops downtown, and he walked to the Taft Arms from there.

With a brief pause for lunch he spent four hours in the rambling, interconnected mass of white stucco buildings with fake English timbering.

He talked to the superintendent, who didn't remember a family named Brown and didn't keep records of tenants for more than a year after they moved out.

It was ten past four when he got back to the headquarters of the Special Service Squad. Heffernan told him Jane had called twice, leaving word that she would call again and asking that Kerrigan be sure to wait for the call.

He picked up the telephone book and ascertained that there was no listing — not public, anyway — for a Dora Webster in Greenwich Village.

He was putting the book away when his telephone rang.

"Frank! I've found them, Frank!"

He couldn't believe it. "You found who?"

"David Brown, of course! And Mary Brown." The words came tumbling out in an excited rush. "Would you believe it, Frank? They're living not three blocks away from 24 Mystic Place!"

"Have you spoken to them yet?"

"Of course not! I thought you'd want to be there."

"I'll meet you in the lobby

of the St. George Hotel in twenty minutes."

He found her in the lobby, pale with excitement, and steered her into the bar, which was dim and quiet. A waiter brought two scotch and soda.

"Suppose you let me have it right from the beginning," he said. "The school angle paid off, I take it?"

She nodded. "It certainly did," she said, and launched into the narrative.

She had gone first to the Board of Education, which had been very helpful. A woman there got up a list of the private schools in Brooklyn Heights and the address of the parochial school in the area.

She had tried the parochial school first because it had the largest number of students.

"A waste of time," Kerrigan said, anticipating the result. "The Browns weren't Catholic. But, of course, we didn't know that this morning."

She looked blank. "Mrs. Brown was registered," he said. "Oh, of course," she said. Well, they had plenty of students named Brown — fourteen of them, in fact. They even had a Mary Brown. But this Mary Brown was six years old and a student in the first grade.

It was after school hours when she got there, but Miss Thatcher, the owner, looked up in the records and found that Mary Brown had registered there in the fall of 1960.

"Then everything fell into place. When she registered Mary was nine years old — you remember she was eight when she registered at P.S. 249. She entered the fourth grade at Miss Thatcher's. But the most important thing — Mary is still here. In the seventh grade now."

"By any chance did she name Mary's father?"

"Oh, yes. David Brown. And the mother's name is Eleanor."

He shook his head. "The mother's name was Myra. I verified that at the undertaker's."

Uncertainty showed on her face. She stared at him. "I can't believe it," she said. "I just can't. Everything dovetailed so neatly — the name, the age, the grade."

"There are an awful lot of Mary Browns. You ran across one earlier, remember? In the parochial school. The grade doesn't mean much. All Mary Browns that age would be in just about the same grade."

"But the year of enrolling at Miss Thatcher's — right after leaving P.S. 249. . . You don't think it's worth checking further, just on the chance?"

"Of course I do," he said. "You have David Brown's address, I take it?"

"Of course. I've walked by it."

"Did you check Mary Brown's home address when she first registered at Miss Thatcher's?"

"No." She flushed guiltily. "That was stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"You'll learn. Finish your drink."

She drained the last few drops. "I'm ready," she said, adding ruefully, "but not very willing any more."

They walked a few blocks

"What's a free-arm, Mummy?"

"A free-arm, Susie, is a very special feature of Mummy's new Singer sewing machine. With a free-arm on my machine I can sew such things as sleeves and seams and trouser legs, and sew them with stitches that I couldn't do on another machine."



"But I can't see the free-arm, Mummy"

"Not until I press this button. Then . . . presto. The base just slides away and here's my free-arm ready to use. You see, I really have two machines in one, all in this wonderfully light-weight machine. It's so easy to carry about."

"What do Singer call their new machine, Mummy?"

"It's called Singer *Slant-O-Matic* 631. It sews zig-zag stitch as well as straight stitch. And it's called *Slant-O-Matic* because the needle is slanted towards me, you see. The slant needle makes it so much easier for me to see what I'm sewing, and gives me greater control too. That's a Singer exclusive, Susie."

"What's exclusive?"

"It means that only Singer make a machine with a slant needle, so you can find this feature only on a Singer machine."

"Look at the funny angle the spool's on."

"No other machine has a spool like this, dear. It's like your Daddy's fishing rod. It lets the thread run much more smoothly, and it makes my stitches much more even."

"Clever. That means it's ex-clu-sive too, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Susie, and that's not all. My new Singer *Slant-O-Matic* can also sew a single-thread chain stitch, so I can tack up clothes for fittings or take tucks in your dresses — and then just pull out the thread to let them out again, as you grow bigger."

"And what are the switches and buttons for?"

"They're stitch controls, and handy pushbuttons for a wonderful range of stitches. Even zig-zag. All right here in front of me. I just press them, and then sew. This stitch-chart here under the cover tells me all the different stitches I can use. Just look at them all, and I can leave this cover open as I sew. This little switch lets me put on a strong little light to see my sewing better."

"Is this the only *Slant-O-Matic*, Mummy?"

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through the early twilight to an old four-storey brownstone. The small nameplate in the bottom of three slots beside the door read "D. Brown." Kerrigan pressed it briefly.

A blond boy of fifteen or so let them in.

"Mr. Brown? Is he at home?" Kerrigan asked.

"Sure. Come in, sir."

He ushered them into a high-ceilinged living-room just off the inside hallway. There were three other people in the room — a flaxen-haired girl who looked about twelve; a small, pretty, middle-aged woman; and a man. As soon as the man rose from his armchair Jane's last hope went glimmering. Nobody would have said he didn't remember this David Brown. He stood well over six feet tall, a magnificent figure of a man, with a leonine head, a mane of white hair, and eyes that were a startling light blue in a deeply tanned face.

"Yes?" he said courteously.

When Kerrigan introduced himself and Jane, he shook hands. "Don't tell me some of my students have been making trouble for you people," he said, and smiled.

"No," Kerrigan said. "Not that I know of. You're a teacher, Mr. Brown, I take it?"

"Design. Pratt Institute."

Kerrigan said he was sorry to bother him. "We were looking for a David Brown — with a daughter named Mary about twelve years old."

"Well, I'm David Brown, all right, and I have a daughter named Mary." He nodded.

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

still smiling, toward the flaxen-haired girl.

"I'm afraid it's the wrong David Brown, the wrong Mary, and the wrong address," said Kerrigan. "The fact is, the Mr. Brown we're looking for is an accountant and lived at 24 Mystic Place up to a couple of years ago."

"Not even a relative, I'm afraid."

When they were outside again, Jane said, "I never felt so low in my life."

"At least I know the cure for that," Kerrigan said.

He took her to dinner in a restaurant where the service was leisurely but deft, the lamb chops were nearly two inches thick, and the hashed-brown potatoes crisply brown and sizzling.

"I'm glad you had a good day, anyway," she said.

"Only fair."

"At least you found out Mrs. Brown's religion and first name, which is a great deal more than I did."

"No," he pointed out carefully, "I found out what religion she wasn't. Quite a difference. But anyway, I've got some leads."

He took out his notebook. "You have one more private school to check tomorrow morning. Right?"

"I don't have the heart for it now. Do you think it's worth while?"

He didn't, but he didn't say so. "By all means check

on it," he said. It was important that she finish the job she had set for herself. "But you'll be finished early. Now write this down."

When she had her pencil ready he dictated the name "Myra Stein" and the birth-date and place of birth.

"Unfortunately I don't know which borough of New York City she was born in," he said, "so when you get to the office tomorrow, call the registrar in each of the five boroughs. Mention that you're police; otherwise they're likely to refuse all information. You will want all the birth certificate shows about Myra Stein — where she was born, her parents' names, their address, the attending doctor, and so forth."

"But that's going back thirty-five years or so."

"Mrs. Brown would still have been a young woman if she had lived," he said. "Perhaps her parents are still alive — Mary's grandparents, that is. I don't know any grandparents who don't keep in touch with their grandchildren, do you?"

Jane admitted she didn't. "But after all those years — the way neighborhoods change and all that — there's only one chance in a million that they would be living in the same place," she said.

"The odds aren't that bad," Kerrigan said seriously. "Old people don't move around as much as young people. Besides, there's the doctor — he might know something."

"All right," said Jane, putting her pencil and notebook away. "But it isn't what I'd call a hot lead."

"I'm going to see the widow of the doctor who treated Myra Brown for heart trouble before she died." He grinned at her. "By any chance would you like to swap jobs?"

"No, thanks," she said ruefully.

Kerrigan walked up on to the porch and touched a doorbell that started some chiming tinkling deep in the house. A trim maid in uniform opened the heavy door.

"You must mean young Mrs. Silberstein," she told Kerrigan after he explained. "The old Mrs. Silberstein doesn't see anybody, hardly, any more."

Kerrigan said it was the older Mrs. Silberstein he wanted, the widow of Dr. Saul Silberstein.

Mrs. Silberstein was tiny and fragile, and every white curl was flawlessly in place.

"I should know you, Mr. Kerrigan," she said brightly. "Your face is familiar. Of course — you're from the Bronx, aren't you?"

To his surprise, Kerrigan found himself saying, "That's right, Mrs. Silberstein. From the Bronx, of course."

"There!" she said triumphantly. "My memory isn't so bad, is it now? For a moment, just for a moment, the name slipped my mind. But as soon as I saw your face I remembered it. What can I do for you, Mr. Kerrigan?"

He had an idea that Mrs. Silberstein was enjoying the supposed triumph of her memory.

"Well, Mrs. Silberstein, it's an imposition, I know — but it is important that we locate an old patient of your husband's. A Mr. David Brown. Dr. Silberstein treated his wife, Myra Brown, too."

"Brown, you say? I don't believe I remember them."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "the doctor's records would show where the Browns live now. It's really quite important, Mrs. Silberstein."

She inclined her head. "I'm sure it is, Mr. Kerrigan," she said graciously. "But the records — I destroyed them. I brought nothing to Leonard's home — my son, you know — except myself and my personal things. You have talked to Miss Webster, of course?"

Kerrigan explained that he hadn't been able to find Miss Webster. She wasn't listed in the telephone book.

"She lives in Greenwich Village, The Hotel Francois," Kerrigan said he had heard of it.

"She might be able to help you. She knew the patients so much better than I did."

"I'll look her up," Kerrigan said. "Many thanks, Mrs. Silberstein."

Mrs. Silberstein stood up and held out her hand. "It was so nice of you to visit me, Mr. Kerrigan," she said. "It's always a pleasure to see old friends..."

At the subway Kerrigan called the Hotel Francois. A voice there confirmed the fact that Miss Dora Webster was registered, but she didn't answer her telephone. He took the train back to Manhattan.

Jane was waiting for him, and she looked puzzled.

"Listen to this," she said, taking up some notes.

"According to the birth certificate, Myra Stein was born in Jackson Heights Hospital — on that date, all right — the daughter of Jacob and Ruth Stein, of 31 Van Hooten Street in Queens."

"Yes?" He reached for the telephone.

"The attending physician was a Dr. Avery Horton. No trace of him in the telephone book or medical directory. He's either dead or retired. But what I'm getting at..."

HE had dialled the number of the Hotel Francois. Miss Dora Webster still did not answer. He hung up.

"So?" he said.

"The utterly baffling thing is that there is no Van Hooten Street in Queens," said Jane. "Now, what do you make of that?"

Kerrigan considered for a moment. "There's only one explanation. There was a Van Hooten Street then. But streets disappear in New York. And Queens has changed a lot of old street names to numbers."

"Well, if the street is gone," Jane began.

"The neighborhood will still be there," said Kerrigan. "Let's go out and see."

"And just how do we find out where Van Hooten Street used to be?"

That, said Kerrigan, should be easy. They'd try the Highway Department of the Queen's borough president's office.

They took the subway and thirty minutes later were talking to a veteran highway engineer, George Ormsby.

"Van Hooten Street, My. I haven't heard that name in more than twenty years. Sit down a few minutes."

He checked with old maps, did some figuring and made a pencil mark on a copy of one of the new maps. "That is where 31 Van Hooten Street used to stand — but it's Ninety-seventh Street now."

They thanked him and left, with the map.

The subway took them to Junction Boulevard station, from which they walked a few blocks to a neighborhood of new apartment buildings and stores and, mixed in, a few old frame houses. This was Ninety-seventh Street.

It was easy enough, from the engineer's map, to locate where No. 31 had stood. The space was swallowed up now

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 19

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs, Monday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, red, violet.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

by a sprawling five-storey apartment house perhaps seven or eight years old. In the vestibule they ran through the names in a bank of letter-boxes, but there was — as they expected — no Jacob Stein listed.

Kerrigan spotted an ultra-modern little structure that bore a garish sign proclaiming it a real-estate office. It was so new it practically glittered.

"That looks interesting," Kerrigan said. "Look at the small sign in gold leaf in the window."

Jane saw it then: "Est. 1903."

THEY went into the office, where a balding young man, who gave his name as Metzger, looked up at them.

He listened with interest while Kerrigan explained who they were and what they wanted.

"That would be before my time," he said, "although I remember Van Hooten Street as a boy. But the Steins — no. However, my father, who took over from the Riordan heirs, knew the owner of every piece of land in this area — of course, there weren't too many to remember. Did the Steins own their own home, do you know?"

"We haven't the faintest idea," Kerrigan admitted. "Thirty-five years ago most of the houses were owned by the people who lived in them," Metzger mused. "And practically everybody knew everybody for blocks around. It might pay you to talk to my dad."

"That's possible?" "Sure, he lives right around the corner. Doesn't spend much time here any more. He's getting a little shaky now — physically, that is. You'll find his mind clear as a bell, though."

He gave them the address, and five minutes later they were sitting with a spry-looking old gentleman who sported a distinguished white moustache that just matched his brows and thin silky hair. "Stein?" he said. "Of course I remember Jake Stein. A very decent sort. In fact, I sold his house for him — fourteen years ago, approximately."

Did he remember the daughter, Myra Stein? Kerrigan asked.

"Was she the one who ran off with a Gentile?" It might be, Kerrigan said. Was he referring to a

man named Brown — David Brown?

The name meant nothing to Metzger. "I don't think I ever heard his name. But it was a tragedy for the old people, you know. They were Orthodox, and those people take it hard when a son or a daughter marries outside the religion."

"I don't suppose you have any idea where the Steins moved after selling their home?" he asked.

"Of course I know," Metzger said briskly. "Rented them an apartment myself. In the Templeton, on Ninety-first Street just off Roosevelt Boulevard."

Fifteen minutes after they left Metzger, they stood in the vestibule of an apartment house that had the name "Templeton" over the doorway.

When a buzzing signalled the release of the latch on the inner door, they walked through and climbed a flight of stairs.

A fragile, stooped old woman was standing at the open door of 2-D. She looked puzzled but showed them into a living-room, sparsely furnished but very clean. An old man with a grizzled beard sat there in a black skullcap.

Kerrigan introduced himself and Jane while the old man stared at him in stony hostility.

"Sorry to trouble you," Kerrigan said, "but we're looking for a man named Brown. David Brown."

"I do not know him," the old man said.

"He married your daughter Myra," Kerrigan explained. "I have no daughter," the old man said.

"Aren't you the Jacob and Ruth Stein, who had a daughter named Myra?"

The old man stood up shakily. "I have no daughter!" he screamed. "You hear me?"

He shuffled across the room and disappeared behind a door, which he slammed hard.

The stooped old woman looked at them with eyes that had the shine of tears. "I am sorry," she said. "I have not seen or heard from Myra in thirteen, fourteen years. I cannot help you."

"Have you any idea where your granddaughter, Mary Brown, is living now?" Kerrigan asked gently.

The old eyes glittered more brightly. "I didn't know I had a granddaughter."

"I'm sorry. You know that Myra is — well, she isn't living any more."

She inclined her head. "I had a notice — the funeral. I wanted to go, but . . ." She

nodded toward the recently slammed door.

"This man Brown — do you know where he comes from? Whether he has any relatives anywhere?"

She shook her head. "From Chicago or Cleveland, I think. Some place out West. I'm not sure. I do not think he had a family. But I do not know very much. He came here only once."

"We're very sorry, Mrs. Stein," Kerrigan said.

On the street they walked the first block toward the subway in silence. A few yards from the subway station Kerrigan steered Jane into a drugstore and asked her to wait while he made a telephone call. He came out of the booth smiling.

"She's in. Dora Webster, I mean. And she'll wait for us if we hurry."

The Hotel Franco had a tiny lobby with white walls touched here and there with discreet gilt decorations. The girl at the switchboard rang Miss Webster's room for them and then said Miss Webster would be right down.

Kerrigan had expected an older woman, but Miss Webster was small, dark, and very graceful.

"You wanted to know something about a patient of Dr. Silberstein's — is that right?"

"This is about a man named David Brown," Kerrigan said. "Does that mean anything to you?"

Miss Webster frowned. "I'm sorry. The name means nothing to me. Of course, you must remember Dr. Silberstein had at least five hundred patients, counting those who came in, just once or twice a year."

Kerrigan nodded again. "All right," he said. "Now, there was also a Mrs. Brown — Myra Brown. I've reason to be quite sure you'll remember her."

"Miss Webster thought Mrs. Myra Brown" repeated fully. "You say I should know her. The fact is, I have no recollection of her. Perhaps you could tell me something that would refresh my memory."

"I think so," said Kerrigan. "She died. She was very young — less than thirty — but she died of angina pectoris."

Dora Webster stared at him, then concentrated again.

"It's very irritating that I can't remember her. When did she die, do you know?"

Kerrigan consulted his notebook. "July tenth, 1958," he said.

"Ah!" said Miss Webster. "That explains part of it. I always had July off. It was

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● There is bad news for meat-lovers, or at least the very young ones who will be worrying about family menus in the 2000s.

DR. ROBERT WHITE-STEVENSON, an American agricultural research expert, believes that by the year 2000 roast beef, steak, and poultry for Sunday dinner will be "off."

Replacing them, the housewife will be serving up dainty confections made from soya beans and products of ocean farming like tiny organisms of algae and plankton, and she'll be adding dashes of laboratory-produced vitamins.

"Steak and pork are luxuries we will not be able to afford eventually, because we waste too much valuable plant protein feeding cows and pigs," the doctor says. "It takes at least 7lb. of soya-bean protein to produce one pound of meat protein, and we won't be able to afford such waste."

The world's population, now about 3200 million, will be 7000 million by the end of the century if present trends continue. It certainly seems likely that we'll need to find a way of supplying people with proteins more economical than the grazing of huge flocks of cattle and sheep over vast areas of open country.

And in the meantime, according to local diet experts, Australians (among the world's largest meat-eaters) are in some cases suffering from malnutrition as a result of wrong eating habits.

At a recent conference, experts said that school canteens often sold food of poor nutritional value and that other children simply didn't get enough to eat because their mothers knew so little about house-keeping and nutrition.

One doctor said, "The major nutritional problem in Australia is that generally we are over-caloried and under-exercised. We eat high-calorie, rich foods, and we don't walk enough. Even children are driven to school in cars."

He went on to speak of the way many middle-aged men who lead thoroughly sedentary lives go on eating the same amounts of food they ate in their energetic youth, and the way many housewives felt that serving an enormous meal was some sort of status symbol.

This last habit, according to the experts, can lead children into a vicious circle where the more weight they put on the more they tend to eat.

A self-induced trance for those boring jobs

AT a medical conference in England recently, a doctor advocated that people who get tense in traffic jams should be taught how to hypnotise themselves.

Patients, it seems, can be taught a sort of auto-hypnosis that they come out of automatically the minute the traffic lights change.

This seems to me a terrific idea for avoiding irritation, but it would need careful programming. What would

happen if the hypnotic's car was stopped (as sometimes happens) in a position from which he couldn't see the lights?

Would he just stay there, blocking the traffic in a happy trance-like state, until somebody came and towed him away or flashed a green light in front of his eyes?

If this really works, what a boon it would be if the techniques could be adapted to suit the housewife's needs. I'd like to be able to hypnotise myself as I took the first piece of clothing out of the ironing basket so that I'd go on dreamily and happily ironing in a trance until I picked up the last piece.

This should be investigated further. It would certainly be a fine way of getting through the more boring and messy household jobs.

Although I suspect that already most of us cope with these jobs in a semi-trance-like state, self-induced by the simple method of thinking about something more interesting while we work.

"Paternoster": the letters make a potent charm

WOULD you like a new (old, old) recipe of a different sort? This is a charm of immense age and reputation, dating from the early Christian era.

Here it is:

ROTAS
OPERA
TENET
AREPO
SATOR

Read it from left to right and from right to left; read it from top to bottom and from bottom to top; read it in vertical columns from left to right, or from right to left, either up or down. It reads the same whichever way you look at it.

Having written it, I'm not quite certain what you do next — perhaps wear the paper as a charm, swallow it whole, or burn it and daub your forehead with the ashes. But I do know that early Christians believed it was a sovereign charm against death in childbirth, fires, and the bite of mad dogs.

In the fourth and fifth centuries it appeared all over Europe and Asia Minor. This is one of the great riddles — no one knows exactly what it means. Rotas means wheels; sator is a sower; opera is works or labor; tenet, the centre word, means he holds; arepo I can't find in Mike's Latin dictionary or in the one at the local library.

If you write Paternoster vertically and horizontally, making a cross of the two words so that the letter N is the centre-piece and only appears once, you have the letters for the word-square charm.

You can then build the charm, using these letters, plus two As and two Os (the alpha and omega, religious symbols of the beginning and the end). I find this fascinating, in a mysterious way. I hope somebody who knows will tell me what arepo means.

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(Advertisement)

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Tell me, do you watch for little peaks of pleasure
Though you travel day by day the same old way?
Does the smell of spring bring joy you cannot measure
And a tree in blossom make your heart feel gay?
It is easy to find little peaks of pleasure;
They can pop up even on a rainy day:
Raindrops sparkling on a cobweb just like treasure
Or a pool of water where the sparrows play.

A yellow daffodil,
Or a sunny window-sill
With snowy curtains waving out a greeting;
A little wooden gate
Where two eager children wait,
With hugs and kisses daddy they'll be meeting.
Do you think that fun comes only during leisure;
There are many joys to gather every day.
If you watch out for those little peaks of pleasure
You'll chase all your cares and loneliness away.

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the doctor's least busy month, so he always had me take my vacation then."

Kerrigan checked his notebook. "He had been treating her for this condition since March of that year."

Miss Webster said she was afraid that didn't mean anything to her, not after all these years. There was nothing particularly distinctive, she pointed out, in the appearance of heart patients.

"She had a little girl named Mary," said Kerrigan. "Of course she'd only have been—"

"Mary Brown," Miss Webster said. "I remember a Mary Brown. A pale little thing—brown hair and eyes. Could that be she?"

"The hair rather matched the eyes in color," Jane said. "Does that mean anything to you?"

Miss Webster said yes, it did. And now she remembered the mother, too. "I remember Mrs. Brown only vaguely, but the little girl is quite

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

clear in my mind. Yes, a very nice child . . . quiet, shy," she said.

That sounded like her, Kerrigan said. Quiet and shy. Some people said she wasn't pretty, but quite appealing.

Miss Webster nodded. "Appealing, yes. Very."

How about Mr. Brown? Kerrigan asked. Did Miss Webster remember him now? He probably visited the doctor's office with his wife or child.

"I think I do," said Miss Webster. "I seem to remember it was a man who brought Mary in for her appointments."

"Brought Mary in?" Kerrigan asked. "You mean Mary was the patient?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Webster. "I don't remember her mother or father as patients

at all. They could have been, but I don't remember. I distinctly remember that Mary was a patient, though."

"What was wrong with Mary?" Jane asked.

Miss Webster frowned reflectively. "I have the impression that it was something rather serious," she said. "What I mean is that I don't believe it was anything trivial. It was the kidneys or heart or liver—something like that. I must have typed her record, but I don't remember it."

"How long ago was it that you last saw Mary?" he asked.

Miss Webster was vague. Four or five years ago, she thought.

"It must have been more recently than that," said Jane. "Didn't she keep coming right up to the time Dr. Silberstein died?"

Miss Webster concentrated. "No, I don't think so. Not for some years before the doctor died, I think."

"How old was she when you saw her last?" Kerrigan asked.

"Hard to say, for sure. I think she was six or seven," Miss Webster said.

"Not eight or nine?" Kerrigan persisted.

Possibly eight, Miss Webster thought, but not likely. "But quite definitely not older," she said. "Not nine, no."

The afternoon wore away while they drained Miss Webster of all she knew, and when they were on the street again a few oversized flakes of snow whirled into their faces as they walked along West Eighth Street in the twilight.

JANE said it was cold, wasn't it?

Kerrigan didn't hear her. He walked for a full block before he spoke.

"There it was all the time," he said incomprehensibly. "Right under our noses and we never saw it."

"What are you talking about?" Jane demanded.

"Right at the beginning," Kerrigan said, "we had the answer to it handed to us on a silver platter, and we were too—I was too dumb to see it."

"I don't see it yet," said Jane. "Just what is this answer you're talking about?"

"The way to find David Brown, of course. Through the girl. She's sick."

"She was sick," Jane corrected him. "She was sick when they lived in the Bronx. She was sick when

she was six or seven or maybe—just maybe—when she was eight. But she hadn't been back to see Dr. Silberstein for years before he died, according to Miss Webster. What makes you think she may still be sick?"

"Everything," said Kerrigan. "The superintendent, old Blochmann—what did he say about her? A skinny, pale little thing who seemed to need food and sunshine—that's the way he remembered her. And Donahue, the school superintendent—he said her attendance record was poor. And the teacher, Mrs. Sachs—remember what she said? All the kids brought notes excusing absences on the grounds they were sick—mostly phony excuses, she thought, but with Mary Brown she believed those excuses."

"You may be right," said Jane. "But where does that get us?"

"Oh, it should help us a lot. First we'll find out who her doctor is now. Or at least who treated her while she lived on Mystic Place. And then . . ."

"Just how are you going to do that?"

"That shouldn't be too hard. Just a matter of work. She had to have drugs, of course, so—"

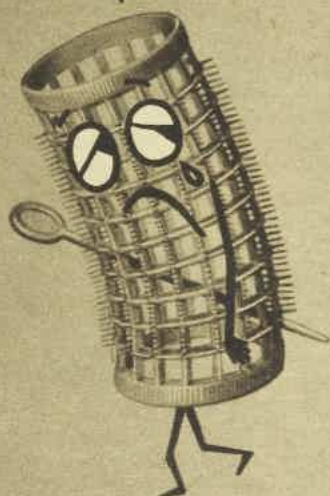
"Not necessarily. Lots of illnesses are treated today without drugs."

"Perhaps so," said Kerrigan. "But Mary's illness wasn't. You're forgetting what that neighbor Jack Dorman told us. He said Mary took blue pills twice a day. That's why I feel like kicking myself. Everywhere we turned, practically, we heard that Mary was sickly. And we did nothing about it."

To page 54

Now I don't get in her hair every night...

Naturally. With me, one set holds her hair style all week!



Keep your hairstyle in perfect shape, from shampoo to shampoo. Smooth new STAYSET Setting Gel through your hair. Set with rollers. STAYSET holds wave and curl softly yet firmly all week without nightly roller setting. All chemists and stores. Six-application tube, only 75 cents.



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"I'm tired," said Jane. "And cold and worn-out. Maybe I just can't think straight. But what good does that do us, after all?"

Kerrigan glanced at her. "Where do pills come from?"

"Drugstores, of course."

"Right. So all we have to do is to find the drugstore where David Brown had Mary's prescription made up. The prescription will be on file there. And on it will be the name of a doctor who treated Mary more recently than Silberstein."

Jane had not exaggerated her tiredness. Her head ached dully. And now she found Kerrigan almost irritating.

"All right," she said. "It's a lead — what you call a lead. I don't think that there are more than twenty or thirty thousand drugstores in this town. And they

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

probably haven't got more than a quarter of a million prescriptions on file for people named Brown. Where do we start?"

"People go miles to see a favorite doctor," he said. "But when you have prescriptions to be filled and refilled regularly, do you go to a drugstore ten miles away?"

"No," said Jane. "We go to the one on the nearest corner."

"True," Kerrigan agreed. "And there is, I remembered, one old-fashioned drugstore right on the corner of Mystic Place and Henry Street. It would have been the handiest for Brown."

Jane felt drained. She was too tired to care very much whether he was right or wrong. There was,

she thought, something almost inhuman in the way he pursued his precious leads as though David Brown were just around the corner. They had turned a great many corners, and Brown hadn't been there. It was abnormal, she felt, for a human being not to feel discouragement. But apparently he did not. Except for the session with Jacob and Ruth Stein, he had seemed utterly devoid of feeling.

When they reached the subway entrance she asked, "Where are we heading now?"

He seemed mildly surprised by the question. "Why, Mystic Place, of course."

"But it's nearly six o'clock," she

said. "Can't we tackle that tomorrow?"

It seemed to her that it should have been much later than her wristwatch indicated. It seemed incredible, now that she thought of it, that they had been on the case only four days. They had covered so much ground.

And covered it all uselessly, she thought. They had collected a jumbled mass of meaningless detail. Brown's wife had died of angina pectoris—so what help was that? She had been cremated instead of buried. What did that amount to? Brown had a daughter who wasn't well. The daughter had once had a white cat with a red collar. It all added up to nothing. And now Kerrigan seemed to think it important that Mary Brown had once taken blue pills.

She became aware that Kerrigan

was looking at her closely. "You're tired," he said. "Why don't you go home and get some rest? I'll try the drugstore on the corner of Mystic Place and Henry Street, since that's our most likely prospect. Then if nothing turns up, we'll blanket the entire area tomorrow. Right?"

She thought it over and felt her annoyance mounting. She hadn't asked for any favors; she wasn't taking any.

"No," she said. "I'll go along. But do you mind if we stop for a sandwich and a cup of coffee first? In case you don't remember, I haven't had lunch yet."

She was instantly sorry. After all, Kerrigan hadn't either.

"I'm sorry," Kerrigan said. "Sometimes I forget to eat when I'm working like this. Now that you mention it, I feel hungry myself. But we can do better than coffee and a sandwich."

They did much better, as a matter of fact. He took her to a quiet little restaurant where the martinis were cold and dry and the steaks crisply brown on the outside, a deep pink inside.

Jane's tiredness and ill humor dissipated in the glow of the martinis, and during dinner she allowed herself to be infected slightly with Kerrigan's quiet confidence.

"But I can't help feeling that if we find the drugstore and the prescription, it will turn out to be one of Dr. Silberstein's," she said. "That would be typical of our luck so far."

It was possible, Kerrigan allowed, but not probable. "That's why I questioned Miss Webster so closely about Mary's age. She was almost sure Mary was six or seven when she last saw her. Yet Mary was at least eight, perhaps nine, when she talked to Dorman about the pills. Brown, I'm quite sure, wouldn't just keep on giving her the same medicine year after year without checking with a doctor."

"I wish I had your confidence," "This has a certain good feel to it," Kerrigan said.

It was eight o'clock, quite dark, and the snow was still falling when they arrived at Mystic Place. The drugstore on the corner of Henry Street was the old-fashioned kind—no soda or snack bar, no toys or household gadgets. At the entrance a push button had a small sign, "night bell," so the owner apparently lived somewhere in the old, three-story building.

A pale young man in a white jacket smiled at them, but his smile faded as Kerrigan explained that they wanted to look back through the store records for a prescription brought there by a David Brown but possibly bearing the name of the patient, Mary Brown.

The pale young man said he would telephone the owner, Mr. Eckstrom, and find out what to do. He disappeared into a back room and they heard his muffled voice talking. He was back shortly.

"Mr. Eckstrom will be down in a few minutes."

Mr. Eckstrom, as a matter of fact, was down in less than a minute. He glanced at the badges they displayed.

"What can I do to help, Sergeant?" he asked.

Kerrigan told him.

"It might be quite a job, Sergeant. All we know is that there were one or more prescriptions filled in the two years before the end of February, 1961. Maybe here. Maybe some other drugstore. The patient's name was Mary Brown. We fill about twenty-five prescriptions a day, including Sunday. Do you know how many prescriptions that makes over a year's time, Sergeant?"

"About eight or nine thousand?"

"That's right. It might take a long time to check them all." He smiled at them. "So hadn't we better get started without wasting any more time?"

Kerrigan smiled back. "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. Eckstrom."

To page 57

Go girl, go!
Go where you want, do what you wish.
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TAMPAX TAMPONS ARE AVAILABLE IN REGULAR AND SUPER ABSORBENCIES

You feel so cool, so clean, so fresh with **TAMPAX** Worn internally, it's the modern way





● Victorian dishes

COLLECTORS' CORNER

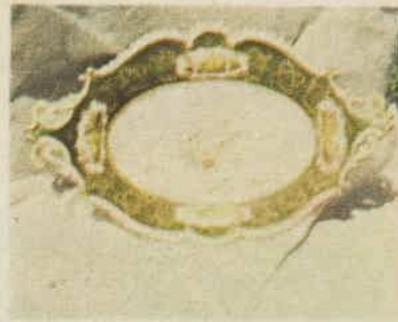
● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their interesting antiques.

IN the mid-thirties I went to a fete in aid of the Bush Brotherhood and won, as first prize in a raffle, a china dish. The dish (photographed at right) has marks on the back. They are hard to read, but appear to be "361" or "301."—Mrs. J. Clements, Bungendore, N.S.W.

Your oval dish painted with a central floral motif and bordered with reverse

panels painted with naturalistic scenes on an apple-green ground and gilded is a lovely example of Rockingham ware and dates about 1830 to 1835.

The Rockingham Works is noted for its fine quality hybrid porcelain, which is usually decorated in an elaborate manner. They produced some magnificent teaset and dessert services during the 1820s and 1830s. The factory closed about 1841.



● Rockingham plate

I HAVE two dishes, real iron-stone china. The background of one dish is not pure white and the orange coloring lighter than usual. On the back of this dish there is a red cross mark. The other dish with white background and good coloring has no red cross on the back. Also on the back of both dishes (pictured above) is stamped the coat of arms of lion and unicorn and crown. The words "Dieu et mon droit" are written on the scroll. Could you please tell me how old they are and the meaning of the coat of arms.—Mrs. A. Weston, Pleystowe, via Mackay, North Queensland.

The dishes are Staffordshire pottery bearing the royal coat of arms printed with the motto "Dieu et mon droit" (God and my right). This mark occurs on many Staffordshire wares which date from about 1835 onwards. Your early-Victorian dishes were made between 1840 and 1855.



● Dutch snuff box

A SILVER box has been in my possession for a great number of years. It was originally brought by my family from Germany and as none of us has any idea what its use would be we would be very interested to hear your opinion. The identification marks on the base are, unfortunately, very worn, but I hope you can tell us something about the piece.—Mrs. Ann Southern, Darwin, N.T.

The unusual silver snuff box was made in Holland. It bears the town mark of Leeuwarden. Although the mark illustrated was used during the eighteenth century, I cannot give an accurate date to your example. This is due to the indistinct marks. In Holland during the last quarter of the nineteenth century many reproductions were made in the silversmiths' workshops. It would be necessary for me to make a personal inspection of your interesting example in order to fully authenticate it for you.

I HAVE an old mayble clock which keeps excellent time. It has several brass mouldings and on the back are the letters L and G under the figure 18. On the bottom of the clock are the numerals 6296. Could you please tell me the age of this clock?—H. G. Murphy, Shepparton, Vic.

Your clock was made about 1880 to 1890.

PHILIPS make it... the gift she'd choose herself for Mother's Day.



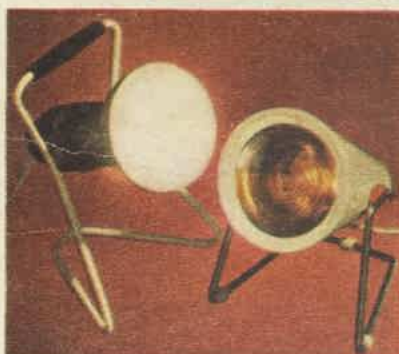
She'd choose a Philips Electric Blanket Philips make it exactly the warmth she wants all night through with wonderful Slumbermatic control, no matter how the room temperature changes. And nothing matches the luxury of pure Onkaparinga lambswool. Pre-shrunk, washable, mothproof. All sizes.



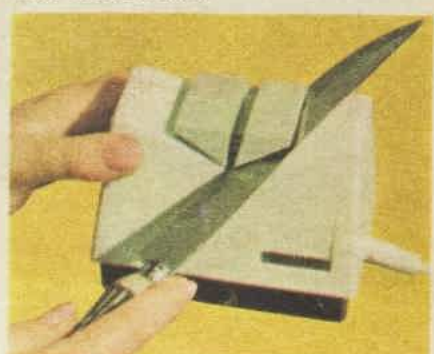
She'd choose a Philips Lightweight Vacuum Cleaner Philips make it so perfectly balanced, tough, strong and big-hearted, yet it weighs only 6½ lbs. Tackles all household cleaning—with a complete range of attachments.



She'd choose her own personal Philips Beauty Set Philips make it with five exclusive beauty aids. Two superb shaving heads—for underarm and leg beauty care—three separate massage attachments. The perfect personal gift.



She'd choose a Philips Health Lamp (Right) Infraphil infra-red lamp. Gets deep down to relieve pain. Medically approved. (Left) Ultraphil sun lamp for a healthy tan all year. Builds resistance to colds, too.



She'd choose a Philips Sharpie Philips make it so easy to give a superb cutting edge to every blade in her kitchen. Scissors too. So sturdy and dependable.



Shop where they show you
PHILIPS



something bold!

PHYSICIAN

mix'n'match blankets

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Citrus in tubs

By ALLAN SEALE

● Because citrus are edible, they are usually in the utility garden — a pity, as their blossom is fragrant, the fruit ornamental, and foliage handsome.

CITRUS blend attractively with other shrubbery, and make shapely specimen trees or leafy screens. They are also attractive in containers, and capable of carrying a small crop of fruit in them.

A half-cask or ornamental tub about 15in. across will accommodate a plant for ten years or more, with care.

Roots restricted by the size of the container will automatically reduce the size of the tree, that is, the tree keeping in proportion with the container. Light pruning will develop a good shape.

Citrus bought in containers may be replanted at any time of the year.

Open-ground or bare-rooted trees are best started in early spring, as they resent severe cold in the early stages.

Soil: The ideal soil should hold moisture, but be sufficiently open for excess water to drain away freely. A good mixture would be 3 parts medium garden loam (previously well worked and organic material added), 2 parts shredded and previously moistened peat-moss, and 1 part coarse sand. If the loam is inclined to be heavy (clayey), add 1 part extra sand, or 1 part of vermiculite. (All quantities by volume.)

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 106



● Lemons in a tub at Mr. and Mrs. A. Davis' home, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Picture: staff photographer Bill Payne.

To each 2gal. bucket of mixture add 2 teaspoons of a good, complete plant food, and unless the loam used has been limed occasionally, about 2 teaspoons of lime or dolomite. Mix in evenly.

Drainage: Good drainage is essential. Wooden tubs need several 1/2in. evenly spaced holes drilled in the base toward the outer edge. Cover each hole with a large curved piece of crockery or tile. Then place an inch of pebbles, coarse charcoal, broken crocks, tile, or coke, then a thin layer of partly rotted grass or similar to prevent the soil running into the drainage material.

PLANTING

Bare Rooted Trees. Don't let the roots dry out. (Stand them in water during preparation.) With sharp secateurs, cleanly trim any damaged or broken roots. Add enough soil (which should be just damp) to position the plant, with the graft about 1in. below the rim of the pot. (The graft is the slightly bulbous area 5 or 6in. above the root.)

Then fill in the soil gradually, using the fingers to pack it carefully between the roots. Firm gently downward and toward the side of the container. Fill to within about 2in. of the graft — that is, about 3in. below the top of the container to allow room for watering, and later light mulching. Gently firm down the surface, then give a thorough soaking. Don't disturb while soil is wet.

Replanting From Containers: If in a tapered plastic container, pull the rim outward to separate soil from sides, lift plant out by base of stem.

Metal containers should be cut down one side and along base, folded back, and the root ball lifted out on a spade.

You CAN set the plant deeper than in its nursery container if the graft is more than about 2in. above soil level, but growth will be more rapid if the roots aren't covered too deeply.

On a high graft suckers may develop from the stock, and growth from below the graft should be rubbed off.

Pruning: Do major pruning in early spring — usually only a light shaping. A fairly compact, dome-shaped top on a short standard is usual.

Feeding: Complete plant foods are safest for container-grown citrus, about one heaped teaspoon for each foot of diameter, applied in September, December, and March.

Where heavier applications are recommended make sure the soil doesn't dry out. As soil moisture decreases, so soluble fertiliser becomes concentrated, and can cause root damage. Occasional waterings with complete liquid plant foods are beneficial, particularly during warm conditions. Don't feed in winter.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 107

Resoiling: Container soil can be revitalised by adding a few handfuls of partly rotted compost to the surface twice a year.

Every two or three years stand the container on its side and wash out some of the surface soil with a hose, replacing with the suggested potting mixture.

Some growers remove the tree every three or four years, hose the soil away, and prune the roots. This keeps it dwarf and ageless, like a bonsai. Early spring is best for this. Prune back the top to compensate for root loss, and shelter plants until new root growth is made.

Pests: Black aphid may attack stems and below foliage on new growth. Malathion, rogor, lebaycid, or a complete pest killer will cope with them.

Scale: Clean off white wax scale with a toothbrush and soapy water or white oil solution.

Red scale shows up as pin-head size, reddish-brown scales on fruit and foliage. Control with white oil spray. Spraying with white oil, once in December and in late January, will normally keep citrus free of scale for the year.

Ants in the container, sometimes a symptom of scale, aphid, or mealy bug on roots, are easily eliminated by saturating the soil with malathion or other good insecticide. This will also eliminate root mealy bug, which is like a downy white aphid on the roots.

VARIETIES

Any citrus will grow in containers. Cumquats are particularly attractive, having a regular, formal shape. One variety has variegated foliage.

Chinoti, the myrtle-leaved mandarin, an effective container plant, is actually a type of Seville orange.

Lemons make comparatively quick growth, and in containers such as halves of large casks, can be grown to at least half normal size, bearing for ten to 15 years with normal care.

Oranges are compact and attractive, but growth and fruiting is usually slower than lemons. Valencia, Joppa, blood oranges, or Parramatta set fruit more readily than Washington Navel.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

The druggist led them into a back room lined with shelves. One wall was filled with rows of volumes in stiff cloth bindings. Eckstrom went to these and pulled out three volumes.

Quickly and concisely he explained the method of filing prescriptions. As each prescription was filled it was given a number and pasted in one of these volumes.

"We, of course, depend entirely on this number to locate a prescription when we get a call to refill it," he said. "We don't have the number in this case. So to find one for the patient named Brown means that we must look at each one, paying no attention to the number or anything else — just the names in this space here, the patient's name, you see?"

He handed the first volume to Jane. "Suppose you start on this volume, miss. And here's one for you, Sergeant. I'll take the next one."

In the first three volumes they found four prescriptions made out for Brown, but none of them was a Mary or even a David.

It was ten minutes after eleven and they were halfway through the third set of volumes when Jane found it.

"I think this is it," she said. "It's for a Mary Brown." Eckstrom looked at the name on the prescription.

"Might be," he said. "No address on the prescription, though, and we didn't deliver it."

"Was it for pills?" Kerrigan asked.

"Pills?" Eckstrom read the prescription. "Yes."

"What color?" Kerrigan asked.

Eckstrom looked mildly surprised. "They would be blue," he said.

The prescription was made out by a Dr. William McPartridge, on lower Park Avenue. Kerrigan copied the name and address.

"Did she have liver trouble?" Eckstrom asked.

Kerrigan said he didn't know. "Why?"

"The prescription suggests it," said Eckstrom. "Of course, I'm not a physician, but I would say so. Wait a minute. Let me get my medical directory."

He brought out a thick volume and hunted through it. "Ah, just what I thought," he said. "Dr. William McPartridge is a hepatologist."

"Meaning what?" Kerrigan asked.

"A specialist in liver troubles." He closed the volume. "Is there any more I can do for you?"

Kerrigan said Mr. Eckstrom couldn't possibly do any more than he had already done. "You've been wonderful," he said.

The snow had stopped when they left the drugstore. In the subway Kerrigan said, "You're tired. See here, why don't you sleep late tomorrow? Then we can tackle this Dr. McPartridge together."

"Good," she said. "How much later tomorrow? I mean, to meet?"

"Oh, say nine-thirty."

She looked at him to see if he was joking. He wasn't.

Dr. William McPartridge

had an office with a private street entrance in an imposing, expensive-looking apartment house. They got there a little before ten o'clock, but it didn't do them any good. A recalcitrant nurse said that Dr. McPartridge wasn't due until eleven o'clock.

Kerrigan explained who they were. "Perhaps we won't have to disturb the doctor at all," he said. "If you could just give us the address of a patient, a child named Mary Brown, about eleven or twelve years old —"

"Impossible," said the nurse stiffly. "And I'm quite sure Dr. McPartridge would not give out any information about a client. But you can wait and take a chance on seeing him — if you want."

It was a little after eleven o'clock and there were two patients waiting when Dr. McPartridge came in. He greeted the two patients, glanced curiously at Kerrigan and Jane and went into an inner office, followed by the nurse. Then she came back and ushered them into where Dr. McPartridge, in a white jacket now, sat behind a desk. He listened patiently while Kerrigan explained. Kerrigan, Jane noted, was emphasising strongly that Brown wasn't under suspicion of any criminal act. He was just a witness in an important case, and the police would be very grateful if Dr. McPartridge would help by providing the home address of Mary Brown.

"You put me in a bit of a spot, Sergeant. I want to help the police, naturally. On the other hand, a patient's affairs are confidential."

"It's against the law to obstruct justice, Doctor. Surely you know that as well as I do," Kerrigan answered. "As to the ethics of the business, you can't say we're trying to break into a physician-patient relationship. There's no medical ethic involved. Brown isn't even your patient. We just want his address. You can't reasonably claim you'd be violating any code by refusing to give it. As matters are, you can just cause us a great deal of trouble — and vice versa."

McPartridge studied Kerrigan. Finally he shrugged. "As you say, Sergeant, it will be a great deal of trouble, with nothing gained on either side in the end. It's just that a doctor hates to do anything at all inimical to a patient."

He touched a buzzer, and when the nurse came into the office he said, "Get the file on Mary Brown, if you please. Miss Tavish."

She looked rebellious, but she went out and returned a minute later with the cardboard folder.

"Let's have Mary's home address," the specialist said.

Miss Tavish opened the file, skimmed through a few pages. "Mystic Place — 24 Mystic Place, Brooklyn, New York," she said sulkily.

Jane sagged in her chair. Oh, no! Not again! Then she heard Kerrigan saying imperturbably, "The Browns moved from that address rather more than two years ago, Miss Tavish. Don't you have another address?"

Miss Tavish lowered her eyes. "Only an older address — the Taft Arms, on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx."

A foggy numbness settled in Jane's brain. For a while she heard only vaguely the sound of Kerrigan's voice plodding on steadily, and Miss Tavish's curt answers.

Did she have a business address or telephone number for Mr. Brown? No.

To page 58

Another first from Physician!

Checks, stripes and glorious plains, mix'n'matching to bring the bedroom up to date. How do we do it? Take a check, say burnt orange and maize. Add a plain — burnt orange or maize! Prefer stripes? Then take any one of our latest Award winning stripes and play the mix'n'match game! The combinations are endless, the colour range superb, the blankets softer and warmer than any other. Step up to the latest in bedroom beauty — mix'n'match with Physician blankets at your favourite store. They cost no more!



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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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Daisy baskets for your linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 201. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c for postage.

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Did Mary mention what school she went to? Not to Miss Tavish, she didn't.

"Where do you send the bills?"

"We don't. Mr. Brown pays in cash on every visit."

"How often does Mary come in for attention?"

"Every three weeks, approximately."

"When was she here last?"

Miss Tavish consulted her file. "Three weeks ago," she said.

"And when is she due to come in again?"

Miss Tavish, with bitter reluctance, said, "Today."

It took a moment for the two-

syllable answer to click in Jane's mind.

Kerrigan's voice went on, unchanged. "What time today, Miss Tavish?"

"The appointment is for twelve forty-five."

"Is Mary usually on time? Or early?"

"Always early. About ten minutes before the appointment time."

"Thank you, Miss Tavish. You've been a wonderful help." Miss Tavish sniffed and left the room.

McPartridge made a wry face. "I don't like that much," he said. "I take it you're going to pick him up in my office."

Kerrigan considered it. "No. We don't want to embarrass anybody more than we have to. We'll wait outside the building. We'll trail him as far away from here as we can without risking losing him. He needn't know about this. Not that there's anything wrong in what you did — even if you had a choice, which you didn't."

"I'd appreciate your doing it that way," McPartridge said. "Somehow, I still feel a little like a traitor."

"I'm sorry. You really shouldn't," Kerrigan said. "Perhaps you can give us a description of Mary and her father. All the descriptions we've had are several years old."

Dr. McPartridge described the girl quickly and concisely. Brown hair, brown eyes, about 4ft. 7in. tall, slight in build, very pale. "Usually wears a red coat trimmed with white fur."

"And Brown himself?" Kerrigan prompted him.

He shrugged. "Ordinary — just ordinary," he said. "Medium height, medium weight, medium complexion, no distinguishing features. To tell the truth, although he's been here many, many times, I'm not sure I'd recognise him if I met him on the street."

"By the way," said Jane, "just what is the matter with Mary? Or shouldn't I ask?"

McPartridge shrugged. "I don't see what harm there is in your knowing," he said. "It's cirrhosis of the liver."

"Cirrhosis! But I thought that was something people get from drinking too much."

"That's true of most forms of cirrhosis," McPartridge said. "But not this kind. This kind comes about from congenital stenosis of the biliary ducts. It's obstructive biliary cirrhosis, if that means anything to you."

Jane shook her head. "It doesn't. Is it very bad?"

It was no good, McPartridge said. But with constant care and with all the new things they were finding out about it, Mary Brown had a good chance to live a long life.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Kerrigan, getting up.

"You're welcome, Sergeant," McPartridge said, and stood up, too. He shook hands with both of them. "Next time I hope we meet under better circumstances. Not professionally, I mean — on either side."

"One last thing," Kerrigan said. "Would you tell Miss Tavish that she is to say nothing about this visit to Mr. Brown? I don't think she likes us much."

McPartridge smiled. "I'll do that," he promised.

Kerrigan and Jane went out to the sunny warmth of Park Avenue. Kerrigan looked at his watch. It was eleven-twenty. He looked uneasily at Jane.

"Jane, this is up to you," he said abruptly. "We can take all the credit —" he made a face — "that there is coming for this. But it just might mean trouble for Yelanski and MacAllister, and they put in a great deal of time on this, too. And they gave us all the help they could, remember?"

"Of course I do," she said. "Would you mind if they appeared as arresting officers with us? It's up to you. You don't have to — well — share anything with them. But it might help them if they were on the arrest."

"The answer is — of course! Go and call them."

"No, you call them," said Kerrigan. "Don't ask why. But there is a reason you should do it. Tell them to be at the First Detective Division at one o'clock. We'll be bringing in Brown a little later after that, but they should be there at one."

Jane crossed the street to a drug-store and telephoned the Poplar Street station. MacAllister answered the telephone.

"This is Jane Boardman. Remember me?"

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BOND'S

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

"Oh, sure, Jane! What can we do for you?"

"Frank said to tell you and Mr. Yelanski that we're bringing Brown in at the First Detective Division about one o'clock this afternoon. He feels you should be in on the arrest. Would you meet us there?"

"You've got him?"

"Not yet. But Frank is sure we soon will."

"How the devil — OK, Jane. We'll be there, of course, Sam and I. How'd you do it, Jane?"

"Well, we — it's a long story."

"Sure," he said. "I'll be seeing you, Jane."

It was eleven twenty-seven when she joined Kerrigan outside.

The next hour stretched into the longest hour of her life. She stood with Kerrigan on the Park Avenue corner and they watched the entrance to Dr. McPartridge's building across the wide avenue. Kerrigan was amused by her frequent glances at her watch.

"It's that way in the beginning, Jane. You'll get used to it. On some jobs you spend ninety-nine percent of your time waiting."

She tried to keep from looking at her watch so often. When she looked again, it was sixteen minutes after twelve. Apparently she went into a sort of mental fog then, for the next she knew Kerrigan was touching her arm and saying, "There they are now."

She blinked and saw the two of them within a few yards of the entrance to Dr. McPartridge's office—a slight girl in a red coat trimmed in white fur, a man at her side. The man opened the doctor's door and they disappeared inside.

"Are you sure?" she found herself saying.

"No doubt about it. The coat, the time of the appointment—it's them, all right."

THEY crossed to the doctor's side of the avenue. Unhurriedly Kerrigan explained what they would do. She would stand in his hallway, 10yds. away. When the Browns came out, she would follow them, staying 30ft. or 40ft. behind. Kerrigan would be another 30ft. or 40ft. behind her. "Don't worry too much," he said. "They won't expect to be tailed. But if they look behind, they'll see only you for a block or two."

Then Kerrigan would pass her, and that would be her cue to drop 30ft. or 40ft. behind him, so that if Brown looked behind again, he would see only Kerrigan, and the girl he might have seen earlier would be out of sight.

"We'll have to play it by ear," he said. "If they go into the subway, we'll close right up beside them."

"Of course, if they take a cab, we'll have to take them immediately. It's too risky trying to follow a cab in this traffic."

He nodded and strolled off out of sight. She stood in the doorway and tried to look casual, but felt she wasn't doing it very well. The interminable minutes dragged on. She found her eyes straining with the constant focusing on the door.

The girl in the red coat came out the door backward.

"Bye, Miss Tavish," she called.

The man came out after her, and they started walking south. After a moment Jane emerged from the hallway and started after them. One block, two blocks. Once she glanced behind her and panicked a little when she didn't see

Kerrigan. She told herself he must be there somewhere.

The little girl was chattering away breezily. The man spoke to her occasionally, and once something he said made her laugh.

Jane panicked completely when the man suddenly stepped to the kerb and lifted a hand to signal an approaching taxi. It had just stopped when Kerrigan materialised beside her, then ran ahead.

The man had just opened the door of the cab when Kerrigan touched his elbow.

"Mr. Brown, isn't it?" he was saying pleasantly as Jane came up to them. "I'm glad to see you. My name is Kerrigan."

He held out his right hand, and Jane caught the glitter of his badge in it. It was an unostentatious motion; to the casual eye it was no more than an offer to shake hands. The hand with the badge quickly returned to Kerrigan's coat pocket, then came out again in the proffer of a shake.

By reflex Brown took the outstretched hand for a moment, then dropped it. His face—the ordinary, middle-aged face—seemed to crumple.

"Yes," he mumbled. "Yes, of course, Mr. — Kerrigan."

The moment wasn't what Jane had expected. There was no triumphant thrill in it, no exaltation. Unexpectedly she found the little tableau tragic—the average

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LULUBELLE



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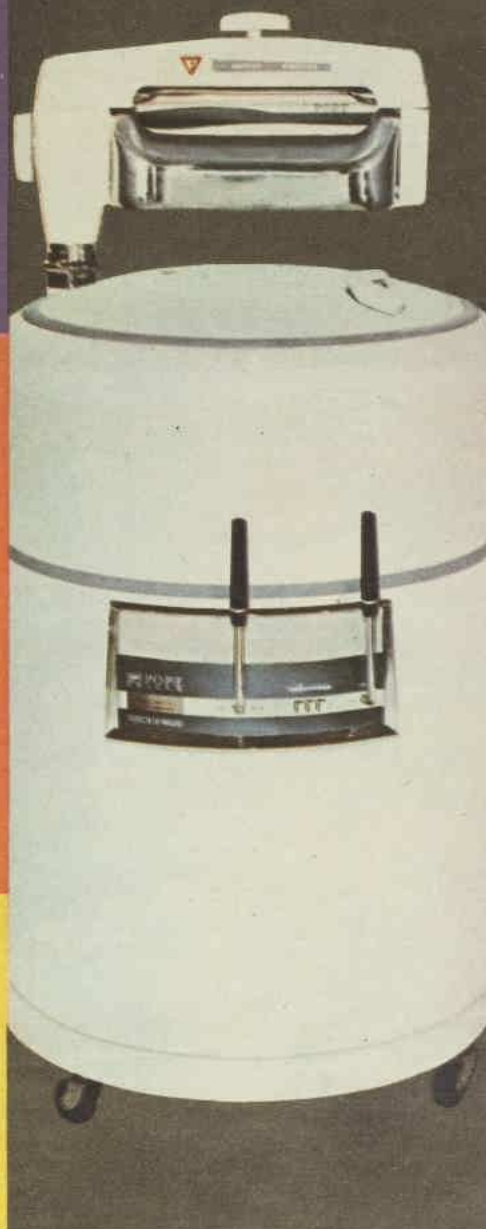
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man with the stricken grey face, the puzzled girl in the red coat looking at her father, then at Kerrigan, and back again. Jane was acutely conscious of people hurrying by, seeing nothing of this, of the taxi standing there in the bright sunlight. Inexplicably she felt sorry for David Brown.

Brown made a supplicating little gesture to Kerrigan and nodded toward the girl in the red coat.

"Of course not," said Kerrigan, answering the unspoken plea. "And this must be Mary. Hello . . . I've heard a lot about you, Mary." He smiled at her and she smiled back shyly.

"Say, bud," rasped the driver. "You want a cab or not?"

"Sorry — not just yet," Kerrigan said.

The driver drove off with an angry squealing of abused tyres.

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

Kerrigan spoke politely. "You can spare us an hour or so, can't you, Mr. Brown?"

It finally dawned on Jane, who felt that she had been in some sort of emotional shock, that this was an act for Mary's benefit. Quite superbly put on, too, she realised.

"Yes," Brown still spoke in a sort of mumble. "Of course, Mr. Kerrigan."

"I don't believe you've met my associate before, have you? This is Miss Boardman, Mr. Brown. Jane, I've talked a lot about Mr. Brown to you. Remember?"

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" she said, and was glad she could

fall so easily into this silly yet somehow important play-acting. She shook hands with him, thinking: But this is ridiculous. Aloud she said, "And, Mary — hello."

Mary shook hands shyly. It came to Jane that Mrs. Sachs, who had taught the third grade at P.S. 249, had been entirely accurate when she described Mary Brown as appealing.

KERRIGAN stopped another cab and gave the driver the address of the division headquarters. He talked trivialities for a few minutes. David Brown sagged in a corner seat. He agreed

with Kerrigan lifelessly that the weather today was wonderful and, yes, the snowfall late yesterday was miserable.

"Have you had lunch yet, Mary?" Kerrigan asked.

"No, I'm having lunch with Daddy today. At a restaurant."

"I have a wonderful idea," said Kerrigan. "Why don't you and Miss Boardman have lunch together while your father and I talk over our business?"

"No, thank you very much," said Mary.

Brown came out of his lethargy. "That's an excellent idea," he said. "Mary, you have lunch with Miss Boardman, here. Yes, do that. A very good idea, Mr. Kerrigan."

Mary said, "Yes, Daddy."

Kerrigan told the driver to stop first at an address Jane recog-

nised as a restaurant a block away from division headquarters.

The taxi dropped Jane and Mary in front of the restaurant. "I'll see you in an hour or so," Kerrigan whispered to Jane as she was alighting. "Wait for me. I'll call you if I'm delayed much beyond that."

So she took Mary Brown to lunch in the restaurant. Mary didn't eat much. But gradually her shyness wore off and she began to talk about herself. She explained gravely that she was going to be an actress when she grew up, and Jane remembered the long, shrunken talk of Jack Dorman at 24 Mystic Place. Right now she was going to Miss French's School on East Sixty-seventh Street. It was a private school. Very nice, but they didn't do much acting . . .

Mary's father, Jane gathered from the chatter, was a very wonderful man. An important one, too. Atlantic Synthetics, Inc., where he worked, relied on him for many important decisions.

"Do you live in the country, Mary?"

Not right now she didn't, Mary said. But they were going to move to the country some day, and first thing when they got there she was going to get a cat.

"A white one with a red collar?" Jane asked.

"Yes!" She peered up at Jane. "How did you know?"

Jane explained she thought they were the very best kind to have, which made Mary lose her last symptoms of shyness. She told about the one she'd had once called Snowflake.

Jane stretched lunch as long as she could. But with Mary declining food it couldn't be stretched beyond forty minutes. And eventually even the fascinating subject of white cats ran out.

After a prolonged, uncomfortable silence Mary said, "I wonder what's keeping Daddy?"

"Business, I suppose. You see, Mr. Kerrigan is very interested in synthetics."

"Is he?" Mary asked, and fidgeted uneasily.

Then Kerrigan was coming toward them accompanied by a stranger, a tall, slim, greying man with a friendly smile.

"Where's Daddy?" Mary asked.

"Just outside in a car, Mary, waiting for you. And this is Mr. Robertson, who is going with you. Jim, this is Mr. Brown's little girl Mary. And my partner Miss Boardman."

Robertson said, "Hello, Mary." He shook hands with Jane, murmuring, "Nice job of work, Miss Boardman. Very nice." He turned his gaze back to Mary. "Let's go, Mary. Your father's waiting."

They walked out of the restaurant. A sleek black limousine with a uniformed driver stood at the kerb. David Brown was in the back seat with another man. Robertson put Mary in the back seat with her father, and before getting in front with the chauffeur he shook hands with Kerrigan. "Glad to see you back, Frank." The black limousine drove away.

"Who was that?" Jane asked.

"Robertson? One of the District Attorney's men. He worked on the Mystic Place angle, too."

"They're not arresting Brown, are they?"

"No. He's agreed to testify. He didn't have much choice. Either he had to agree to that or go to jail as a material witness. That would have meant he'd be separated from Mary. As I said, he didn't have much choice. This way they'll put him and Mary in a good hotel and keep them hidden until he's called to the stand. He'll make a wonderful witness. He knows a lot, and he's honest, intelligent, accurate." He spoke without enthusiasm.

"What happened at headquarters?"

"Come back with me and I'll tell you about it while I have a sandwich."

She had another cup of coffee while he ate and talked. They were very happy about it at the

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"Hello, baby sitter!"



"Fred will be mighty sorry he missed you, Miss Vogle."

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

* CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

First Division — everybody. Yelanski and MacAllister sent their regards — and thanks.

Brown, of course, had tried to beg off at first from testifying. He had an important job now as controller for Atlantic Synthetics, a very large firm that apparently thought a great deal of him. But he'd come around without too much of a fight. He knew a great deal about the Reddys, and when he started to talk he told it all — names, places, amounts, dates.

"He didn't change his name," Kerrigan said. "With a name like that, he didn't have to. But he deliberately disappeared — or at any rate, he changed jobs and moved in such a way that he didn't think he could be traced. He did a good job of it, too. If he hadn't had Mary, I think he might have got away with it. But he couldn't think of abandoning her. She was all he had."

He finished his sandwich, lit a cigarette, and brooded over his coffee.

"After the trial," Jane said, "he'll go free, of course."

Sure, Kerrigan said. They had nothing against him.

Would the Reddys, she wanted to know, try to do anything to him after the trial?

"Who knows?" he said, and shrugged. "He'll have police protection for a while after the trial, but then he can disappear again. That's probably his best bet."

He couldn't leave his job at Atlantic Synthetics, Jane said.

"He can't stay there — not in New York, anyway," he said.

KERRIGAN glanced at her quickly. "This is very hush-hush. One of Atlantic's top executives came right down when Brown telephoned his office to explain why he wouldn't be back. I gather the Atlantic people think a great deal of our David Brown. When the executive heard the situation, he said they had several branch offices in Europe. He asked me if I didn't think Brown would be better off over there after the trial. At least for a while. I said I thought so, very much."

She digested this. David Brown was at least forty-five, she thought. It wouldn't be easy for him to change his entire life. But after the publicity at the trial he and Mary wouldn't be safe. Not here, anyway.

There was something deeply wrong, she thought, in running a man to earth because he had a daughter who was ill. It didn't fit in at all with her preconceived notions of police work. For that matter, nothing that had happened this week had fitted those notions. She had worked on her first important criminal case — but she hadn't even met a criminal. Mostly she had met kind, helpful people. And finally she and Kerrigan had come smashing into the quiet lives of David and Mary Brown and left them a shambles.

"You taste them too?" Kerrigan asked suddenly.

"Taste what?"

"Ashes in the mouth."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 26, 1967



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L.S.G.

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LAST KNOWN ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

She drew a deep breath. "I've been swallowing them ever since we caught up with the Browns at the cab."

"Well, that's how it is. In this game you don't get many happy endings. But a lot of other people are happy — Yelanski, MacAllister, Graham, Robertson, and a good many we'll never know about. So try not to feel bad."

She tried, but she felt bad anyway.

Yelanski and MacAllister were leaving the Inspector's office when the uniformed receptionist told Jane to go in.

"We'll wait for you," MacAllister said.

Inside, the white-haired, blue-

eyed man shook her hand and said it was a pleasure. He gave her a little talk — which, she told herself, he had probably given a thousand times before. But it was a good talk.

He recalled that when he was young, policemen were promoted to detectives because they stopped a runaway horse, or shot it out with bandits, or performed some other act of physical courage.

"Very often they were excellent uniformed officers — and very bad detectives," he said. "Detectives nowadays should have brains. Well, you've proved you have some."

And it was a pleasure, he said, to inform her that she was now

a detective, second grade. It wasn't often, he said, that a police-woman made detective so soon after moving out of the grade of probationer, and he was sure she deserved it.

"Actually," she said, "it was Sergeant Kerrigan who did all the work. He was the one who—"

Inspector Arnold didn't seem to hear her. He said he hoped to hear that she would make first grade, and talked about the traditions of the Detective Division. If she found anything wrong, he said, he would be glad to hear from her. His door was open at all times to detectives.

She said, "About Sergeant Kerrigan. I want —"

The Inspector stood up, smiled at her and held out his hand. "Goodbye, Miss Boardman. It

was a pleasure meeting you."

MacAllister and Yelanski met her in the hallway and escorted her out of the building. They took her to a famous old restaurant two blocks away and insisted that she have a drink. No matter that it was too early, they argued — it was traditional.

"I made first grade," MacAllister said, grinning. He said he could certainly use the money, with two kids now and another on the way. He nodded toward Yelanski. "Call him Sergeant now," he said.

"It's Acting Sergeant," Yelanski said, disparagingly.

The drinks were tall and cool. When the talk died for a moment, Jane asked, "What is Frank getting out of it, do you know?"

"They decided that it was too soon to let him out of the doghouse," MacAllister explained. "Seems he got into a mess while he was Acting Lieutenant of Detectives. Oh, a great cop, no doubt about it—but a little too quick with his fists, and his gun, too. Beat up the wrong citizen once—some guy whose father was a lawyer—and then — Well, of course, that's the gossip. Too bad."

"I don't believe it," Jane said. "I heard that story, too, but I don't believe it. After all, I've worked with him for months. I tried to tell Inspector Arnold that he was really the one who figured out this case."

That, said Yelanski, was carrying coals to Newcastle. "Arnold knows Frank's worth much better than you do."

"By the way," MacAllister said. "I never did get it straight just how you finally got Brown. At his doctor's office, I hear. But how did you find his doctor?"

"We found it on a prescription at the nearest drugstore to 24 Mystic Place."

"As simple as that!" MacAllister made a chucking noise. "Now, why didn't we think of that, Sam? Say, will you wait a few minutes? I promised to phone my wife if I got a promotion. Excuse me." He went off toward the telephone booth.

AS simple as that, Jane thought ruefully.

"Don't mind him, Jane," Yelanski said. "He's never worked with Kerrigan. I know it wasn't simple. Tell me about it."

She told him some of it. Three times, when she described how Frank saw one of his precious "leads"—when she could see nothing except useless work—he nodded and said, "That's Frank all right. Hasn't changed a bit."

At the end she tried to tell him why she just didn't believe the gossip about Kerrigan, but Yelanski stopped her. "I know," he said. "I even know how it started. Maybe he'll tell you himself some day—but I doubt it. He has a stubborn sort of pride. But I'll tell you something if you'll promise to keep it quiet."

She promised. Robertson, from the District Attorney's office, had been talking to him, he said. Robertson had asked if he thought Kerrigan would be agreeable to an assignment in the DA's office as Acting Lieutenant of Detectives. Yelanski had said he thought Frank would like that very much. Robertson had said, well, the DA would like it very much, too.

"It's in the works now," Yelanski said. "But very much on the q.t."

MacAllister came back then, and they broke off the conversation. Jane stood up and said she really had to go.

"Why?" asked MacAllister.

"You're off today, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I want to stop in at Special Service for a while."

"Of course," MacAllister said.

"To clean out your desk."

She didn't have anything in her desk. But she said, after a moment of hesitation, "That's right."

Yelanski understood. His friendly brown eyes behind the thick lenses smiled at her. "Give Frank my regards, Jane," he said. "If you see him, that is."

"I'll do that," she said.

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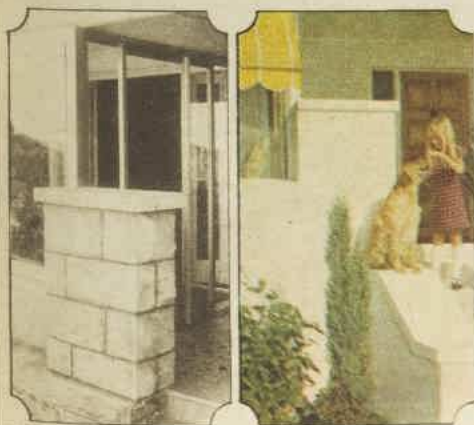
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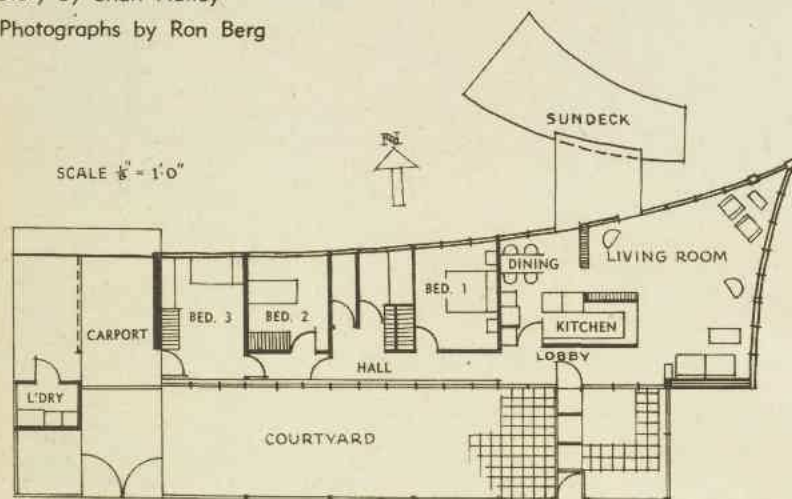


HOUSE of the WEEK

Story by Shan Hailey

Photographs by Ron Berg

Shown above is the magnificent view from the living-room of Dr. and Mrs. Ben Goodman's home at Middle Cove, N.S.W. Below is more of the living-room; a black wall displays a painting by Eric Smith, specially commissioned for the house.



Kitchen is centrally placed for ease of access and to enable Mrs. Goodman to participate in conversations in the living-room while preparing meals. By sink are panels of bath glass (not shown) for privacy.



D.R. and MRS. BEN GOODMAN have lived for nine years in their present home at Middle Cove, N.S.W., and they're still just as thrilled and happy with it as when they moved in. The house was designed for them by architect Neville Gruzman—the Goodmans merely presented him with a set of problems and a site whose best view was to the east and asked him to cope.

There is an extensive use of glass, especially in the living-room, exposed brick walls, and a fair amount of dark-stained structural timber—such wood had previously been used only rarely in Australia, except in the mock Tudor houses of 50 years or so ago. All the panels on the exterior of the north side of the building are copper-faced; this is actually a plywood material, sheeted on one side with aluminium and on the other with copper.

Ceilings are of fibrous plaster, and most floors are of tallowood. The main timber columns that go down to the ground are set on white-ant-proof stools which are in turn set on cylindrical concrete footings.

"When the house was built nine years ago," said Mrs. Goodman, "it created an absolute furore and for ages people used to come and gape and comment on the strangely shaped roof and all the glass. It's interesting, too, that this house, which was so advanced then, should still look so ten years after it was designed."

The architect's intention was to relate the house to the surrounding bush (a reserve). This has been achieved in, for example, the mullions round the living-room, which echo the tall gums, and in the fine gravel overlay (on four layers of asbestos felt) on the roof. The three-dimensional nature of space was also taken into account, and for this reason the walls and the roof all follow the same kind of curve.

The Goodmans had asked for a single-pitch roof, and the curving form was dreamed up by Mr. Gruzman as he toyed with a paper table-napkin one morning in a coffee shop.

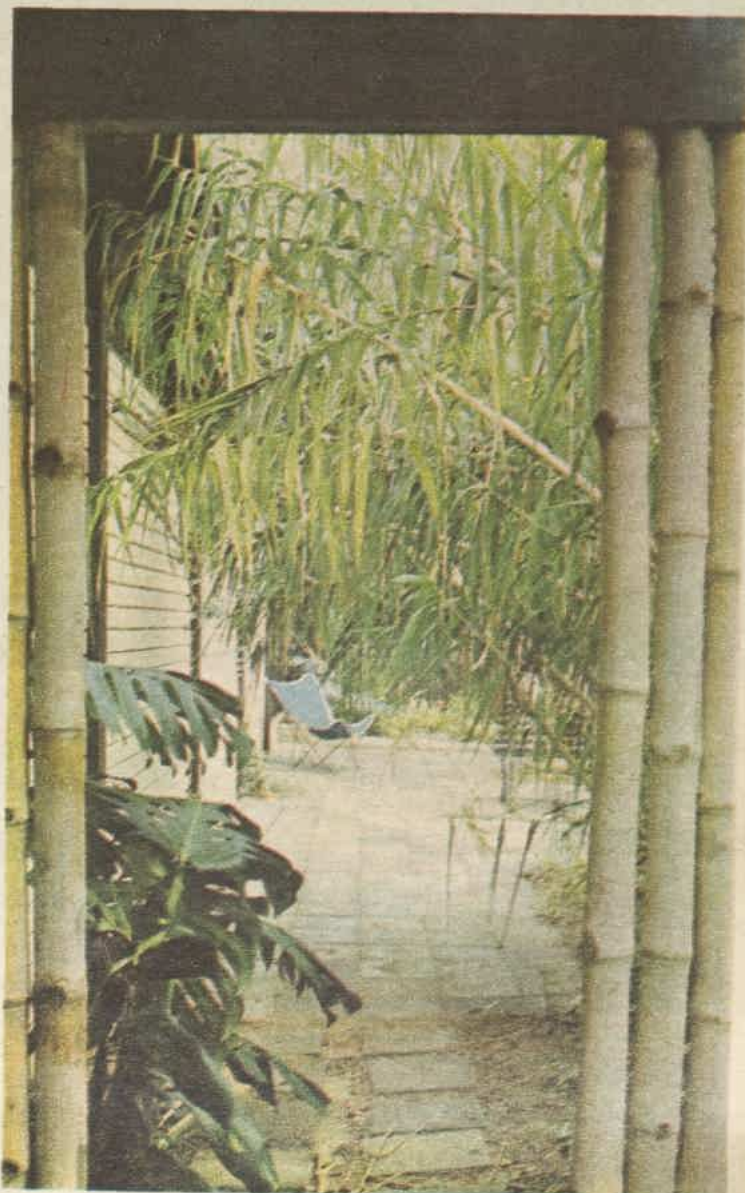
The kitchen was placed in the centre of the house. Mrs. Goodman wanted it located there so she could easily bring in the shopping, have access to the dining area, and also be able to join in conversations taking place in the living area. She was extremely pleased with the way it turned out, and says now, if given the opportunity, she wouldn't, in spite of the lack of space, change either the size or position of this room.



The long sweeping curve of the north face of the house, and the "floating" decks. Extensive use of glass can be seen from this angle, as can the unusual shape of the roof. Note copper-faced panels.



Ten-year-old Romaine's room. The Goodmans' other daughter, five-year-old Jordana, has a room on the other side of a dividing row of cupboards, the backs of which can be seen at left of the picture.



Tall bamboo posts are part of the carport, and the view through them here is of the south face of the house, in which is the front entrance. Charming paved court is studded with lush green plants.



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2. Pour mixture back in the container supplied.



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Now you can bake a scrumptious nut roll with so little trouble. Just mix the ingredients . . . pour the mixture back . . . and bake it in the container. No baking tin required. No greasing. Takes only minutes to prepare. And then . . . taste it! Ummm. Would you believe this kind of rich, moist, family size nut roll could be made so easily. Delicious fruity flavour—tantalising aroma—scrumptious! There's Betty Sydney Ginger and Nut or Date and Walnut Roll Mixes in the new "cook-in" containers at your store now. Try one. It's the most delicious new idea in home baking!



When it comes from the pack with the Red Spoon—it's best!



● LOW COST MEALS FOR FOUR

- A four-page feature giving menus planned to help the housewife's budget. There are attractive main dishes and desserts for one week — and all are inexpensive, delicious.



ORANGE-LEMON CREAM, a colorful, fresh-tasting dessert topped with orange segments, costs about 23 cents. See recipe, Sunday's menu.

IT'S not easy to plan meals that are nutritious, interesting, good to eat, and within the family budget. The seven menus in this cookery feature will help.

The cost of each dish is given at the end of its recipe, and was assessed at the prices ruling when this feature was prepared. Prices may vary a little in each State.

All ingredients have been included in the costing, with the exception of oil for deep frying, which can be used more than once.

Many of the dishes possibly will cost less than the amount we have stated if you take advantage of weekly specials when you are shopping. And it's economical to buy fresh green vegetables when they are at the peak of their season and, therefore, cheapest.

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

MONDAY

Goulash with Noodles
Apple Delight

GOULASH WITH NOODLES

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1½ lb. chuck steak | 1 stock cube |
| 2 onions | salt and pepper |
| 2 tablespoons margarine | ½ pkt. wide noodles |
| 1 tablespoon paprika | parsley |
| 1 pint water | |

Cut steak into large cubes, removing all fat. Melt margarine, add meat and chopped onions, brown well; stir in paprika. Add water and crumbled stock cube. Bring to boil, then reduce heat, and cook gently, covered, 1½ to 2 hours, until meat is tender; thicken, if necessary.

Serve with hot, cooked noodles into which a generous amount of chopped fresh parsley has been mixed.
Cost: 92 cents.

From
our
Leila
Howard
Test
Kitchen

SCOTCH MUTTON PIES have a golden crust, rich gravy. Serve with potatoes and a fresh green vegetable. See recipe in Tuesday's menu at right.

APPLE DELIGHT

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 4 apples | ½ cup sugar |
| 1 tablespoon butter | ¼ teaspoon cinnamon |
| 1 tablespoon water | 1 teaspoon plain flour |

TOPPING

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 eggs, separated | ½ cup sugar |
| 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind | 1 tablespoon milk |
| | 1 dessertspoon plain flour |

Peel, core, and slice the apples. Place in saucepan with the water and butter. Combine the sugar, flour and cinnamon, add to apples in saucepan. Cover and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until tender.

Place apples in a greased oven-proof dish. Pour over topping. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, until golden brown. Serve with custard if desired.

Topping: Beat egg-yolks until light. Gradually add sugar, beating until thick. Blend in flour, lemon rind, and milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold into egg-yolk mixture.

Cost: 35 cents.

TUESDAY

Scotch Mutton Pies
Lemon Saucy Pudding

SCOTCH MUTTON PIES

PASTRY

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups plain flour | ½ pint water |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 2oz. beef dripping |

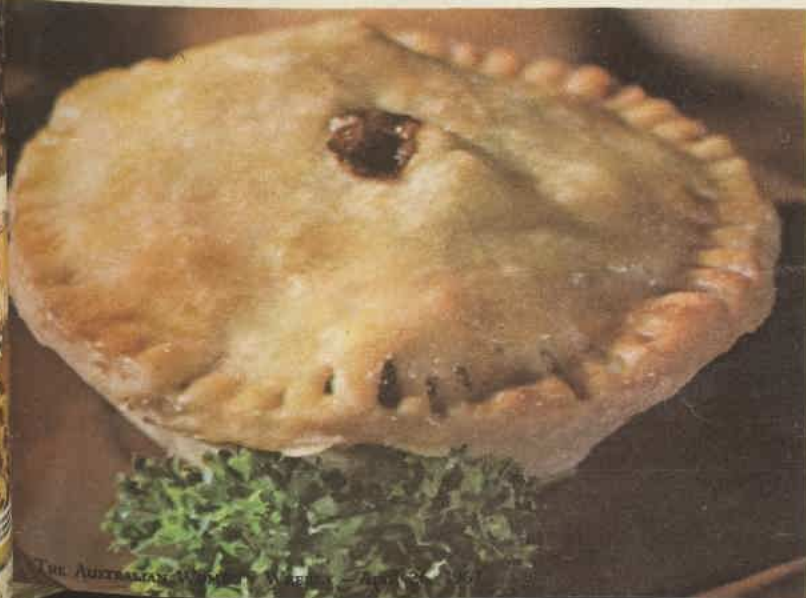
FILLING

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1½ lb. lean mutton | pinch ground nutmeg |
| 2 medium-sized onions | 1½-2 cups water |
| salt and pepper | oil |

Pastry: Sift flour and salt into basin. Place water and dripping in saucepan. Heat gently to melt dripping. Pour hot liquid into well in centre of flour. Mix with knife to begin with; when cool enough, use hands. Knead on lightly floured board until free of cracks. Put aside 1-3rd of pastry to keep warm; divide remainder into 8 pieces. Roll these out, line 8 small or 4 large pie tins. Fill cases with meat filling. Cut rounds from reserved pastry to form lids. Wet the edges, place over pies, seal by pressing firmly together. Trim round with pair of scissors, flute edges, make hole in centre of each. Brush with milk. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes; remove from tins, bake further 5 minutes on baking tray. Fill with little hot gravy. Serve very hot with mashed potatoes and fresh green beans.

Filling: Remove skin, bone, and gristle from mutton. Cut into very small pieces. Finely chop onions. Heat little oil in saucepan, add meat, onion, and seasonings. Allow to brown; add water, cook gently 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Strain liquid from meat and reserve; cool. Thicken reserved liquid to gravy consistency with little

Continued overleaf



Scotch Mutton Pies ... continued
blended flour and water; cook until thickened. Divide meat over pie shells, spoon over about 1 tablespoon gravy; reserve remaining gravy for adding later. Place pastry tops in position, bake as above.

Cost: 55 cents (plus 20 cents for accompanying potatoes and a green vegetable).

LEMON SAUCY PUDDING

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter

juice and rind 1 lemon
2 eggs
1 tablespoon self-raising flour
pinch salt 1½ cups milk

Mix together the sugar, butter, lemon rind and juice. Separate eggs, add yolks to mixture, beat until creamy. Add flour and salt. Carefully stir in the milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Pour into deep oven-proof dish, stand in shallow dish of water. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Cost: 28 cents.

WEDNESDAY

Savory Beef with Potato Dumplings

Golden Puffs With Chocolate Sauce

SAVORY BEEF

1½ lb. chuck steak
1 tablespoon plain flour
2 tablespoons oil

2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon thyme
1 bayleaf
2 tomatoes
2 cups water
1 stock cube
3 small carrots
4 small, whole onions
4 sticks celery
1 dessertspoon soy sauce
parsley

Wash and dry vegetables. Peel and quarter tomatoes. Chop car-

rots and celery into large diagonal slices; peel onions.

Chop meat into 1½ in. cubes, remove fat. Dust meat lightly with flour. Brown on all sides in the hot oil in large saucepan. Add salt, pepper, sugar, thyme, bayleaf, tomatoes, soy sauce, crumbled stock cube, and water. Cover, simmer over low heat until meat is almost tender (approximately 1½ hours), stirring occasionally. Add prepared vegetables, cover, cook 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Sprinkle generously with chopped parsley. Serve with Potato Dumplings.

Cost: 95 cents.

POTATO DUMPLINGS

2 medium-sized potatoes
1 tablespoon plain flour
1 teaspoon salt
1-8th teaspoon pepper
1-8th teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg
½ cup plain flour, extra
1 beef stock cube
boiling water

Peel and wash the potatoes, chop roughly. Place in saucepan, add enough cold water to cover, and pinch of salt. Cook until tender, strain, then mash to a pulp, cool. Add 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Beat egg, stir in thoroughly. Work in sifted flour to make medium-stiff dough, beat well. Break off small pieces, roll into balls with floured hands. Drop into large amount of gently boiling water in which the stock cube has been dissolved. Cook, covered, approximately 20 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve immediately.

Dumplings cost: 20 cents.

If desired, some finely chopped parsley can be added to the dumplings. Or saute 1 finely chopped onion in a little margarine until transparent, remove from pan, cool. Add to the dumpling mixture before beating in the egg.

GOLDEN PUFFS WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

PUFFS

2½ cups self-raising flour
1 dessertspoon sugar
pinch salt
1½ cups hot water
oil for frying

SAUCE

1 cup milk
1 cup water
3 tablespoons custard powder
3 dessertspoons drinking chocolate
2 tablespoons sugar

Golden Puffs: Sift flour and salt into basin, add sugar. Make well in centre. Gradually add hot water (not boiling), to make a thick batter. Mix until smooth.

Heat 1 in. oil in large frying pan. Drop batter into hot oil by dessertspoonsful. Cook until puffs become golden brown, turning frequently. Drain on absorbent paper, roll in castor sugar while still hot.

Serve hot, with hot chocolate sauce spooned over puffs, or serve sauce in small individual mugs. Sugared puffs can be "dunked" in the hot chocolate sauce.

Sauce: Place milk, water, and sugar in saucepan. Stir over medium heat until sugar has dissolved. Blend custard powder and drinking chocolate with a little cold water until smooth. Add to hot milk gradually, stirring constantly. Continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens.

Cost: 18 cents.



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THURSDAY

Curried Lamb Chops Apple Caramel Roll

CURRIED LAMB CHOPS

2lb. lamb neck chops
2 tablespoons margarine
2 onions
1 dessertspoon curry powder
(or more, to taste)
1 dessertspoon flour
1 pint water
1 stock cube
1 bayleaf
salt and pepper
parsley

Melt margarine, add chops and chopped onions, brown well; stir in flour and curry powder and cook few minutes. Gradually stir in water and crumbled stock cube; add bayleaf. Bring to boil, stirring; reduce heat and cook gently, covered, until chops are tender (about 1½ hours). Season to taste. Remove bayleaf, mix in finely chopped parsley.

Serve with hot rice, sliced carrots and a green vegetable.

Cost: 77 cents (plus 25 cents for accompaniments; ½lb. rice, 1lb. carrots, green vegetable).

APPLE CARAMEL ROLL

1½ cups self-raising flour
3oz. margarine
pinch salt
juice ½ lemon
¼ cup water

FILLING

2 cooking apples
grated rind ½ lemon
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

SYRUP

¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 tablespoons margarine
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Rub in margarine until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add lemon juice and water to make dry dough. Place dough on lightly floured board, roll into oblong shape approximately 10in. x 12in. Peel apples and grate over pastry, sprinkle with lemon rind, sugar, and cinnamon. Brush pastry edges with water, roll lengthwise, secure ends. Place in greased ovenproof dish, pour boiling caramel sauce over the roll. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

Syrup: Place all ingredients into saucepan. Stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Boil 2 minutes without stirring.

Cost: 32 cents (plus cost of custard).

FRIDAY

Salmon Rissoles Caramel Dumplings with Cream

SALMON RISSOLES

1 large can pink salmon
1½ cups freshly mashed potato
1 teaspoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon curry powder
1 egg-yolk
salt, pepper
egg-glazing
fine breadcrumbs
oil for frying

Flake salmon, combine with potato, onion, curry powder, beaten egg-yolk, salt, pepper. Shape into rissoles; dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs. Refrigerate 1 hour. Shallow fry in hot oil; drain well. Serve hot with coleslaw.

Use remaining egg-white to make meringues for afternoon tea the following day.

Cost: 54 cents.

COLESLAW

1 small cabbage
4 tablespoons vinegar
1 dessertspoon sugar 1 carrot
salt, pepper ½ cup mayonnaise
Shred washed cabbage very finely. Combine vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper, place in salad bowl. Add shredded cabbage, let stand 1 hour. Add grated carrot, toss lightly. Mix in mayonnaise.

It may be necessary to add a little more mayonnaise, depending on size of cabbage.

Cost: 25 cents.

CARAMEL DUMPLINGS SAUCE

1 tablespoon margarine
1½ cups firmly packed brown sugar
1½ cups water
pinch salt

DUMPLINGS

1½ cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
1-3rd cup sugar
1 tablespoon margarine
1-3rd cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place all sauce ingredients into

large saucepan. Stir constantly until boiling. Remove from heat.

Dumplings: Sift together flour and salt into mixing bowl. Rub in margarine, add sugar. Add vanilla with milk gradually. Mix together to form a soft dough.

Heat sauce again to boiling. Drop dough by tablespoonsful into simmering sauce. Cover tightly; simmer 20 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Cost: 34 cents (cost includes ½ pint cream).

Continued overleaf

COCONUT MERINGUES

If you have an egg-white over (as in Salmon Rissoles, this page), use it for meringues.

Beat 1 egg-white until stiff, beat in 1 cup castor sugar gradually; beat 2 to 3 minutes longer. Add 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 2 tablespoons boiling water, beat until thick. Fold in 1 teaspoon baking powder, then ½ cup coconut. Spoon small quantities on to lightly greased baking tray. Bake in slow oven 1 hour.



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SATURDAY

Beef Minestrone

Vanilla Cream Tart

BEEF MINISTRONE

- 1 lb. chuck steak
- 2 chopped onions
- 2 skinned tomatoes
- 2 chopped sticks celery

- 1 cup peas
- 1 cup chopped beans
- 1 small sliced carrot
- salt and pepper
- 1 1/2 pints water
- 1 stock cube
- 1 tablespoon oil

Trim meat, cut into 1-in. squares. Brown meat and onions in hot oil. Add tomatoes, simmer 5 minutes. Add cold water, crumbled stock cube and seasoning to taste. Bring to boil, skim well. Reduce heat, cover, cook gently 1 hour. Add prepared

vegetables, cook further 30 minutes or until tender. Some cooked macaroni can be added.

Cost: 73 cents.

VANILLA CREAM TART

PASTRY

- 1 1/2 cups plain flour
- pinch salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 dessertspoon castor sugar
- 1 beaten egg-yolk
- 3oz. margarine
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons milk

FILLING

- 1 dessertspoon plain flour
- 1 dessertspoon cornflour
- 1 pint milk
- 3 dessertspoons sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and baking powder into bowl. Add sugar, rub in margarine until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Combine beaten egg-yolk, vanilla and milk. Pour gradually on to flour mixture and blend until dough is soft and well mixed. Turn on

to a lightly floured board, roll out to 1/4 in. thickness. Fill top 9 in. pie plate. Chill while preparing filling.

Filling: Sift flour and cornflour, blend to paste with little of the milk. Add remaining milk and sugar. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool slightly. Separate eggs, stir beaten yolks into saucepan. Leave to cool, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Transfer filling to prepared pastry case. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately slow; bake further 45 to 50 minutes or until filling has set.

Cost: 37 cents.

SUNDAY

Veal with Mushrooms

Hot Golden Potatoes

Orange-Lemon Cream

VEAL WITH MUSHROOMS

- 2 tablespoons margarine
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 small chopped onion
- 1 lb. stewing veal
- 2 cups water
- 1 packet mushroom soup
- 1 bayleaf
- 1/2 teaspoon thyme
- 1 small carrot

seasoning

Melt the margarine in deep, thick-bottomed frying pan, stir in flour and chopped onion, cook until golden brown. Trim veal, cut into 1 in. pieces. Add veal to onions, brown well. Pour over the water, bring to boil, add packet mushroom soup, bayleaf and thyme, stir to combine ingredients. Reduce heat, cover, simmer gently, stirring frequently until meat is tender (approximately 1 hour), add sliced carrots, continue cooking 15 minutes until tender.

It is possible the package soup will give enough seasoning for this dish. However, taste and adjust seasoning if necessary.

Serve with hot golden potatoes.

Cost: 89 cents.

HOT GOLDEN POTATOES

- 1 lb. potatoes
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 3 tablespoons margarine

Peel, wash, and dice potatoes. Place in boiling salted water, cook 8 to 10 minutes. When tender but still firm, remove and strain. Sprinkle potatoes with paprika, fry gently in melted margarine until they become rich golden in color.

Cost: 21 cents.

ORANGE-LEMON CREAM

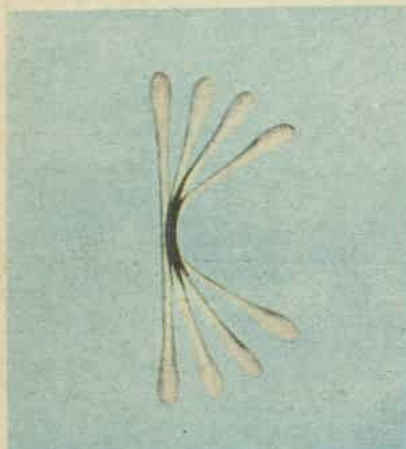
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 1 tablespoon plain flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- pinch salt
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- juice 2 large oranges
- juice 1 lemon
- orange segments

Mix together the gelatine, flour, sugar, and salt. Gradually stir in the cold water, then add boiling water, stirring until all ingredients have dissolved. Bring to boil, boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat, cool slightly, stir in orange and lemon juices. Beat 15 minutes until mixture becomes thick. Pour into individual serving dishes, chill until set. Before serving, decorate with orange segments.

Cost: 23 cents.

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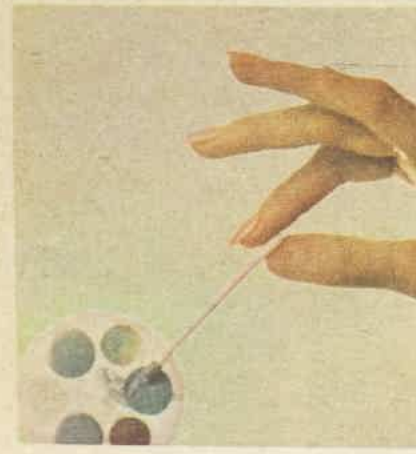
And they can clean a baby's ear.



Or a cut.



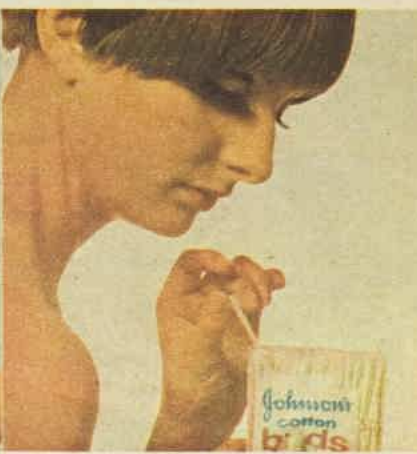
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Chicken dish wins

● A chicken dish that gains flavor from well-chosen seasonings wins our \$10 recipe prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for a colorful coleslaw and a delightfully moist steamed pudding.

SPICED CHICKEN

2.3lb. chicken
6-8 small, even-size potatoes
6-8 small, even-size onions
3oz. oil, butter, or substitute
1lb. tomatoes
1 tablespoon vinegar
1pt. cream
1 cup water

SEASONINGS

1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon turmeric
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 crushed clove garlic
1 tablespoon salt

Joint the chicken. Mix the seasonings with vinegar, rub into chicken pieces. Allow to stand 1 hour.

Heat oil in pan, brown the peeled potatoes, remove from pan, and then brown whole skinned onions, and remove. In remaining oil brown chicken pieces a few at a time. Return all chicken pieces to pan with the peeled, chopped tomatoes and water. Gently cook 15 minutes. Add onions and potatoes, simmer further 30 minutes or until tender. Add cream, heat gently; serve hot with rice.

Pork can be used instead of chicken if desired.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. T. S. Koshy, c/- Dr. T. S. Koshy, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Woodville, S.A.

COLESLAW

1 cabbage
2 carrots
3 green peppers
1 large onion
2 apples
small bunch parsley
6 tablespoons peanut oil
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 cup tomato sauce
salt and pepper

Shred cabbage finely, grate carrots and apples, slice peppers, chop onion and parsley. Toss

together. Mix together remaining ingredients for sauce, pour over slaw and toss. Set aside 2 hours or, if possible, overnight in refrigerator to allow time for flavors to blend. Serve.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to P. Sinclair, 5 Florey Cres., Springvale Nth., Vic.

WONDER PUDDING

1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1 cup milk
2 cups white breadcrumbs

2 cups mixed fruits
1 mashed banana
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk, add to remaining ingredients, mix well. Place mixture in 2½-pint pudding basin, steam 3 hours or until a skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Serve with custard.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Mrs. S. Cornelius, 10 Everest Place, Launceston, Tas.

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is an excellent
dish to make for
special occasions.



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Shown here are a few of the many different McCormick products. Note their smart, modern packaging. Look for them at the McCormick Department at your favourite food store.

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Home hints

● Readers win a prize of \$2 for each of these household hints.

SOME ball-point pen marks can't be removed from vinyl fabric with methylated spirit only. To get rid of these difficult stains mix equal parts of fullers earth and chloride of lime to a paste with methylated spirit, apply to area with a knife, and leave to dry. Wipe off with a damp cloth, then wash with wet cloth. If vinyl is left dull, apply glycerine with cottonwool. For extra stubborn marks repeat procedure. — Mrs. G. Ryan, Powlett St., Kilmore, Vic.

To remove bones from fish use a pair of tweezers. Bones come away quickly and easily without flesh being torn. — Mrs. B. Davies, 68 Bent St., Toowong, Brisbane.

When knitting a wool pull-over or cardigan, knit cotton sewing thread in with wool for the first two rows of ribbing. This will keep the welt firm and prevent stretching. — B. Motum, 262 Esplanade, Speers Point, N.S.W.

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Lifesavers' fare deal?

It has been announced that surf lifesavers are to be covered by insurance. But should they have to pay the cost of transport to save lives while risking their own? If they do not hitchhike to the beach, they must spend money on petrol or bus fares. This can be very expensive to junior lifesavers, who can live as far as 90 miles away from the beach. What about some more Government help here?

—M. BOWERMAN, Ashgrove, Qld.

Model ideas

PEOPLE reaching the top in show business or modelling seem to be getting more ridiculous. For example, Twiggy, the model. Who could get an idea of what clothes would suit them after seeing them displayed on Twiggy? She would be about the only one in the world with such vital statistics. In my opinion a top-ranking model should be beautiful, with a faultless figure. If this were the case, there would be fewer models, but they would all be top quality. — "Anti-Twiggy Fan," Wyalkatchem, W.A.

In due course

AFTER five years at high school, I couldn't bear the thought of university. But after 12 months of intellectual freedom — utterly boring! — I've buried myself in tech. courses. These include Introductory Psychology, Interior Decorating, Practical Art — and I'm contemplating a sewing or cooking course. The study I thought I couldn't bear has proved necessary to keep me interested and abreast with the times. — L.K.C., Killara, N.S.W.

Lengthy protest

WHAT kind of society is it that expresses prejudice by frowning at long-hairs as though they were different or inferior? What kind of high school is it that proclaims independence as a quality in prefects yet suppresses independent hair-styles? What kind of headmaster is it who allows 98 percent of his students to wear their hair as they wish but who openly shows his prejudice of the long-haired two percent minority? He

TOP FORM

Last year we had a terrific English teacher. Every lesson we would put our desks round in a circle and have a discussion. The teacher acted like one of the pupils. Shy students who rarely said anything expressed their opinions like everyone else. You didn't have to put your hand up before speaking — you just went ahead and spoke. It was the most profitable year of English I have done. Because there were people of many different religions in our form, we all learned about religions other than our own. — A. Halasz, East St. Kilda, Vic.



LETTERS

False image

HOW many fans have had a really good look at today's pop idols? When one Australian star visited Adelaide, halfway through the performance he became very hot, and his make-up ran down his white polo-necked sweater. He also wore mascara and his hair was plastered with spray. I can imagine these stars wanting to hide a few blemishes, but having make-up packed on is ridiculous. They should leave cosmetics to the girls. We want to see them as they are, not falsely made-up. — Judith Irvine, Warradale, S.A.

In verse

I'D like to be In with the In crowd,
But the In people never are in;
And there seems to be doubt
Where they go when they're out,
So an Out person just cannot win.
— D.B., Lithgow, N.S.W.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Nice arms an asset

LOTS of stocky girls have pretty arms — rounded but not fat. If you happen to be one of these, plan to buy a dark sleeveless dress with V-topped armholes to lengthen your shoulder curve.

If you have long, thin — but attractive — arms, choose a round or tiny capped armhole and wear gloves that reach just above the wrist-bone.

It's a neat trick to have your arms treated to remove superfluous hair and, if need be, plan to do something constructive about rough elbows.

Cake make-up is a way to conceal freckles on the arms — though I think it a pity, as a light scatter of freckles looks rather attractive to those who haven't any. Pick a shade dark enough to camouflage the freckles, but don't choose a solid suntan shade if your face, neck, and shoulders are going to be pink and white.

To make the most of nice arms, try not to hold them tensely angled at the elbow. Instead, let them fall, relaxed in their own long curves for a better all-over look.

However, if your arms are frankly not the best part of you, cover them, and go on to another curve. — Carolyn Earle

tain a family or pay rent, youth has no commitments. But it does have its own problems of a different sort. — S. Harvey, North Beach, W.A.

Many blessings

DO we ever think how lucky we are to live in this country? We don't have splendid monuments like the Arc de Triomphe, but then there are no earthquakes or hurricanes that kill hundreds, either. We don't need to wonder if we will be fed tomorrow, like the children of India, and parents don't have to watch their children die of hunger. Everyone has a certain amount of education. We have no foreign powers telling us what to do and when to do it. I don't think I will ever want to live in any other country than Australia. — Eileen King, Box Hill, Vic.

HOW I detest it when relatives gather round and crow, "How you've grown," "I can remember when I bounced you on my knee," or "What a pity your hair is going dark." Think how shocked these relatives and elderly family friends would be if I followed their example, and answered, "You're shrinking in your old age." "I can remember you when there was hardly a wrinkle on your face," or "What a shame your hair has turned white so quickly." — Martene Quinn, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

Don't play second fiddle!

"I AM a girl of 15 and have a friend who is the same age. She has a boyfriend who saved up all year to come down to see her — he lives in the country — and when he got here she said she had lost her fancy for him, and refused to see him because she had to wash her hair to go out with another boy. I have always liked him, and I was wondering if you think I should write to him." — "Undecided," W.A.

While I agree that your girlfriend treated this boy badly, I certainly do not advise you to write. The fact that he saved up all year to see your friend indicates he must like her a great deal. Surely you don't wish to be second-best in his life — perhaps even an instrument in helping him to find a way to this girl's heart?

Open your eyes

"I AM a 16-year-old girl who has a rather extra-



ordinary problem. For instance, I might have a crush on a boy for weeks, but as soon as he finds out and begins to like me I don't want him any more — in fact, I can't stand the sight of him. Could you please help me, as I would like to continue liking the boys I have crushes on?" — "Quicksand," N.S.W.

Let me put your mind at rest! Your problem is by no means "extraordinary." In fact, it's the old, old story of once you get what you want you don't want it! In the early stages of your crush you probably see qualities in the boy that do not exist, and when you discover he is just like anyone else it's more than you can bear.

Play it cool

"TWO years ago I was dating a boy, but because he began to gamble heavily at the races I gave him up. Since then he has moved away and I have been going steady with a boy I really love. Now my ex-boyfriend has returned and wants to continue as if nothing has happened. I have

told him that I don't want to have anything to do with him, but he sits back and ignores my plea. I am 19." — "Confused," Vic.

Unless this boy has some sort of emotional hold on you, you have nothing to worry about. Put up a cool, calm front and on no account let him see how much he's upsetting you. If you do, he will think he's winning. In any case, take your boyfriend into your confidence.

Change partners
"I HAVE just started dating a boy who is very popular among many girls, and, although he says he loves me, he teases me by making passes at other girls. He forbids me to talk to certain boys because they make passes at me, and if I ask him why he says that I should either give up talking to them or give him up." — "Help!" A.C.T.

Don't you think it's time you and your boyfriend decide whether you want just each other or whether you both want to play the field? Personally, I think the two of you would be happier playing the field until you are mature enough to be content with one partner.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

LUFF AND MARRIAGE

I must point out that the course of true love at sea doesn't always run smooth.

Luff isn't a many-splendored thing, you might say. Remember that tragic story of the girl whose romance went on the rocks because her hair wasn't neat? You know the one I mean — the Wreck of the Hair-sprays.

Of course, there is another aspect to the whole business. Perhaps boys who don't want shipmates to become permanent mates should be warned of the dangers.

But why should I care? After all, am I my brother's skipper?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 26, 1967



● Jump suits will be big news for winter in wool, corduroy, and vivid velvet. Karin Dusseldorp, left, wears her striking all-in-one suit with an original Pucci print silk scarf.

● Silk culottes are perfect all-season party gear, according to attractive Edwina Robertson, left, and Michel Wheeler. Flowing and feminine, culottes have become popular here.



● Striking wool culotte suit will be Maree Haslam's favorite outfit for winter parties. Check-design pants team beautifully with a tuck-in cheong-sam top and waist-whittling belt.



For teenagers

PARTY PANTS APLENTY

Story: Kerry Yates

Pictures: Bill Payne



● Gay gingham culottes are a popular part of Karina Ward's wardrobe. She wears them to casual parties and discotheques, and finds them cool and comfortable for go-go dancing.

THERE'S a party Saturday night—but what to wear? A quick survey shows teenagers favor pants—from tailored trouser suits to gay culottes.

In so many colors, styles, and fabrics the trend for party pants will move on from summer to winter.

Trouser suits, with loose slacks and long, waisted jackets, are most popular in orange, emerald, and purple wool, bright tartans, and printed corduroy.

Culottes carry through to winter in silks and cottons (who notices the cold after a few minutes of go-go?), while others invade the fashion scene in striking woollens.

The latest look in pants is the jump suit, jazzy all-in-one slacks and top. Some styles are so glamorous they can be worn with pearls and bows to dressy parties, while others are perfect for barbecues.

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STATE

W.R.C.

LOST CHORD

By FRANK QUINTON



Elizabeth was aware that Jim Buchman watched her as she worked in the bar.

THE eyes in the background were staring again. Dark, searching, melancholy ... and something more.

Elizabeth felt Jim Buchman's gaze following her between the tables at Galinski's Eating House. It was flustering.

Being a waitress in a London heatwave was trying enough without being sized up from the salad bar. She thumped a pot of tea down before an elderly couple, then apologised for her clumsiness.

Four more hours before the restaurant closed. Then home to a bedsitter where the pianist downstairs would be churning out Chopin. The nocturne that melts your heart — if you're a music lover.

But, tonight, her heart was not for melting. Tonight she would switch on the telly for the Friday play — and turn up the sound.

She had reached the salad bar again. Crossly, she hissed to Jim, the barman: "Can't you stop staring at me?"

He jumped. "I am sorry. I was not thinking." He spoke in a strange, shy voice.

A workman came across to them. "Here, look at this!" he said. He had been taking up some lino in a back room of the restaurant and uncovered a ten-year-old newspaper with pictures of the 1956 revolt in Hungary.

Jim almost snatched it from his hand, and began turning the pages. Pictures of street fighters, a blazing hospital, Russian tanks probing side streets, shooting up crowds in a brutal bid to crush the counter-revolution.

He studied it all intently. And somehow Elizabeth felt even more cross with him. "You are the little student of history today, aren't you?" she said. "Why so interested?"

He paused before answering. Then he said: "Perhaps, because I am from Hungary."

"What?"

"I lived in Budapest. I was in the revolt. My name is Ladislau Vajda."

"Why do you call yourself 'Jim Buchman,' then?"

The dark eyes flinched. "I tried for ten years to forget it all," he said.

"Is that where you got this?" She traced on her own cheek the long, twisted scar on his face.

"Yes," he said, and he seemed to look through her; a look of infinite sadness in his eyes.

"You lost someone?" she asked.

His continued silence was the only answer.

She changed the subject. "But you speak such perfect English."

He seemed pleased. "You think so?" he said. "But then I studied to be an English tutor."

Later, when the rest of the staff had gone and Elizabeth was locking up, she found him in an alcove with the old newspaper clutched in his hand.

"Oh, come on," she said. "Do cheer up!"

"Forgive me." Suddenly he took her hands in his. "Please, won't you sit down?"

Most of the lights were out. They were alone in the semi-darkness. She sat, and

he said: "You remind me of Vivienne. She had red hair, too."

He spoke softly, seemed about to continue, and then stopped, as if afraid of calling up too life-like a picture of a girl who was gone.

"Vivienne?"

"My wife," he said. "She died in the fighting in Budapest, the day after the Russians came. They took her body away before I got there. I never saw her again."

"I am sorry."

"Thank you." He took out a wallet and showed Elizabeth a photo of a pretty girl with large, serene eyes.

Slowly, she examined it. "What did you say your name was?"

"Vajda."

She gave him back the picture and said: "Some day you must tell me how you escaped to England."

He nodded. Then, quite suddenly, he laughed. "Do you know what I was going to do tomorrow? I was going to climb the Monument. It has 311 steps." He spread his hands. "You see, I am still a sightseer in London. Still a foreigner."

"I hate heights," said Elizabeth.

He grasped her hand encouragingly. "Will you come with me?"

Somehow she said: "All right, then." And when they got there next day it wasn't so bad. With every step, winding to the top of the Monument, Elizabeth grew less afraid.

At last they stepped out on to the wind-battered gallery, with its view across London, and she felt his arm round her shoulders.

"This is the first time I haven't felt scared," she said.

"Thank you for the compliment." His arm tightened.

It was true. With him she was unafraid. And not only that. She suddenly felt the strongest craving to kiss his scarred face.

More than once that day this feeling came over her, especially when they joked about leaving the restaurant where they worked and eloping on a banana boat.

At last she was free from him and the look in his eyes. She escaped back to her bedsitter — to the pianist in the room below and to Chopin.

But this time, as the first chord of the nocturne floated up to her, Elizabeth did not drown it with the telly. She sat there, let the melody reach into her heart — and knew it meant her love was lost.

Fiercely, she asked herself: "What do you want with Ladislau Vajda?" Even if he was a man who started off as a shark, and turned out to be a warm and wonderful island ...

Softly, expertly, the music keyed up her feelings. At last, she rose and went to the musician's flat. The pianist opened the door to her, and asked nervously: "I'm not playing too loudly, am I?"

Elizabeth said: "No. I have come to congratulate you, Mrs. Vajda. Both for your wonderful playing and — because I think I've found your missing husband."

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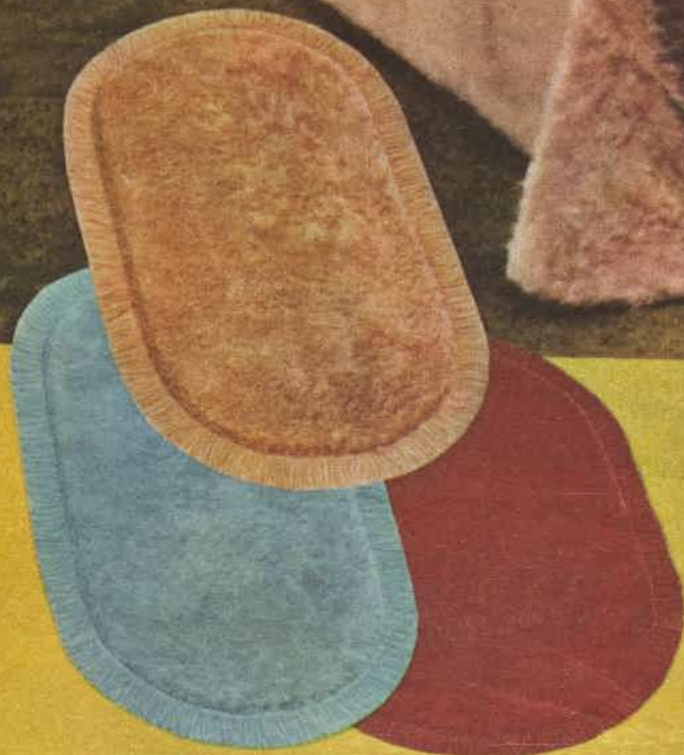
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THE RING

BY CHARLES C. O'CONNELL



As they stood outside the shop, John listened with attention to the Arab's words of wisdom.

THE Street of Sighs, lost in a warren of narrow cobbled ways, was in the very heart of the native quarter. It had a sad and bloody history which the Arab guide related to the boat party with obvious relish. His English was atrocious.

John Bolton, on the fringe of the group, marvelled at the lacerations of syntax. He had never suspected that a language could be so mutilated and still convey some sense. . . . According to the guide, a certain Sultan had butchered every maiden in the street because the inhabitants had conspired to keep him ignorant of his daughter's hiding place. She had run off with a Christian.

The guide went on to describe in detail how some of the unfortunate young women met their death, but the brutality of the word pictures was mellowed somewhat by his comical English. He succeeded, however, in investing the narrow street in a mantle of tragedy, and the contrast of brilliant sunshine and shadowed archways heightened its sinister atmosphere.

There were a few stalls in the shade offering dried fruits and roasted titbits. A few paces from the boat party an old woman squatting behind crooked pillars of assorted pots and vases seemed to have but a detached interest in her wares. Across the street a tall, patriarchal Arab standing outside the doorway of his shop captured Bolton's attention.

He seemed to be watching the boat party with mild curiosity, one hand lost among his white robes and the other gently stroking a full, luxuriant beard. A white turban covered his head and ears. Moses or Abraham would have looked like that, thought Bolton, or perhaps Solomon grown old and repentant. Impulsively, he left the boat party, still enjoying the gruesome history of the Street of Sighs, and walked toward the white figure. As he closed the short distance between them, the impression of sanctity or wisdom in the other was heightened rather than diminished. The skin of the old man was unusually light in color, the brow smooth, the nose straight with slightly flaring nostrils; but it was

the hand stroking the beard which commanded most of Bolton's attention.

On the middle finger was a ring, set with a ruby stone like a great drop of blood. Near the doorway a small timber plaque nailed to the wall spelt a legend in Arabic, a language Bolton did not know. But he pretended to study the inscription. For some reason he longed to engage the aged Arab in conversation and was on the point of trying his poor French when the bearded man said:

"Do you read Arabic?"

Bolton was more surprised by the cultured tones than the faultless English.

"Unfortunately, no. I was merely wondering what it said."

The Arab glanced fleetingly at the plaque.

"It is easy to translate but may be difficult for you to understand. Perhaps it would be easier to tell you that this house is an apothecary where medicine is dispensed for the human heart. Even that is misleading — for now, no doubt, you will consider us heart specialists. I use the word heart figuratively. We prescribe for unhappiness."

Bolton felt his interest wane. There was a world of difference between Solomon and a charlatan.

"Can happiness be bought, then?"

The old man stroked his beard. "There are many wealthy people who are unhappy. Therefore, it does not appear that happiness can be bought."

Bolton thought of his own misery and the circumstances which had brought it about.

"What does a bottle of your happiness elixir cost?"

He did not attempt to suppress the sarcasm in his voice.

"Happiness is not found in a bottle," said the Arab, unperturbed. "We can but show the way it may be attained. Nor is success always possible, for no man is happy unless he believes himself to be."

To page 80



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Page 79

Bolton noticed that the uniformed guide was waiting for him. He said "Thank you" rather stiffly to the Arab and rejoined his fellow passengers.

"Black magic man," said the guide. "No damn good."

"He sells happiness," said Bolton, preoccupied.

It was perhaps inevitable that in spite of his scepticism John Bolton should return to the Street of Sighs and this time alone. Unhappiness was and had been for some time his constant companion. It had prematurely whitened his hair at the temples and inscribed hard, indelible lines around his mouth and eyes. It had dulled his intellect and robbed him of his capacity and enthusiasm for work.

He who had considered the teaching profession a vocation now found it irksome and futile, a fact

that had become so obvious that the Dean had suggested in his kindly way a complete change of climate for a few weeks. In effect, unhappiness had driven him halfway round the world.

He had come alone, for surely to have brought Susan would have meant bringing the kernel of his misery with him. His wife was his problem just as, no doubt, he was hers. Freedom from their marriage, he felt, would mean happiness for both. But that was impossible under the circumstances. The realisation of this presented itself to him as he turned into the shadowed street, and almost drove him back to the boat.

THE RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

Yet no matter how hopeless his case might seem, or how great a charlatan the old happiness-dispenser was, Bolton knew that if he did not investigate his unusual medicine he would always wonder if he had missed the one workable solution.

The old Arab was not to be seen as Bolton stopped under the arched doorway. After the glare of the tropical sun he had to wait a while for his eyes to become accustomed to the gloom within. Gradually he noticed that the walls were lined with books, most of them ponderous tomes bound in leather and all stamped with the characteristics of great age.

A small circular table occupying the centre of a rug-covered floor had no adornment other than a small ivory box. Two chairs faced each other across the table's polished surface. Heavy beaded curtains sealed off what could be an inner room.

Even as he noticed these the curtains parted and the patriarchal Arab came out, a book in his right hand and a lean finger marking where he had been reading. His face showed no surprise.

"Good morning. Can I be of some assistance?"

"I met you yesterday," Bolton said, ill at ease and very conscious of it.

"Yes, I remember you perfectly. Will you take a seat?"

John Bolton sat down at the table feeling awkward, the pers-

piration on his forehead an embarrassing comment.

"I felt I had to see you. I have a problem."

"Which is making you unhappy?"

"Yes."

"You are certain the problem is related to your unhappiness?"

"Of course."

"You feel that the resolution of your problem would restore you to happiness?"

Bolton became impatient. "Naturally."

"Would you care to tell me what your problem is?"

"It isn't easy to tell. I wouldn't tell it at all, only you are a stranger and it is hardly likely that we will ever meet again."

The old man nodded his head, glanced at the page he had been marking and closed the cover. He sat down opposite the younger man.

Bolton told him about Susan. He described her exactly as he had seen her last: her pale oval face, hard and embittered, her habitual surliness, her slender attire. He mentioned how she shamed him before the other members of the faculty. He had always been willing to put his best face on things outside the home — at least to pretend that they were happy.

But she carried her unhappiness around with her like a large black handbag that could not be hidden away. Since both of them shared the same beliefs, divorce was an acceptable . . .

FROM THE BIBLE

● Don't do anything from selfish ambition, or from a cheap desire to boast; but be humble toward each other, never thinking you are better than others.

— Philippians 2: 3

(Today's English Version)

shade the heat seemed intolerable.

"Has it always been like this between yourself and your wife?" asked the Arab.

Bolton's memory stepped back over the shattered pieces of his life where the debris ended.

"No. Not always."

"At first you were happy?"

"Yes."

"What attracted you to your wife?"

Bolton thought hard. He was trying to remember. The effort was very great. It all seemed so long ago.

"We were young. We understood each other — laughed at the same things, I suppose. She was very lovely then."

"She is lovely no longer?"

Bolton thought of Susan's face again, trying to remember a vestige of the beauty that had once been there.

"She is no longer lovely."

The old man stroked his beard.

"When did you first notice that your wife was no longer beautiful?"

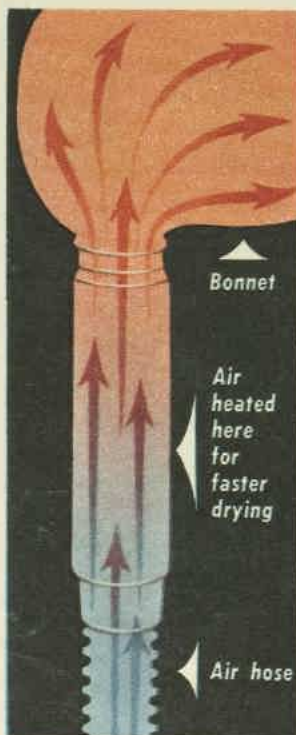
Bolton remembered perfectly. She had gone into the maternity hospital to have their child. She looked radiant. When next he saw her she was ashen, spent, and their son was dead. His body seemed to lie between them. The waxen mask clung to her even afterwards. She could never have any more children . . .

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THE RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

The patriarchal hand faltered for a moment.

"Would you have an early picture of yourself, sir?"

Bolton was taken aback. The contents of his pocketbook were spread before his mind. "I don't believe I have."

"Perhaps your passport photograph?"

Bolton produced his passport. It was four years old. The white face was almost unrecognisable as his own.

The Arab studied the picture for a moment.

"You have changed, too."

Bolton stirred in his chair. "Well, naturally. After all, it was taken four years ago."

"Is your wife with you now?"

"On this trip, oh, no." The question was laughable. "I came alone — for my health. You see, the Dean suggested — well, my absence will cause her no tears."

"Is there another man?"

"Of course not!" Bolton wished there were.

"And — forgive the question, but it sometimes happens — in your case is there another woman?"

Bolton shook his head. He was finished with women! He wanted freedom as a suffocating man wanted air.

"If your wife were beautiful again would it make a difference in your relationship?"

Bolton tried to imagine Susan beautiful. "It would help, I suppose, because then she would be like the girl I knew."

"Are you positive in your own mind that the happiness which you once shared cannot be retrieved?"

BOLTON hesitated.

His retrospective plunges had made it easier to remember Susan as she was. "I'm afraid not. I really can't see —"

"Are you certain," the Arab persisted, "that the happiness you knew is not lying around somewhere like a lost thing, unrecognisable because of the dust of pain and sorrow and disappointment that clings to it?"

Bolton lifted his shoulders. "I'm sure of nothing. All I know is that I am unhappy with Susan and she is unhappy with me. Neither of us is involved in an affair. We're simply prisoners — each of us at once prisoner and warder."

He told himself that he was a fool to have come to this place.

"You were happy with your wife once," said the Arab. "Has your idea of happiness changed?"

Bolton was beginning to grow irritable. "I don't know. I was happy making sand-castles as a boy. It would probably bore me now."

"You would, perhaps, enjoy making sand-castles for your son?"

"I have no son," said Bolton bitterly.

The old Arab came to his feet. "In your case there is little I can do by way of an immediate solution to your problem."

"I suspected so," said Bolton.

"But what I can do, with your co-operation, is to prove to yourself that the happiness you once found with your wife has not simply been mislaid."

"How can you do that?"

"By having your full co-operation in an experiment. I will ask you to carry out some instructions for a period of, say, three weeks. I will make no unreasonable demands." And as Bolton hesitated, "If, after the period I have mentioned, you do not re-discover happiness, then I suggest you and your wife separate. That way you will liberate each other to a certain degree."

He smiled suddenly and rubbed his hands together. "But that may never occur. The oldest of us, Mr. Bolton, is very young in comparison to the age of this woe-filled world. If you will excuse me now I will go to prepare my — er — medicine."

He went into the inner room, leaving Bolton wondering how he had discovered his name, until he remembered his passport.

Bolton waited . . . As the minutes went by, the blinding sunshine peeped in the doorway and began to swing slowly across the floor. The street was oddly quiet outside and there was no sound from the inner room. After his third cigarette Bolton went to the door. The other side of the street was in the shade. Not two paces from him enormous camel droppings were stenching in the sun. The old woman behind her pillared wares seemed like a bundle of motionless rags. An insect buzzed close to his face and flew on.

Bolton glanced at his wrist-watch. He had been waiting almost

an hour. He wondered if the old man had fallen asleep and forgotten him . . . The sun became unbearable at the door and he moved inside. The books on their shelves turned their stiff incomprehensible backs to him. The faded titles were like shorthand characters.

He wondered what the books contained and if the old man had read all of them. An enormous tome sagging under its own weight looked as though it would crumble to dust at a touch. He was examining this when the Arab returned. He brought with him a black notebook and a tiny ivory box. He placed them on the table and sat down, inviting Bolton to take the other seat.

To page 82

THE BOYFRIEND



"It was perfectly all right until you sneezed!"

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"Please forgive the delay," he said apologetically, "but my fingers grow stiff these days and this makes writing difficult."

He picked up the small box, which Bolton perceived was carved in delicate and exquisite detail. A tiny heart-shaped projection lifted from the centre of the lid. Inside, set in a slot which held it vertically, was a gold ring. A tiny ruby formed the centre of its intricate design.

"Appreciating your love of beauty," said the older man, "I know you will admire this."

"It's lovely," agreed Bolton. "It can also be magical," said the Arab, "in so far as anything can be magical."

Bolton was mildly sceptical. "In what way?"

"It can restore the lost loveliness of your wife. Not at once, but gradually. As the metal moulds the skin so shall her beauty be restored." He smiled quietly at the incredulous Bolton. "You find that difficult to believe?"

"Indeed I do."

"Nevertheless it is true. Presented as a gift it can have the rare magical property of restoring beauty or, where beauty does not exist, creating it. You must present this to your wife immediately you return, without disclosing its origin or its purpose. You must tell her, or infer, that it was purchased specifically for her—a memento of your Eastern travels. You will also cable her from the ship to tell her when you expect to be home."

His slender fingers rested lightly on the notebook. "This book has thick vellum leaves and they are sealed along the front edges. You must open them one at a time. On each page I have written certain instructions—things you should either say or do, with as much conviction as you can."

"There are not many pages. On the night of your return you may read the first page and thereafter read one page a day. However, if having presented the ring you find that not even a vestige of your wife's former beauty has been restored, then you may destroy the notebook and abandon the entire plan."

Bolton hesitated. "What is the nature of the instructions?"

"They are not unreasonable—considering you have nothing to lose by carrying them out."

BOLTON'S gaze wandered from the book to the ring. The tiny ruby seemed to have fire imprisoned in its depths. It looked expensive.

"I don't know if I can afford to buy the ring, let alone pay whatever your fee may be."

The old Arab smiled again and closed the lid of the box with his finger.

"Don't let that worry you now, Mr. Bolton. For my services there is no charge. The ring is not very expensive and you need not pay for that today. Some time, I hope under happier circumstances, you may write to me and I will present my fee for the ring."

Completely nonplussed, Bolton studied the patriarch's face, alive now with kindly benignity.

"To whom shall I write?" "You will find my name and address of this house in the notebook."

Still hesitant, Bolton said: "How do you know I will write to you or ever pay you for this ring?"

"I don't know," said the Arab, "but I feel you will."

Bolton picked up the box and the notebook.

"I'll do the best I can," he said, sincerely.

The old man stood up and

extended his hand. "You can do no more than that."

Some days later Bolton sent a telegram from the ship advising his wife of the estimated docking time in New York. He could imagine her surprise when she received it. In all probability she would think that he had a touch of the sun. He felt that she would not care when he returned. While he was away she was enjoying a semblance of freedom.

Consequently he was not surprised when she did not meet him in New York. Nor did she meet him at the station of the college town, and he experienced no sense of disappointment. He took a taxi to his home and carried his luggage up the garden path. He noticed that Susan had had the garden seen to. The grass had been mowed and the low hedge trimmed. The gravel had been weeded and raked.

He let himself in with his key and hung his hat and mackintosh in the hall. The house was as quiet as a tomb. He looked into the dining-room and the kitchen. On the shelf over the stove he found a stack of unopened mail. He selected a letter and passed along to the living-room.

Susan was curled up on the sofa, reading a book. Her hair was untidy and an ashtray on the table beside her was crowded with cigarette ends. There was a haze of smoke in the room. She looked up from the book as he came in.

"You're back," she said.

"Yes." He tore open the letter and began to read. Not a word registered. He had been remembering Susan as she had been. Seeing her as she actually was came as a great shock. He felt that nothing short of a miracle would make her any different. He sat down and pretended to concentrate on the letter.

"You're very tanned," said Susan.

He put the letter into his inside pocket.

"Yes."

"Enjoy yourself?" As if he had been for a stroll.

"It was interesting."

She returned to her book. It was as if she had closed a door.

"Anything strange while I was away?" he asked suddenly.

"Mr. Reynolds dropped in to ask when you would be coming home."

"When?" Reynolds was the Dean.

"This morning."

Bolton studied his nails. "You got my cable?"

"Yes. I told him you were due back today." As though the cable had been for the Dean's attention. "He said he would like you to have lunch at the college with him tomorrow."

Bolton toyed with the ivory box in his pocket. He found himself coloring.

"I brought you something."

She looked up, startled, her eyes wide, cigarette smoke drifting from her mouth and nostrils. Her face was waxen.

He took the box from his pocket and thought of tossing it to her. Instead he rose to his feet and crossed to the sofa. He dropped the box into her hand. She uncured her legs, laid aside the book, and stubbed out her cigarette. He watched her as she examined the box, and as she lifted the lid he heard her quick intake of breath.

"I thought you might like to have it," he said.

She took out the ring. The stone lacked the fire of the African sun, but it was still exquisite. She slipped it on her third finger just below her wedding ring.

THE RING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"I think I'll stroll around a bit," said Bolton, "just to get acclimatised again."

He went in terror of her thanks.

He wandered aimlessly around the block. The daylight was beginning to fade and the breeze was uncomfortably cool. Yet he continued his walk, reluctant to return too soon. A half-hour later he was back at the house. He found Susan on her way out and remembered that this was her club night. She was drawing on her gloves when he came in. She wore a suit he had not seen before.

"I fixed some supper for you," she said. "It's in the living-room."

He could not remember exactly when she had last fixed supper for him.

He was in bed when he remembered the notebook. He would not be seeing Susan again tonight. He slit open the first page.

"Tell her about your travels. Think of something that impressed you. Talk about it. Mention that you wished she could have seen it."

In the twilight of sleep he heard Susan's bedroom door open and shut.

The following morning he deliberately waited until he heard Susan go downstairs. Then he bathed, shaved, and dressed himself. He mentally rehearsed what he would say and wondered how he could begin a conversation at all. He imagined her as he expected to see her—still in pyjamas, her hair mussed, and her thin body wrapped in a faded blue dressing-gown—the inevitable cigarette dangling from her lips; the newspaper screening them from each other.

He went downstairs. They usually breakfasted in the kitchen. Susan was frying eggs and bacon on the stove. She was not smoking and was fully dressed in a cotton frock and frilled apron. He noticed immediately that she still wore the ring he had given her. The papers had been delivered and were folded on the table.

He said "Good morning," as he sat down and opened the paper. It was the first he had seen in weeks, yet, as Susan placed a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him, he put the paper away. He felt embarrassed and hoped it did not show.

"It looks as though it's going to be a nice day," he said.

"It does," said Susan.

She sat down. Though the silence began to extend itself between them she did not pick up her paper. He fought down the temptation to reach for his.

"It's nice to be back," he said hurriedly. "A trip abroad does one good." He had better control now and the rest came out naturally: "It's interesting to see the things you've seen only in photographs. It can be disillusioning, too. Some of the familiar things come as an anti-climax, but most of them are breathtaking. Wonderful sunsets, too, particularly in the desert."

He paused a moment, feeling hot. "They were really impressive. I remember wishing you could see them. You'd have enjoyed them so much."

Susan upset the salt cellar. He turned it upright for her and both of them stared at the tiny pyramid of salt on the tablecloth.

"A pinch over your left shoulder," suggested Bolton.

She did it automatically and he looked at her for the first time. His schooled regard instantly changed. There was a perceptible change in Susan's face. The shadows

seemed to be lighter under her eyes and there was more color in her cheeks. Her eyes seemed brighter, too. Small changes, surely, but terribly significant. He felt his heart beat faster and he could not keep his eyes off the ring he had given her.

She noticed his gaze. "I like it very much."

"It looks nice on you," he said. "I'm glad you like it." He felt himself coloring and gulped down his coffee. "I think I'll go down early to the college—just to look around before I see Reynolds for lunch." He pushed back his chair and paused—"If you need the car you can drive me down. Somebody will drop me back tonight."

"No, thank you," said Susan. "I think I'll have a hairdo today. Somehow it seems the day for it."

Bolton enjoyed his lunch at the college. The Dean seemed genuinely pleased to see him. He remarked on his tan and how fit he looked.

"I'm certainly glad you took my advice about the trip, John. You really look ten years younger. It's a pity Susan couldn't go."

"Yes," said Bolton. "Maybe next year."

"Tell you what," said Reynolds. "Why don't you and Susan join Joan and me for dinner tonight? It is a long time since Joan saw her. Just between us, living on the college grounds makes Joan a little edgy. She would be delighted if you could come."

Bolton said he would check with Susan and he phoned her soon after lunch. He half expected her to turn down the invitation, but to his surprise she agreed to come. He collected her at seven and was astonished to find that the visible improvement he had noticed in the morning had become even more marked. The evening was an unqualified success. Susan seemed relaxed and happy and he was not alone in noticing how nice she looked.

"I've never seen Susan look so well," the Dean remarked toward the end of the evening. "We must get together more often. She has done Joan a power of good."

In the privacy of his room that night Bolton opened yet another page of the notebook:

"If you have noticed any change for the better in your wife's appearance, tell her that she looks well. Do not imply that she ever looked otherwise."

Susan's appearance in the kitchen the following morning made the set task easy. The magical work of the ring seemed to have gained momentum. As he sat down to the table Bolton said:

"You know, Susan, you look extremely well these days."

She glanced at him quickly.

"I feel good," she said.

Every night Bolton read a page of instructions from the notebook. The messages followed a certain pattern, mainly in the form of reminders of things he had to say or do in the light of any improvement he had observed in his wife. He carried out the instructions faithfully and with a growing enthusiasm. Every day seemed to pin some new loveliness on Susan.

Apparently the magic of the ring touched him, too. He had rediscovered the joy in his work at the college. He had a new zest for living, and inevitably found himself falling in love with his own wife.

Came an evening, then, when he returned from college resolved to set matters finally right between himself and Susan. He found her in the living-room, in tears! She had lost the ring. Always a little too large for her finger, she felt she must have shed it while shopping in town that afternoon. She had spent

the rest of the day retracing her steps in a vain search.

Bolton looked at her in horror. Only he knew the real implication of the loss. Already it seemed to him the shadows of her previous sadness were touching her face. He realised that it would be futile to hope that such an unusual ring would turn up again. However, nothing could be gained by waiting. He would have to cable for another ring without delay.

Leaving Susan in the living-room he went upstairs to search his notebook for the Arab's address. So far Bolton had not encountered it and only one more page remained sealed. Frantically he broke open the page. Sure enough the patriarch's name and address were written on the back cover. However, Bolton's attention was attracted to the message intended for that night:

"You must know that the ring you purchased has magical properties of its own. It was merely a symbol of your love. Nothing is more beautifying to a woman than the knowledge that she is loved. It is love that supplies the magic. You have proved this."

Thoughtfully Bolton closed the notebook. Then he went downstairs. Susan was still sitting in the living-room, and though the evening had deepened she had not put on the light. He saw the hopeless expression in her tear-filled eyes as he moved toward her. He held out his hands and like a child she offered her own. He knelt down in front of her.

"Don't worry about the ring, Susan. I'm sure I could get another one here in a matter of weeks. On the other hand its loss gives us a pretty good excuse to go and collect it together next year. You can think about it."

It seemed to Bolton that that all his wife's former beauty was restored to her at this moment. Then she was in his arms and the darkness continued to deepen around them.

(Copyright)

Recipe



Salami Sandwich Supreme

Butter your slice of bread, press into one corner a small piece of lettuce. Fold lettuce into halves 4 slices of Hutton's Salami. Arrange these slices in a fan shape on the bread. Take four onion rings, slip through two of them, and link all the together over the salami. Finish with a sprig of parsley. Be sure it is Hutton's Salami—either Italian, Polish, Danish or Hungarian. Any one, it's a delicious open sandwich.

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...A...E...FOR...H...I...T...
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See your Sunlight Contest pack for full details

The telex machine looked like a Martian invention

● It was all pretty horrifying at first — but now it's a piece of cake, says this Sydney reader who "went back" at 40-plus.

IT took a storm, blowing up out of a deceptively clear financial sky, to teach me that on the shady side of 40 new, fair fields can be waiting, if you dare venture.

Overnight, our breadwinner's job disappeared, leaving us—with five children—floundering.

I took frantic stock of whatever talents remained after 20 years of chores and children, bills and budgets that might help refloat us.

I was a typist of the 1939-1945 vintage. I had clung to my old machine, and my typing speed was comfortably average and modestly accurate, but would it be good enough for this electronic age?

My confidence faded at the thought of applying for

a permanent job so, propelled by desperation, I registered with an agency as a casual typist.

My heart and I alone know how I felt the day I was notified of my first assignment and shown to my place in a bustling office.

On a typewriter incredibly newer, speedier, and more efficient than my primitive model, I was to type entries for a herculean stocktaking.

I came to terms with unheard-of things such as seal-coated tadpoles, spider assemblies, mushroom screws, and pancake rotors, and as the days whirled past began to breathe again—hopefully, and then confidently, happily.

Monotonous it might have been to some secretarial whizz, but the very

sameness promoted my shrinking confidence and started me on the road that has led from typewriter to typewriter, in competing glass-block offices or in humble one-man factories.

A ten-line switchboard challenged me for a while, until egotism urged that what a 20-year-old could nonchalantly manage a 40-year-old could master. So, with the aid of helpful operators and the loss of a few lunch-hours, I learnt how to move through a tangle of cords and plugs without putting a hand wrong.

A telex machine, looking like a Martian invention, with its clattering keys and unbelievable speed, fascinated me and terrified me. But vanity is an effective spur, and with a do-it-yourself book and much

Even if I took a business-training course, would the cry still be...

"Too old at 40"?

RECENTLY, in one of Tasmania's northern cities, a survey was made of the married women available for work, full- and part-time—this, I believe, in response to a request for more women to join the workforce.

I hope none of the 500 women interviewed had the misfortune to be over 40. Such a woman seems somewhat of a has-been—at least, in the town where I live.

Although I am in possession of all my faculties, am told I don't "look my years," and am free of home responsibilities to a great extent, once I have admitted to being in the 40s—that is that!

It was all the more astonishing to me, as the positions in question didn't call for outstanding aptitude. I could have coped easily, and enjoyed it.

I have one son, of high-school age, and more than enough time to spare to put to a useful purpose, mentally and financially.

Mainly, though, I need the stimulation of meeting people outside the home and a useful outlet for my energies.

I enjoy excellent health, although at this moment I could be excused for thinking I am due to die of old age.

Why should I be denied an opportunity of adding to the workforce of this country? I'd rather not do domestic work. I have done it, and it is incredible how the poor domestic is put upon, with few rights, and often underpaid.

In my youth I made the mistake of specialising in one field, which also involved being a comptometrist—self-taught, the hard way. There was no opportunity to train as a shorthand-typist, telephonist, or nurse. I was in England, and the war was on.

I have had no experience in selling, and even a shop assistant's job is denied me because the manager wants "experienced people." How do you get experience if you aren't given the chance to show what you can do?

Feels out of touch

Perhaps I could be a comptometrist again, but after a lapse of 18 years I feel I'd be out of touch, and hardly young enough for office work. The young things would think they had a grandma in their midst. The specialised job I held for over 16 years has no counterpart in Tasmania.

I know I am reliable and conscientious, and had to be all my working life. There was always someone else ready to take my place if I were not reliable.

Many of those who condemn us on that count will—if they are lucky—come to middle-age themselves. I am sure they wouldn't like to think they are finished. Neither do I! Surely there is a niche for the non-professional woman.

I would willingly do a training course if this were available. Even so, would age still be held against me?

aspects of those second-time-round careers

● Three over-35s talk about what it's

like having to make a comeback into a jet-age working world . . . a fourth has found being over 40 a bar to employment . . . and a fifth says she hasn't time to go out to work, anyway

looking, listening, and learning I now, to my delight, can transmit messages across the continent.

Of course, there are changes in routines and procedures, and in the expressions, methods, and manners of my first "era," but the most remarkable change is the number of youthful executives.

Where once an aspiring manager had to inch his way up to the top, reaching there full of grey hairs and ulcers, he now seems to cover the ground like a giant in seven-league boots.

Most of them look no older than my high-school son (and at times act no differently) and often bear themselves with a mixture of pomposity and amusing seriousness, masking, I feel, uncertainty and immaturity.

Ideal worker

I have found the conviction growing that the mature—such a kind word!—woman is the ideal worker. Maybe we can't match our younger colleagues in some aspects ("not so distracting," was one manager's double-edged compliment), but for efficiency we are moving ahead of the field. One agency can't get enough of the breed for the demand.

The patience that has toiled through the drudgery of housework, simply because it is there and must be done, is a virtue the business tycoon is begin-

ning to look for, and employers are learning the dependability of hands that have guided a family.

I watch the Positions Vacant column (my favorite reading) with great interest. Where only recently 30 seemed to be the last stop before the rocking-chair, the limit is creeping up to 40 and to 45 . . . and in some cases even "age is of no consequence."

I have been offered permanent positions, but I enjoy the feeling of being "casual." Apart from the change and variety of each new posting, I know I can stop work when responsibilities demand and resume at my leisure.

For sentimental reasons, I kept my first pay envelope. It represents the foundation stone in a second-time-round career which, apart from the extra income, the jam on the family bread and butter, has given something else.

The need to keep pace with the rest of the female workforce keeps me on my toes. Bulges must be kept under control, hands creamed and tended, appearances kept up and, more importantly, wits kept polished to combat the assumption that ability and intelligence were nonexistent before 1947.

As I sit behind my electric typewriter, I can affirm that not only does life begin at 40 . . . it begins at any time you stand up and look it in the face.

SORRY! I'VE OTHER PLANS

● A Lathlain, W.A., reader says people ask why she doesn't go out to work now her children are at school. What? Join the mad morning rush, never be there when the children come in at lunchtime bubbling over with news? The poem is her reply:

"Go out to work," you cry, "the family's off your hands";
Ah, no, I've better things to do, so many lovely plans.
The recipes I've stored away to try when I've the leisure,
That plan to alter daughter's room will give me so much pleasure.
The garden, too, will blossom forth now I have time to spare,
Just picture transformation where just now the yard is bare.
I really couldn't take a job, although it sounds sublime,
You see, with all I plan to do there won't be any time.

At first, your insides "feel like jelly" —

A Perth reader describes that return-to-work feeling

I BEGIN by being adored, loved, spoiled, never a thought for what the giving costs.

One day I see the love of my life through rose-colored glasses, and anyone who says, "Wait a while," or "Go for a trip first," is crazy.

I marry when I am still wet behind the ears, and have my first child on my anniversary. It's a boy.

Others follow over the years, interspersed with operations, accidents, and home-building, debts, running businesses, and taking in sewing and other people's babies.

There is much laughter, many tears. At about 35, I am faced with going back to work to help family finances; 15 years since I was in an office.

The typewriters are electric monstrosities. Machines are little marvels of wonder. Switchboards are compact, flashing boxes — gone my dear old plugs, cords, and occasional electric shock.

Insides feel like jelly, but one smiles and attempts to look confident. Don't worry — you'll be sacked soon, anyway—retrenchment, last on first off, etc., or the kids will all get mumps and you'll give notice.

After a couple of years, you have enough references to paper the back room, enough friends to make you wish the telephone had never been invented, enough front to apply for the best jobs offering.

In the Big Office, I inwardly envy the pert, pretty little teenagers, become a mother-confessor to the lovelorn, a shoulder to weep on in the washroom. They make me feel 100.

In the Small Office, I find myself becoming the boss' right hand (his version). I am shovelled with more and more responsibility, and eventually find I can run the business better than he can (my version).

Of course, this happy situation usually draws to a close around the time he

tells you his wife doesn't understand him and why can't all women stay as attractive as you?

(Ha! I remember racing home from work last night, cooking the tea, checking homework and TV viewing time, watering the garden, feeding fowls, bathing and bedding kids, washing-out undies, mending a torn schoolbag, helping put out a grassfire on the block next door, washing my head at 10 p.m., and "sleeping" in those cursed rollers, all night next to a husband who snores loud enough to wake the dead.) I give notice the following Friday.

I cope with friends who ring at teatime to spend half an hour telling me about their awful day — young Jimmy with a cold, and losing the Silver Spoon Trophy to that cat Maggie Johnson at the afternoon tennis club — and how do you ever manage to go to work, too?

I wonder, How do you ever manage to ring at the worst possible times?

Evenings, after I get the dishes done and family in bed, I spend watching an hour or so of TV, mending, sewing, working out budgets, and juggling financial problems like "New shoes for the girls or paint this week?"

I wish my husband had one of those enviable nine-to-five jobs so we could have each other's company more in the evenings.

So I sit and dream a little, and look at the photographs of my family with pride. Now I see the rose-colored glasses on one of my own daughters. My heart aches, but I smile.

Someday they may know what I know. Those glasses are tilted, tipped, knocked off, and eventually smashed — but the time comes when one can look through mature eyes at the greying lump of snoring man in the bed beside you, and feel a glow of warmth and love so real I wonder how kids ever have the gall to think they know anything at all!

"Oh, Mum! Do you mean you'll wear a white veil and all?"

● A Queenslander surprised her family by going back nursing 20 years later.

IT wasn't till I had replaced the phone in its cradle that I began to panic. No, I can't do it, I must be mad to even think about it. I'd heard of women in their late 40s doing queer things, but really!

Here was I, married 20 years, with a daughter of 17 in her last year at school and needing all her spare time to study for a scholarship, and two sons also at high school. Children that age need mother at home.

If I did this preposterous thing I'd have less time than now, and heaven knows that's precious little. Besides, 20 years is a big slice out of a lifetime. Things change, people change, ideas are different.

That night at dinner I announced, as undramatically as possible, "The marriage at the local hospital rang today. She wondered if I would go back part-time, to help out."

"Oh, Mum," daughter wailed. "Do you mean wear a white veil and all?" She sounded as if the sight of her middle-aged mum in a white veil would be terribly embarrassing.

The boys asked, "Who'll cook the meals?" I made a mental note to see that those two lads did a fair share of future cooking.

My husband's reaction was the one I really wanted. When John and I met, I had almost finished my training, and had decided

my life would be dedicated to nursing.

Of course, he managed to change my mind, but not until I had finished both general and obstetric training. He realised how hard it was for me to give it up to get married.

The children had a vague idea that Mum had been a trained nurse, but I'm sure they'd have shown more interest and pride if Mum had trained lions or tigers for a circus.

My husband's only comment now was, "Well, dear, if you really want to do it, I'm sure everything will work out just fine."

The day I reported for duty I was more nervous

than any young probationer. Things had changed a lot, especially the names of drugs, but basically it was similar to the old days.

The doctors knew I had come out of "retirement," and were helpful in explaining any new drug. The nursing staff was wonderfully helpful, too.

Now, after six months, I've regained most of my old confidence, but nursing in a town where you know people is vastly different from nursing in the city. Here the patients can be personal friends, and you find yourself emotionally involved in their troubles.

Another shock I had was to hear two patients, in

their early 50s, referring to me as "that kind old sister"!

Thank goodness for a dear old fellow of 94 who always restored my ego with his cheerful, "Good morning, girlie!" (He called us all "girlie," but that didn't stop me from enjoying the compliment.)

I had hesitated about this return to work. It took a week of weighing the pros and cons, but I'm glad I accepted.

I get as much housework done as before, because I have to discipline myself. For example, as soon as something wants mending, I mend it, instead of putting it off till the last minute.

The children have more of my routine jobs to do. Half an hour earlier out of bed in the mornings for everyone takes care of such things as watering the garden, and feeding the chooks, and the children keeping their rooms tidy.

One night a fortnight each child has a turn at cooking the meal, usually with a bought sweet such as ice-cream. An increase in pocket-money has helped make chores less irksome.

They still go to their favorite sports on Saturday, and aren't missing out on any social events. There has been no great rise or fall in scholastic results, and, although it could be my imagination, discussion at the dinner table seems more interesting.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Ron's giving up smoking."

READER'S STORY

DO GO-GO GIRLS BUY MANY MOTOR-CARS?

● Most cars seem to be designed only for elegant shapes, says this Victorian mother, who points out a sobering motor-ing truth: You can't twist around to see when backing out a car while pregnant!

I'VE often wondered if the powers-that-be concerned with the design of motor-cars ever give a thought to the changing form of women drivers.

I refer specifically to the somewhat drastic change of form in the last few months of pregnancy.

Alas! One must remain mobile more so than ever — the inevitable shopping and transport of children to and from school functions (a perfect epidemic of excursions around Christmas-time), the check-up at the surgery.

One tries to cope with a mound of frustration. If I push the wretched seat back, my legs are nowhere near the controls. Push it forward and I'm welded to the steering wheel.

Having just sat through a film devoted to the virtues of the design of a new model of car, I mused rather sourly on the elegant figures of the go-go girls depicted.

Do go-go girls buy many motor-cars?

There were, of course, delightful family scenes, but in fact there are times when Mum looks most inelegant.

Dad, contemplating the impending addition, usually has to buy a bigger car to accommodate the family, but the sales talk over the purchase leaves this man cold.

Just a teeny bit of the bumper caught . . .

You see, I've just knocked down the brick pillar and post box at our front gate, backing out.

Actually, just a teeny bit of the bumper-bar caught on the foundations and, incredibly, the whole thing fell, brick by brick, on to the footpath.

I suppose it would have been more diplomatic to remove the debris before my husband came home, but I am a bit haphazard at the moment.

My husband says, flatly, that no engineering feat could cope with the change in my shape.

He quoted the width of the drive and the exact width of the car "leaving a margin of . . ."

To which I retorted if he could find a millimetre between me and the steering wheel I'd see not only his argument but the sides of the drive, myself!

I left him in the garage, contemplating the bumper-bar, muttering, "Ruined, absolutely ruined"; and then, speculatively, "If I could perhaps ram it . . ."

My offer to do the job was received with a withering look. I hastily retreated. Men are funny about these things.

After all, the bumper is only a bit distended, rather like the owner's wife at the moment.



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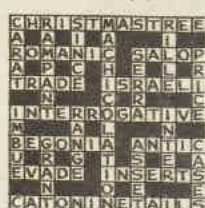
Hesitant at first about paying two million dollars for two hours of darkness, the chiefs of the underworld soon realise how they would profit. NOW READ ON



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- With such method of calculation you can grab Alice (9).
- Lawful limb for a start (5).
- This bag contains a happy gem (9).
- No leech for such stepwise arrangement (7).
- Weird (5).
- Burrowing animal kept in a red bag (6).
- This family tree turns me in a broken mast (6).
- Slavonic inhabitants of E. Saxony (5).
- Shy pals (anagr., 7).
- Ground of complaint in a nice grave (9).
- Frequently in soft endearment (5).
- See claret to get a scoundrel (9).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- A slab can be fundamental (5).
- About (6).
- Merciful, though outwardly is only worth a cent (7).
- Person wanting in knowledge must have gin or a turned sum (9).
- Try a plane (anagr., 9).
- Resinous incrustation worth a lot of rupees (3).
- Freedom and scope measured with place to a joint (5-4).
- For them pleasure is the highest good (9).
- Badges; the end of them may sing, if in order (7).
- Desire eagerly a stalk of grass (6).
- Assembly received by sovereign or representative (5).
- Interjection frequent in the speech of an inebriated person (3).

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